★ Feb. 3, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

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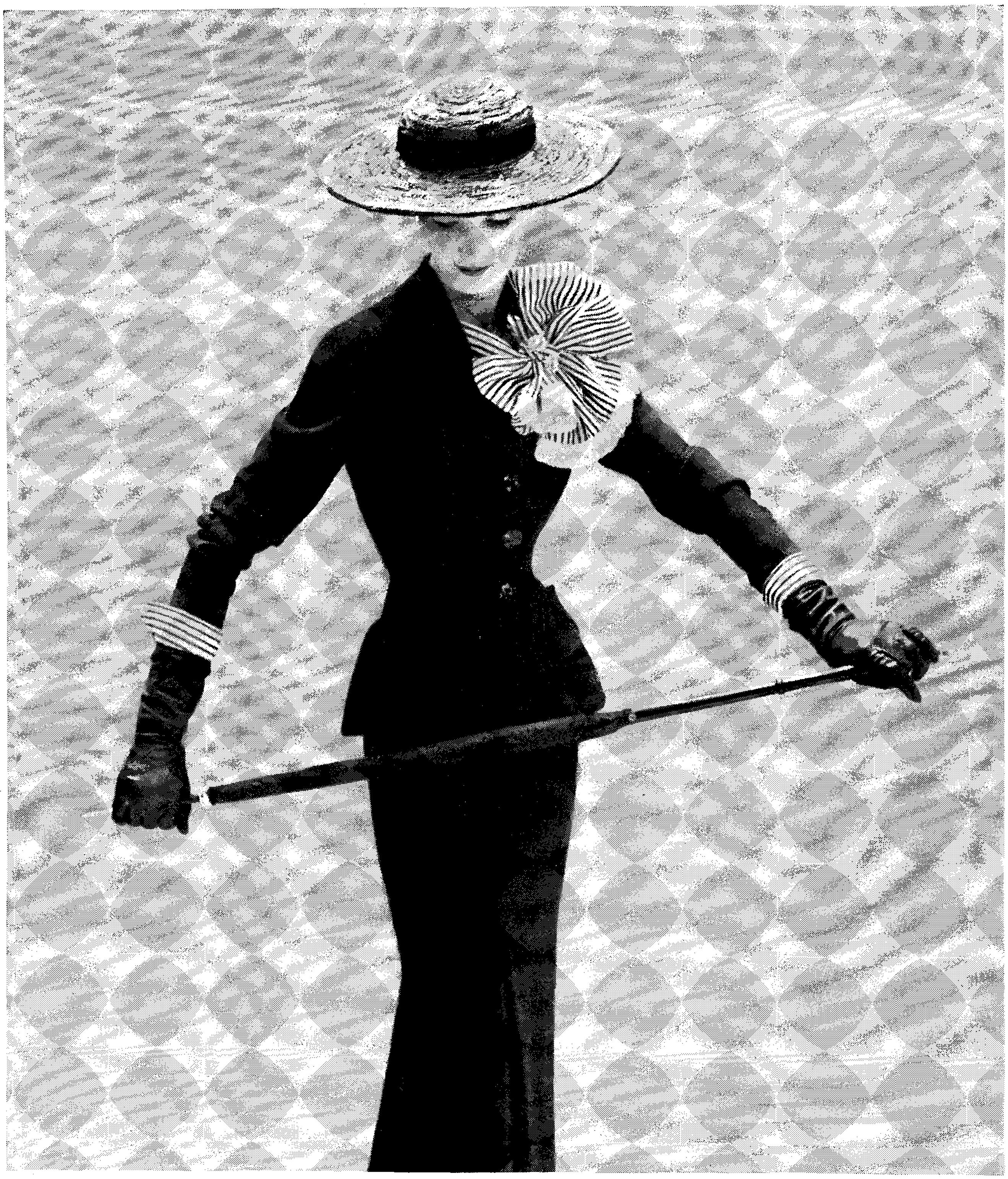

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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Celeste Holm in a comedy dealing with Washington love and politics, neat and unsurprising, that is Louis Verneuil's first job of playwriting in English. With Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Pawnshop—Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken do their best, but this moral fantasy by A. B. Shiffrin remains one of the season's most wearing efforts. Willie Lewis and his clarinet are perhaps the evening's brightest spot. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Bell, Book and Candle—John van Druten's comedy about witchcraft in modern Manhattan lags a bit toward the end, but it is still a remarkably entertaining play. Lilli Palmer makes a captivating sorceress, Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer, and the rest of the cast, including a Siamese cat, is very good, too. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Country Girl—A play by Clifford Odets about an alcoholic actor and his understanding wife. It is likely to remind you of several things you've seen before, but it has its touching moments, and Uta Hagen and Paul Kelly are splendid as the troubled pair. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Darkness at Noon—Sidney Kingsley has done a vigorous and penetrating adaptation of Arthur Koestler's novel about a former hero of the Communist Party who is tried and finally executed by the new leaders of the movement. Claude Rains is superb in the leading role, and the other members of the cast include Walter J. Palance, Kim Hunter, and Alexander Scourby. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

King Lear—Louis Calhern in a handsome and elaborate production of one of Shakespeare's most difficult tragedies. Among those surrounding the mad monarch are Norman Lloyd, Edith Atwater, Wesley Addy, Martin Gabel, and Nina Foch. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 3.)

The Lady's Not for Burning—There are stirring performances by John Gielgud, as a cynical warrior, and Pamela Brown, as an alleged witch, in Christopher Fry's interesting, if sometimes fairly ornate, comedy in verse. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York City Theatre Company—Shakespeare's "King Richard II," the last in a series of three plays to be presented by the company. With Maurice Evans, Kent Smith, and Betsy Blair. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 4.)

Season in the Sun—Wolcott Gibbs has revamped his series of Fire Island stories into one of the funniest plays to come along in some time. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Second Threshold—Clive Brook is admirable as a man who sees no further reason for living, in this slightly disappointing posthumous play by Philip Barry, which Robert E. Sherwood has more or less revised. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Twentieth Century—This 1932 Hecht-MacArthur comedy about some very strange and comic carryings-on aboard the Limited has been brilliantly revived, with a company headed by José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Long Runs—**the happy time:** A high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect of its uninhibited behavior on an adolescent boy. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the member of the wedding:** Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel concerning a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody. With Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Peer Gynt—An American version, by Paul Green, of Ibsen's play. John Garfield, Karl Malden, Mildred Dunnock, and Sono Osato are in the cast. The fifth of a series of subscription productions offered by A.N.T.A. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:45. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call LU 2-0880.)

MUSICALS

Bless You All—Mary McCarty, Pearl Bailey, and Jules Munshin in a revue that is funny about half the time, which is probably par for the course. Arnold Auerbach wrote the sketches, Harold Rome did the music and lyrics, Helen Tamiris handled the choreography, and John C. Wilson is the director. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman plays a lady ambassador just about the way she played Annie Oakley, which is, of course, practically perfectly. The occasionally uneven book is the work of Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the generally excellent songs; and the cast includes Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Guys and Dolls—This triumphant comedy, adapted from one of Damon Runyon's stories, at last gives us a worthy rival to "South Pacific." The book is the work of Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, George S. Kaufman is the director, and the fine cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show that features six former practitioners of the art, as well as some of the handsomest and most lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music is the work of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand; and Lina Romay is in the cast. Not recommended for the overly fastidious. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Out of This World—Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this variation of the Amphitryon legend, but somehow it isn't as funny or as tuneful as it ought to be. Other participants include Lemuel Ayers, who designed the sets and costumes; Hanya Holm, who arranged the dances; Agnes de Mille, who staged the production; and Charlotte Greenwood and David Burns, who provide most of whatever comedy there is. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**gentlemen prefer blondes:** Lorelei Lee and her trip abroad. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley populate the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Currently with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton is now playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Green Bay Tree—A revival of Mordaunt Shairp's play, first seen here in 1930. The cast of five includes Joseph Schildkraut, Denholm Elliott, and Anne Crawford. Produced and directed by Shepard Traube. Opens Thursday, Feb. 1. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rose Tattoo—Tennessee Williams' new play, with Maureen Stapleton. Produced by Cheryl Crawford. Opens Saturday, Feb. 3. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Billy Budd—Dennis King and Torin Thatcher

* * *

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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in a play by Louis O. Coxe and Robert Chapman, based on the novel by Herman Melville. Produced by Chandler Cowles and Anthony B. Farrell, and directed by Norris Houghton. Opens Tuesday, Feb. 6. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

Not for Children—A comedy by Elmer Rice, with Betty Field and Elliott Nugent at the head of a cast that includes J. Edward Bromberg, Ann Thomas, and Keene Crockett. Directed by Mr. Rice and produced by the Playwrights' Company. Opens Thursday, Feb. 8. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ti-Coq—An English translation of a French-Canadian play, starring Fridolin, who wrote and directed it. Produced by Fridolin Productions in association with the Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert. Opens Friday, Feb. 9. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Where's Charley?—Ray Bolger and Allyn McLerie in a four-week revival, if that's the word, of a musical that closed only four months ago. Frank Loesser did the music and lyrics. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—A limited engagement of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, with Darrell Fancourt and Martyn Green. Through Saturday, Feb. 3: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Monday through Saturday, Feb. 5-10: "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24.)

Sonja Henie—Starring in her annual ice revue. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinée Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2:30. Closes Wednesday, Feb. 7.)

Pearl Primus—With her group, in a dance recital. A benefit for the New Lincoln School. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call EN 9-5600, Ext. 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, at dinner and supper, except Sundays, Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' orchestras play gently for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Mischa Raginsky's orchestra operates during dinner in the Madison Room and for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing in either place, and all quiet Sundays.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—The grandeur that was Rome, set to the festive music of Ted Straeter's dance band and the nostalgic strains of Gogi's choir of parading violinists. A black tie is required on Friday nights. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room has an ice show twice a night. Alice Farrar is the most eye-catching bit of equipment and Carol Lynne the most stately. Dance music by Ray Robbins' and Peter Kent's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Denise Darcel, a handsome personification of La Belle France, gives the customers the eye and a few ditties in the Cotillion Room at dinner and supper. On Tuesday, Feb. 6, Annamary Dickey, a rather more serious singer, will take over. Sundays there's just a dinner show, and Mondays there's nothing at all. Stanley Melba's orchestra, as usual, functions for dancing, helped out by a rumba band. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's dance orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre, where Page Morton sings to her own piano accompaniment.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—During dinner and supper in the Persian Room, Herb Shriner, the rustic Indiana sage, and Yvette, a little old French chanteuse from Alabama. Mark Monte's Continentals are on the bandstand, along with Dick La Salle's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, an elegant splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra discourses in the sumptuous Oval Room all through dinner, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's band fills in. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo, one of the first settlers on Madison Avenue, is playing in the Grill at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, a big, rangy, 4-H girl, is home from her tour around the world, to warble once more at dinner and supper in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's orchestras thump merrily away all evening. The eminent Les Crosley is her pianist. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, small, cozy, and in its best party dress, has Hugo Pedell, the débutantes' delight, as musicmaster. His band and Jan Brunesco's gypsy ensemble play all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Dilson Petrey strokes a piano in the bar lounge, except Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Frankie Carle's band is in the Café Rouge to make dance music at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A child's-eye view of the big, wide, wonderful world. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band provide music to dance to.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Mindy Carson, an atypical nightingale who believes in sweetness and light rather than mere volume. Emile Petti and his orchestra alternate with Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at dinner and supper, there is Liberace, one of our most conversational drawing-room pianists. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands, both a trifle blustery, play for dancing. Everybody shows up at both dinner and supper except Sundays, when Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at midnight. . . . ¶ The Flamingo Room has Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six-thirty on. Closed Sundays.

Note—The enormous and faintly somnolent Rainbow Room is open for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Go early enough to get one of the north-window tables, from which New York really looks like Bagdad-on-the-Hudson. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's crisp mood music at dinner and supper in this opulent retreat, except Sundays, when Sam Hamilton is on deck. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, a walking *Who's Who on Park Avenue*, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a busy collection of table-hoppers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Ernie Warren's trio after ten. Except Mondays, Frank Marti is at the piano during dinner and supper. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of the hyperthyroid school of décor. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Louis Hawkins, a romantic pianist and young-man-about-town with a casual talent for amusing, has a dinner party and a supper party going on every night but Monday in this reminder of old New Orleans, just above L'Aiglon Restaurant. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): After the theatre, Portia Nelson, draped against Bart Howard's piano, is sometimes lovelorn, sometimes elfin, and always lyric. Jim Mahoney is at the piano during dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Upstairs, a tiny drawing room where, at cocktail time, Laurie Brewis plays piano; downstairs, Don Abney plays piano at dinner and is later joined by Jo Hurt and Alberta Hunter, who sing, as well as by Mr. Brewis. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, the Latin Eddie Condon, treats his dinner and supper guests to some deft guitar, song, dance, banter, and folk music. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON**, *Madison* Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

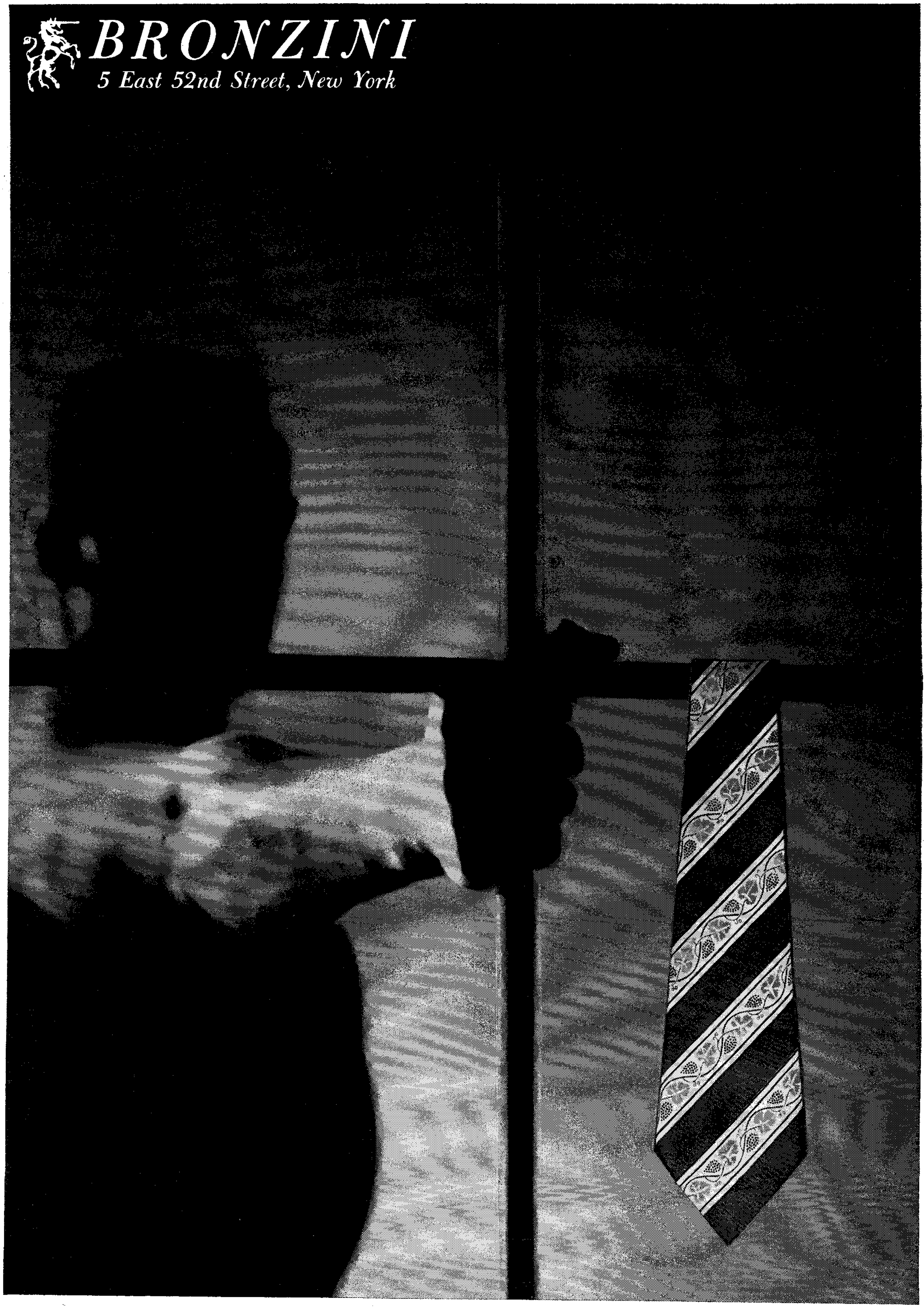
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Frankie Laine, who runs a steady temperature of 103; Betty and Jane Kean, purveyors of an agreeable brand of foolery; and Copsey and Ayres, two highly bearable dancers. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Gay Nineties melodrama, and silent movies embellished by Paul Killiam's pun-haunted commentary. Singing waiters, singing guests, the parody ballads of Clara Cedrone and Bill Meigs, and other basket-party atmosphere. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Arthur Blake does some salty takeoffs of Hollywood types, and Eddie Heywood's band turns out dance and listening music. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, Eadie and Rack, those adroit and witty piano duettists, are around after the theatre, except Saturdays. John Kelley, Jr., plays earlier in the evening. . . . ¶ In the back room, every night, three perfect excuses for staying up all night—Pearl Bailey, the laziest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ALAN FONTAINE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and most wonderful gal in town; Paula Drake, who puts a sharp edge on the spoofing ballads of Bud McCreery, her pianist; and Tony and Eddie, twó imps of Satan, who make mock of some vulnerable celebrities. In the background is the bustling music of the Page Cavanaugh Trio, and Stuart Ross is at the piano. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronny Graham, the pleasantest Dracula you'd ever want to meet, singing his ballads about who knows what; Bibi Osterwald, a rollicking blond hoot owl; the Three Riffs, a bunch of merry lampooners; and Joyce Indig, who does her ballads in one of those recording voices. The music is by Julius Monk and the virtuoso Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Phil Leeds, a restless urchin, darts through his collection of gags, and Royce Wallace sings down-to-earth ballads. Clarence Williams, Karl Lynch, and others make dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, headmasters of this Village academy, are breaking in, as they often do, some dewy-behind-the-ears talent. Hazel Webster, an alumna, is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's portfolio of songs on the what-good-is-love theme. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A lofty bird cage in which Spivy now and again recites her conversation pieces about the penthouse set. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, proprietor of this jolly Moorish mosque, sings febrilely; Norene Tate sings longingly; Alice Ghostley sings sardonically; and Joan Shaw sings bluely. Reginald Bean is at the piano. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The titillating trumpet call of Wild Bill Davison, straight from the Wild Blue Yonder. Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon help him rattle the cutlery, and Ralph Sutton tears off some exceptional piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, thinking out loud about their pet pastime. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): George Shearing, a great man when he gets his fingers on a piano, heads up a quintet here, and Dizzy Gillespie utters the honk of the wild goose. On Thursday, Feb. 8, a new deal, involving Ruth Brown's songs, a group including Billy Taylor and Jo Jones, and the Willis Johnson sextet. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night travelogues, from Natchez to Mobile. On Feb. 2, the narrators will include Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Buster Bailey, Bob Wilber, and James P. Johnson. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night carnage. This week (Feb. 2), Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five and Conrad Janis's band. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AUDUBON ARTISTS—The ninth annual showing by this group, comprising about four hundred works in various mediums. Among the artists are Isabel Bishop, Sol Wilson, Martin Friedman, and Chaim Gross. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5; through Feb. 4.)

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON—An exhibition honoring the centennial of his death and including original paintings and prints. Most of the works are studies of birds, but there are also a few animal paintings and a self-portrait. (Audubon House, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.; Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; through Feb. 28.)

RENATO BIROLLI—Paintings of the Adriatic, done in flickering blues and in a style that makes good use of simplification, by a young Italian until now never shown in this country. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

BYRON BROWNE—New abstractions, rather brighter in color and freer in form than his earlier work. (Grand Central Moderns, 130 E. 56th St.; through Feb. 7.)

JEAN CHARLOT—Recent paintings, many of them depicting Mexican native rituals and celebrations, showing strong traces of early Indian and Aztec influences. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Feb. 10.)

CLIMAX, 1913—Paintings and a few sculptures, all dated around 1913, by such early moderns as Mondrian, Braque, Picasso, Malevitch, and Archipenko. A generally enlightening study of the state of art in that era. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

DRAWINGS—A big and carefully selected exhibition, running from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries and containing a number of rarities that are certain to delight amateurs in this field. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Feb. 10.)

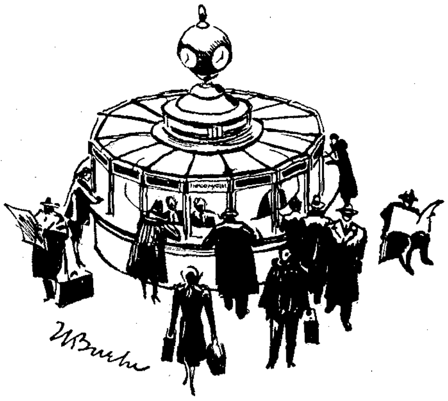
JEAN DUBUFFET—New paintings, much richer and more restrained in treatment than formerly, though still a bit bad-boy in subject matter. (Pierre Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

RAOUL DUFY—At the **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: New York and New England scenes in water colors, as well as stage designs and other works, all painted while the artist was an arthritis patient in this country, plus some earlier, European oils. For the benefit of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation; through Feb. 3. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: A smaller display of European oils and gouaches, dated 1926-48; through Feb. 28.

FRITZ GLARNER—Non-objective paintings and drawings, somewhat in the style of Mondrian, but with enough personal deviations to make them interesting. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through Feb. 24.)

ARSHILE GORKY—Drawings in water colors and crayon, turned out during the years 1943-46. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Feb. 10.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Dong Kingman, Paul Cadmus, Oronzio Maldarelli, and others, in an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Feb. 3. . . . **NEW ART CIRCLE**, 41 E. 57th St.: A small and choice selection of paintings by Josef Albers, Karl Knaths, Marsden Hartley, and other Americans; through Feb. 3. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: New oils by Milton Avery, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber; through Feb. 3.



PAUL KLEE—Sixty drawings not previously exhibited, dating from 1908 to 1940, the year of his death. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

MASTER PAINTINGS—An exhibition spanning the past five centuries and including canvases by Lucas Cranach, Rubens, El Greco, Derain, and Feininger. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

JOHN W. MCCOY—Water colors, mostly of Maine scenes, done in a style that combines precise delineation with unusual feeling for mood and atmosphere. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 10.)

RICHARD POUSETTE-DART—Interestingly grouped abstractions in bright water colors, plus some collages. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

SCULPTURE—At the **MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park W. at 79th St.: Work by members of the Sculptors Guild, among them Chaim Gross, Arline Wingate, Joseph Konzal, and Cleo Hartwig. Seven cubicles have been set up, in which some of the sculptors demonstrate the techniques involved in working with wood, clay, stone, and so on. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 4.) . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: The opening exhibition in the new, uptown galleries of the old Clay Club, with pieces by Mitzi Solomon Cunliffe, Clara Fasano, Hugo Robus, and others. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10; Saturdays, 2 to 5; through Feb. 17.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—Gouaches, oils, and drawings inspired by a trip he made last year to Mexico. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through March 7.)

ARY STILLMAN—Abstract oils, gouaches, and drawings, more or less based on the human figure in motion. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

ANTHONY THIEME—Oils painted during a recent eight-month stay in France. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.; through Feb. 3.)

CHARLES UMLAUF—Strongly stylized sculptures and drawings, many of them religious in subject and all done with a fine ability to convey emotional suggestion. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.; through Feb. 17.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: George L. K. Morris; through Feb. 17. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Ben Nicholson; through Feb. 24. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Clyfford Still; through Feb. 17. . . . **PERIDOT**, 6 E. 12th St.: Weldon Kees; through Feb. 24. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Four French primitives; through Feb. 24. . . . **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Vincent Campanella; through Feb. 17. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57th St.: William Seitz; through Feb. 24.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by students in the Museum's Art School. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 12.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show selected by a national jury and called "American Painting Today—1950," in which more than three hundred artists are represented. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 25.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, including political cartoons, a couple of portraits, and many versions of the Gibson Girl. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through May 1.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive and generally instructive survey of abstract painting and sculpture in America since 1912. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through March 25.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A group show by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay and Josef Albers, as well as by some Germans as yet little known here. (Tuesdays through

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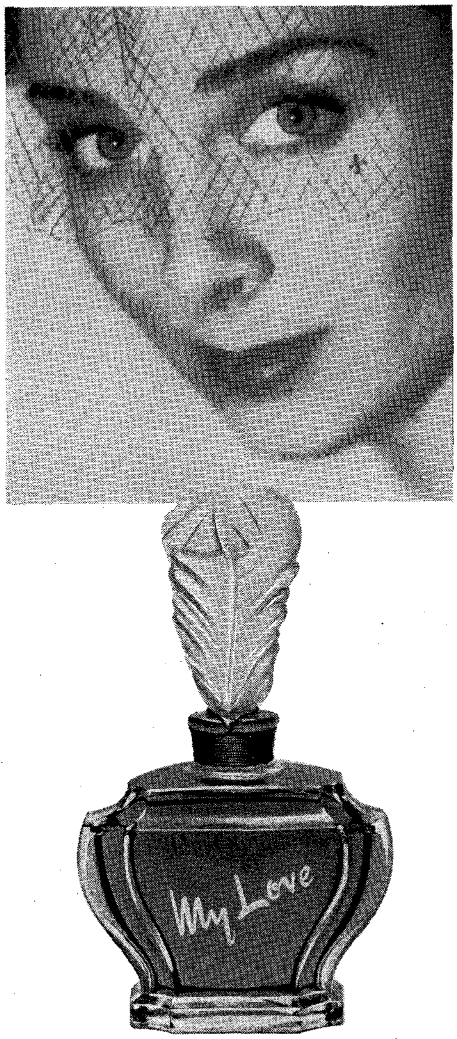

by

Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK • PARIS • LONDON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Feb. 24.)

Whitney Museum, *10 W. 8th St.*—A memorial showing of around ninety-five paintings and drawings, ranging in date from 1922 through 1948, by Arshile Gorky. (Daily, 1 to 5; through Feb. 18.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Helen Traubel, Astrid Varnay, Günther Treptow, and Ferdinand Frantz. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Ljuba Welitch, Patrice Munsel, Set Svanholm, and Brian Sullivan. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2: "Die Walküre," with Kirsten Flagstad, Astrid Varnay, Günther Treptow, and Ferdinand Frantz. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Roberta Peters, Robert Merrill, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Martha Lipton, Charles Kullman, and Francesco Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Thomas Hayward. A benefit for the Manhattanville College Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call EN 9-5230. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Eleanor Steber, Jarmila Novotna, Nadine Conner, and Fritz Krenn. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Ljuba Welitch, Patrice Munsel, Charles Kullman, and Brian Sullivan. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 1: "Siegfried," with Kirsten Flagstad, Karin Branzell, Set Svanholm, and Ferdinand Frantz. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Delia Rigal, Lucielle Browning, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Astrid Varnay, Herta Glaz, Richard Tucker, and Clifford Harvuot; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2: "Siegfried," with Helen Traubel, Karin Branzell, Set Svanholm, and Ferdinand Frantz. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8: "The Magic Flute," with Jarmila Novotna, Roberta Peters, Brian Sullivan, and Nicola Moscona. A benefit for the Vassar Club Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call PL 3-4800, Ext. 2006.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting a Brahms cycle: Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:45; Friday, Feb. 2, at 2:30; and Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2:45 (all with John Corigliano, violin, and Leonard Rose, cello); Monday, Feb. 5, at 8:45, a non-Brahms concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society's Pension Fund (with Kirsten Flagstad, soprano); and Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 9, at 2:30 (both Brahms, and both with Myra Hess, piano).

St. Olaf Choir—Olaf C. Christiansen directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 5:30.)

RECITALS

Pasquier Trio—With Maxim Schapiro, piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Alexander Borovsky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Griller String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Ljuba Welitch—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Erna Berger—Soprano, in the first of three lieder programs. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3.)

New Friends of Music—The Pasquier Trio, with Joseph Szigeti, violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 5:30.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8:40.)

Musicians' Guild—Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Frank Sheridan, piano; and the Kroll Quartet. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Maurice Wilk—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Simon Barere—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Gregor Piatigorsky—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

William Masselos—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 3.)

Pierre Fournier—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New Music String Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Note—Wanda Landowska will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 6, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

Boxing—Cesar Brion vs. Rex Layne, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 9. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Basketball—N.Y.U. vs. Manhattan College, and L.I.U. vs. Seton Hall. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Feb. 8, at 7:45.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Indianapolis. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 9.) . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Fort Wayne. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 9. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.)

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual romp in the White Mountains. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Track—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association meet. (102nd Regiment Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Feb. 2, at 7:30. For tickets, call MU 6-1456.) . . . ¶ New York Athletic Club meet. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—The Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting, with the Sarah Lawrence College Dance Group. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 11.)

Plays—By the **junior theatre:** "Hänsel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **children's world theatre:** "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." For the benefit of the United Parents Associations. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2:30. For tickets, call OR 3-8755.) . . . **clare tree major children's theatre:** "The Rebellious Prince." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 3.)

Marionettes—By the **rufus rose marionettes:** "Pinocchio." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 11.) . . . **marionette repertory theatre:** "Beauty and the Beast." For the benefit of the John Haynes Holmes House. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 3.)

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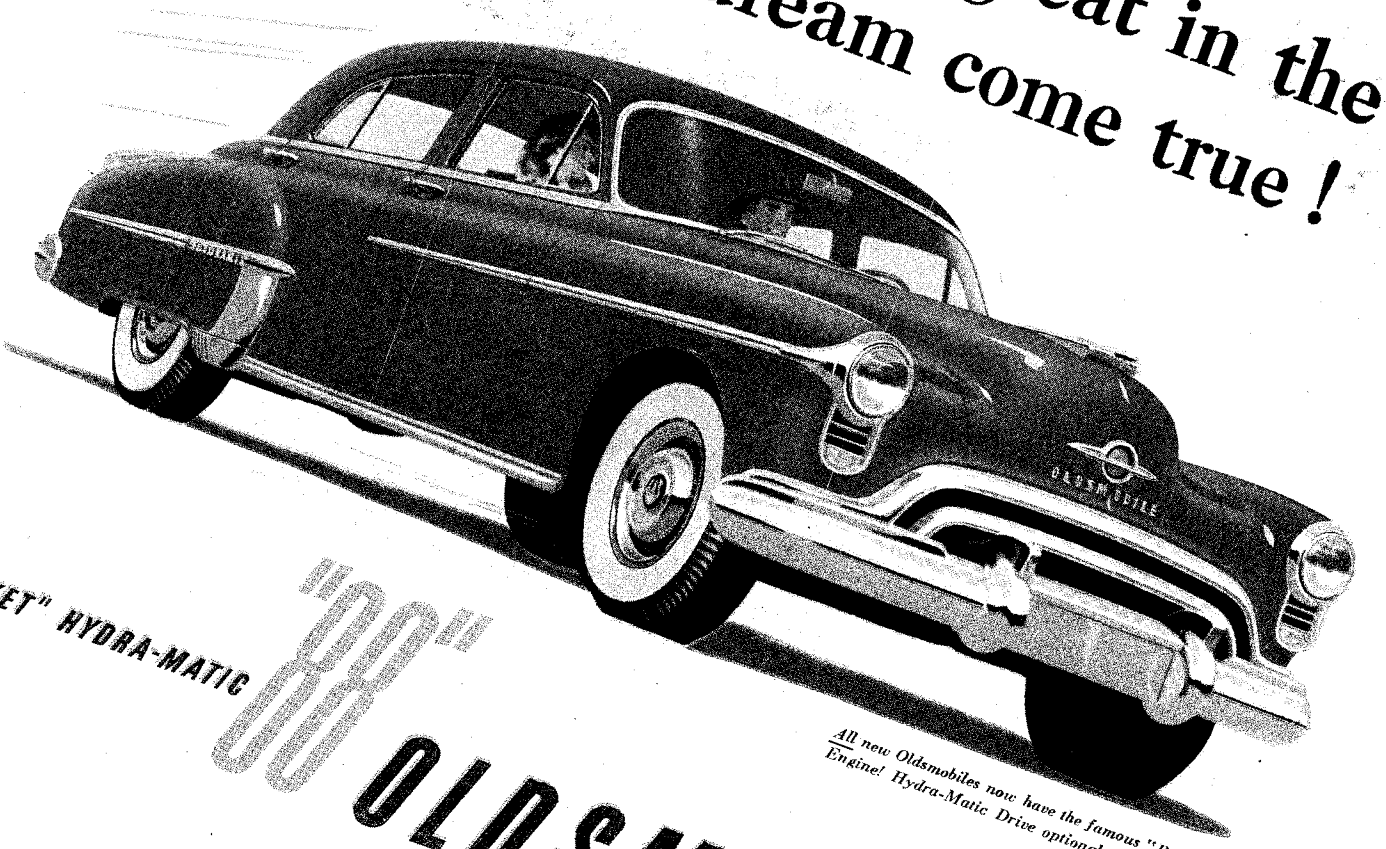

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Miscellany—Oscar Brand in a program of songs, stories, and singing games. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 3.)

Movies—Features and short subjects. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, 2nd Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th St. Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Currently, the most active branch is the Trusteeship Council, which meets Mondays through Fridays, at Lake Success. About four hundred onlookers can be accommodated at each meeting. There may also be occasional open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

Hayden Planetarium—The February show is called "Riddles in the Sky," and deals with such posers as why the sky is blue and why the stars blink. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—English furniture of the eighteenth century, Georgian silver, Chinese porcelains, and portraits and genre and other paintings. All the property of Mrs. Solomon R. Guggenheim and others. (Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 1-3, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Oriental art, including Chinese porcelains and jade ornaments, Tibetan bronzes, and Japanese and Chinese ivories, from the estate of the late Robert West and from other sources. (Exhibition Saturday, Feb. 3, and Monday, Feb. 5, from 10 to 5; and Tuesday, Feb. 6, from 10 to 8. Auction Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 7-8, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century French furniture; paintings and drawings by Ingres, Boucher, and other artists; porcelains; and bibelots. From the collections of the late Lilli Wulf and others. (Exhibition Saturday, Feb. 3; Monday, Feb. 5; and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 7-8, from 10 to 5; and Tuesday, Feb. 6, from 10 to 8. Auction Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10, at 1:45.)

●

Note—Volunteers are needed in every department of civil-defense work. Twenty categories of assignment have been set up; a few demand professional or technical skills, but most are open to anyone of stout heart, limb, and determination. Among the branches of service are the Auxiliary Police Corps, the Ground Observer Corps, the Fire Department Auxiliary Fire Corps, and the Auxiliary Communications Corps. Also, air wardens, hospital aids, radiation monitors, litter bearers, clerical workers, and messengers are required. In the near future, application centers will be functioning in every precinct police station and district firehouse, but at the moment the best idea is to apply at one of the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan, from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-0916), in Queens, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-4289), in the Bronx, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar

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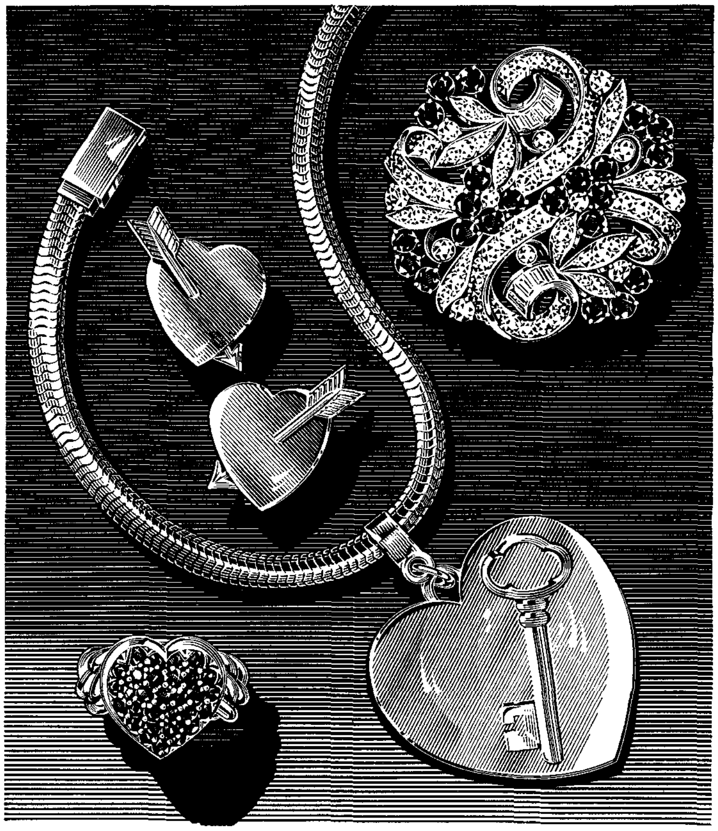

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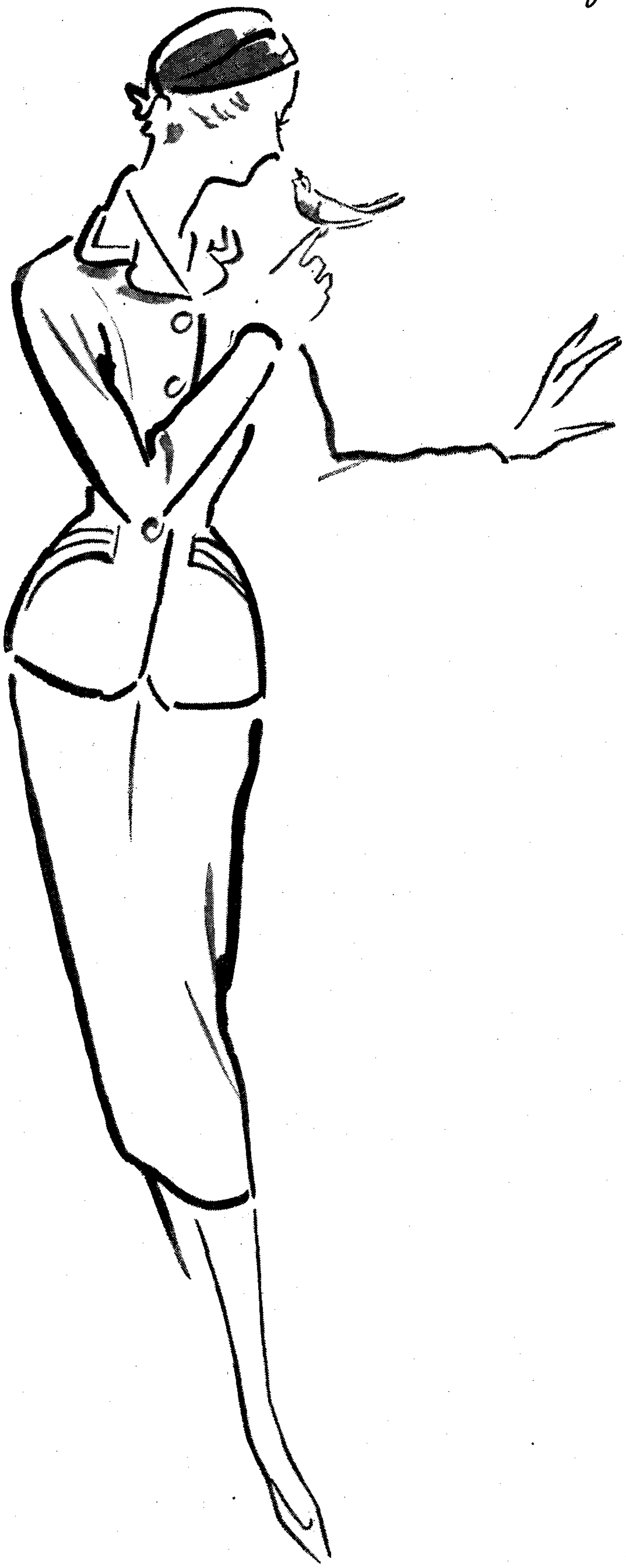

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COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BOXING—Golden Gloves Tournament, at Madison Square Garden—New York City Finals, Feb. 19.... ¶ Eastern Championships, Feb. 28.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Feb. 15, 20, 22, and 26, and March 1 and 6.... ¶ National Invitation Tournament, March 10, 12, 13, 15, and 17.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At the 69th Regiment Armory: Feb. 14, 17, and 24, and March 3. ... ¶ At Madison Square Garden: Feb. 22 and March 8.

DOG SHOW—The Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 12-13.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 11, 14, 18, 21, and 25, and March 4, 7, 11, and 14.

SKATING—Middle Atlantic Championships, at Iceland Rink, Feb. 16-18.

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Indoor Championships, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Feb. 17-25.

TRACK MEETS—At Madison Square Garden—National A.A.U., Feb. 17.... ¶ I.C.A.A.A.A., Feb. 24.... ¶ Knights of Columbus, March 3.

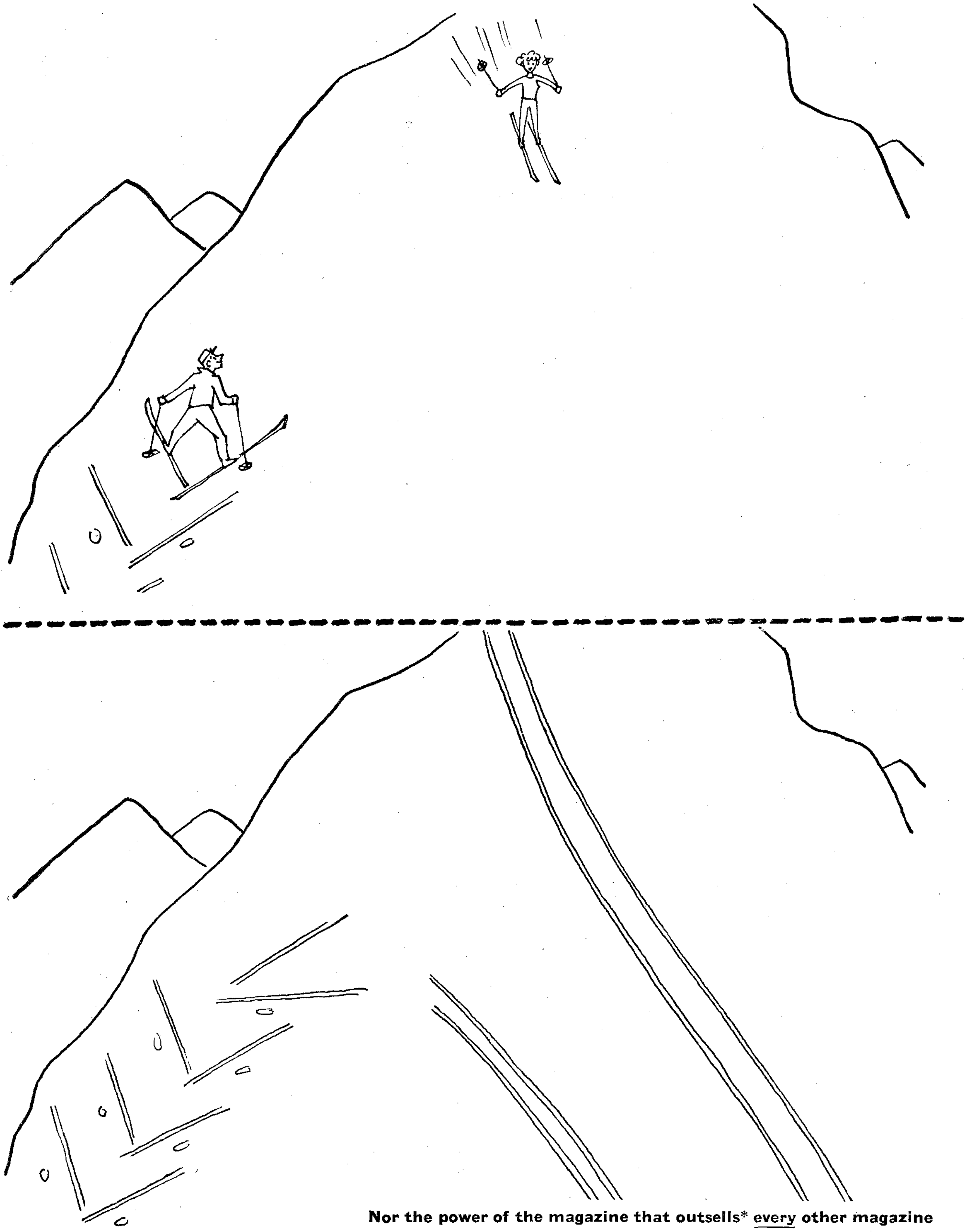
MUSIC—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through April 22. ... ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Feb. 11.... ¶ Vladimir Horowitz, piano, Feb. 12 and March 5.... ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 14 and 17, and March 14 and 17.... ¶ Schola Cantorum, Feb. 16.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 20 and March 13.... ¶ Robert Casadesus, piano, Feb. 27.... ¶ George Ricci, cello, Feb. 28.... ¶ Anatole Kitain, piano, March 9.... ¶ Vytautas Bacevicius, piano, March 11.... **TOWN HALL:** Erna Berger, soprano, Feb. 11 and 18.... ¶ New Friends of Music, Feb. 11, 18, and 25.... ¶ Lotte Lehmann, soprano, Feb. 16.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Feb. 19 and March 12.... ¶ Maria Kurenko, soprano, Feb. 25 and March 11.... ¶ Andres Segovia, guitar, March 4.... ¶ Musicians' Guild, March 5.... ¶ Dessoff Choirs, March 6.... ¶ Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, March 14.... **OPERA:** The Metropolitan Opera season continues through April 7.... ¶ The New York City Opera Company, at the City Center, March 14-April 22.

BALLET—The New York City Ballet Company, at the City Center, Feb. 13-March 11.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The King of Friday's Men," a comedy by M. J. Molloy, with Walter Macken, Rex O'Malley, and Frederic Tozere.... ¶ A play by George S. Kaufman and Leueen MacGrath, "The Small Hours." The cast, headed by Dorothy Stickney and Paul McGrath, includes Polly Rowles and Joan Wetmore.... ¶ Margaret Webster, Tom Helmore, and Leueen MacGrath in a melodrama by Charlotte Hastings, "The High Ground."... ¶ James Barrie's play "Mary Rose," with Bethel Leslie, which will be the sixth in a series of A.N.T.A. productions.... ¶ "Springtime Folly," a comedy by Joseph Schulman and William H. Lieberson. In the cast are Jack Whiting, Mabel Taliaferro, and Gilbert Mack.... ¶ Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson in a comedy by F. Hugh Herbert, "The Moon Is Blue." ... ¶ A play by Lillian Hellman, "The Autumn Garden," with Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Jane Wyatt, Lucile Watson, and Kent Smith.

OTHER DATES—Lincoln's Birthday is Monday, Feb. 12.... ¶ National Sportsmen's and Vacation Show, at Grand Central Palace, Feb. 17-25.... ¶ Washington's Birthday is Thursday, Feb. 22.... ¶ International Flower Show, at Grand Central Palace, March 5-10. ... ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, March 5-11.... ¶ 1950 income-tax returns and estimates for 1951 are due March 15.

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



Nor the power of the magazine that outsells* every other magazine in the world at the newsstands—currently by over 200,000 copies.

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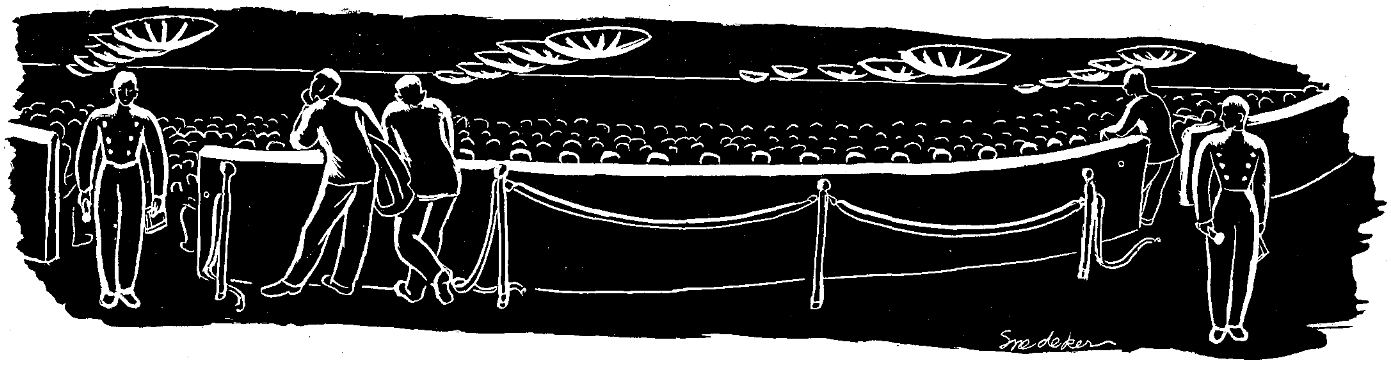
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All About Eve—An account of how a young lady with sharp claws gets to the top on Broadway. A witty, sometimes exciting film, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, and distinguished by Bette Davis's capable performance as a middle-aged actress unsure of her lover, her career, and herself. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Feb. 2-6. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Feb. 3-6.)

The Asphalt Jungle—Jewel thieves bringing off a caper in a Middle Western town. A picture distinguished by the direction of the astute John Huston and by the highly satisfactory performances of the actors, among them Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, Barry Kelley, and Sterling Hayden. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Feb. 6, tentative.)

Bitter Rice—Extravagantly lively ladies in the rice fields of the Po Valley. An Italian film, in which Silvana Mangano is outstanding as the most tempestuous of the harvesters. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Born Yesterday—Judy Holliday as a junkman's plaything who gets so smart in the hands of a tutor that she becomes an expert on democracy and kindred subjects, and says to hell with Daddy. A solid adaptation of the Garson Kanin comedy, skillfully enacted by Miss Holliday, Broderick Crawford, and William Holden. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—Rostand's old wheeze about the gallant fellow with the big nose, played to the foolish hilt by José Ferrer and a company of alleged Gascons and Parisians. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Harvey—The Mary Chase play about the dipsomaniac and the six-foot-four rabbit, *faithfully and successfully translated to the* screen. James Stewart plays the inebriate, and is abetted magnificently by Josephine Hull. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

King Solomon's Mines—An interpretation of the H. Rider Haggard novel, published back in 1886, that has in its favor some of the best documentary shots of African wildlife and scenery you ever laid eyes on. Moving to and fro more or less irrelevantly against views of the Dark Continent are Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and Richard Carlson. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Feb. 2-7.)

Last Holiday—Alec Guinness as an agricultural-implement salesman who discovers that he hasn't long to live and decides to spend his last days in a plush seaside hotel, where he soon becomes a figure of consequence. Written by J. B. Priestley, this English film is not too original in plot, but it's a cheery item. Beatrice Campbell and Kay Walsh are among those assisting Mr. Guinness. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 6.)

Orpheus—What might happen if a modern-dress Orpheus tried to follow the plot of the ancient legend in the hope of rescuing his wife from a new-day Hell. A French film cooked up by Jean Cocteau, and full of ingenious and often comic touches. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; through Feb. 2.)

Seven Days to Noon—An English picture that has as its central figure an atomic scientist who gets so fed up with his chores that he decides to blow up London if the British government doesn't stop making bombs. Not as suspenseful as it might have been had the scientist chosen a smaller target, but crowded with impressive evacuation scenes. Barry Jones plays the scientist, and has the support of Olive Sloane and Sheila Manahan. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Trio—Adaptations of some more Maugham stories. Not quite up to the previous group, which was called "Quartet," but handsomely acted by a cast that includes Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick. A British picture. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Ways of Love—Three short films by the French and Italian masters Renoir, Pagnol, and Rossellini. All of them are worth while, and Rossellini's contribution has the remarkable Anna Magnani in its leading role. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Winslow Boy—An absorbing account of how a beleaguered father clears the name of his small son, who has been expelled from an English naval academy because he is allegedly *a thief. An English film, with* Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, Margaret Leighton, and Francis L. Sullivan. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Feb. 6-7.)

REVIVALS

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Chaplin Comedies (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street." (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Feb. 1, tentative.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Feb. 4-6.)

The Invisible Man (1933)—Claude Rains in the title role of H. G. Wells' lively fantasy. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Feb. 2-5, tentative.)

The Last Gangster (1937)—Edward G. Robinson, Alcatraz, racketeers, and the usual trimmings. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Feb. 6, tentative.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370.)

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Feb. 6-7.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Feb. 4: "Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), directed by Carl-Theodor Dreyer. . . . ¶ From Feb. 5: "Carnival in Flanders" (1937), a French film, with Louis Jouvet. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HARVEY.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Enforcer," Humphrey Bogart, Ted De Corsia.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"The Company She Keeps," Lizabeth Scott, Jane Greer.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Mad Wednesday," Harold Lloyd, Frances Ramsden.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Manon" (in French), Cecile Aubry.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
THE LAST GANGSTER, revival; and **THE BIG STORE**, revival.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"September Affair," Joseph Cotten, Joan Fontaine.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"At War with the Army," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Second Woman," Robert Young, Betsy Drake.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Call Me Mister," Betty Grable, Dan Dailey.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"The Steel Helmet," Robert Hutton, James Edwards.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Feb. 1: "Dallas," Gary Cooper, Ruth Roman. From Feb. 2: "Operation Pacific," John Wayne, Patricia Neal.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BORN YESTERDAY.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

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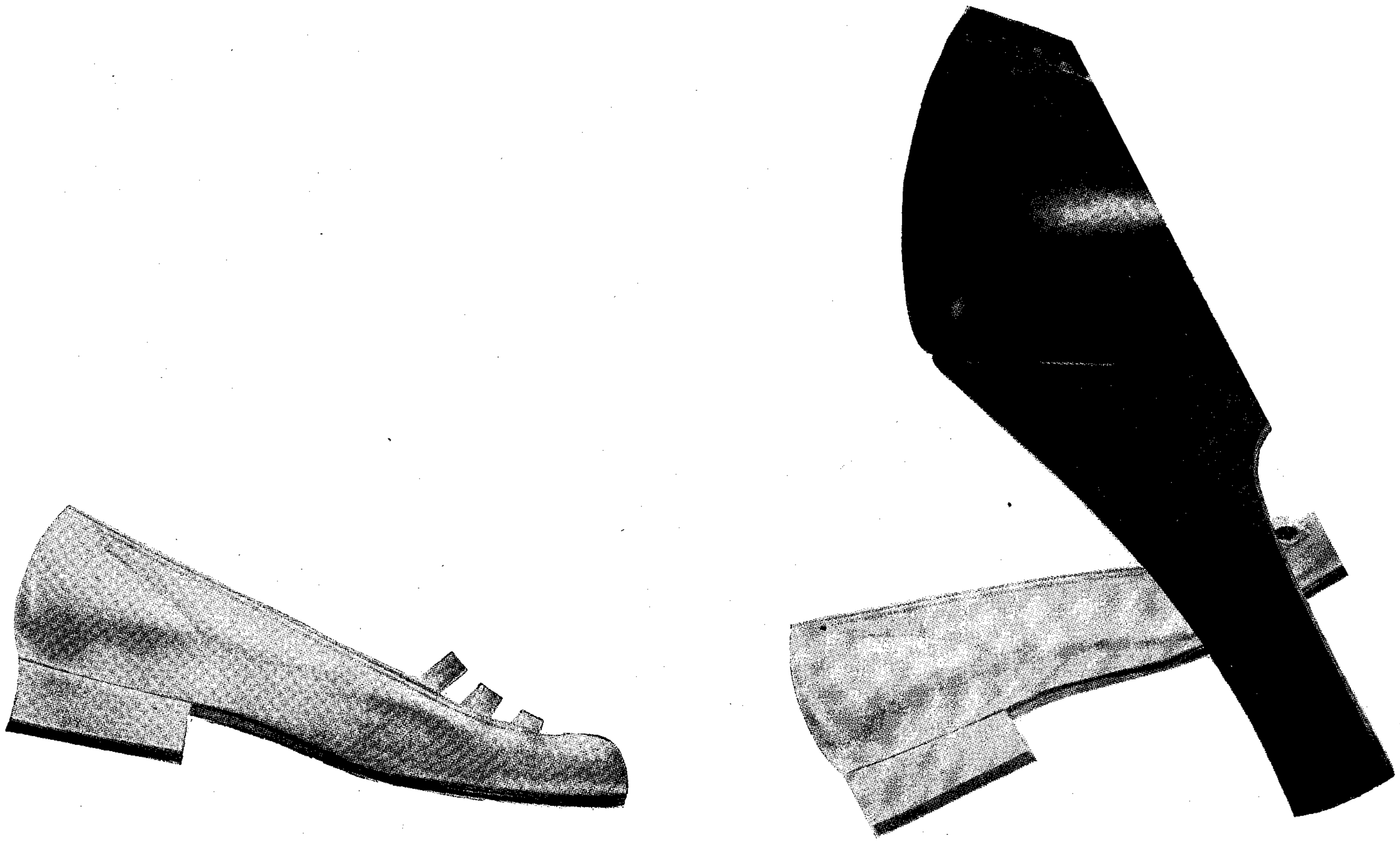

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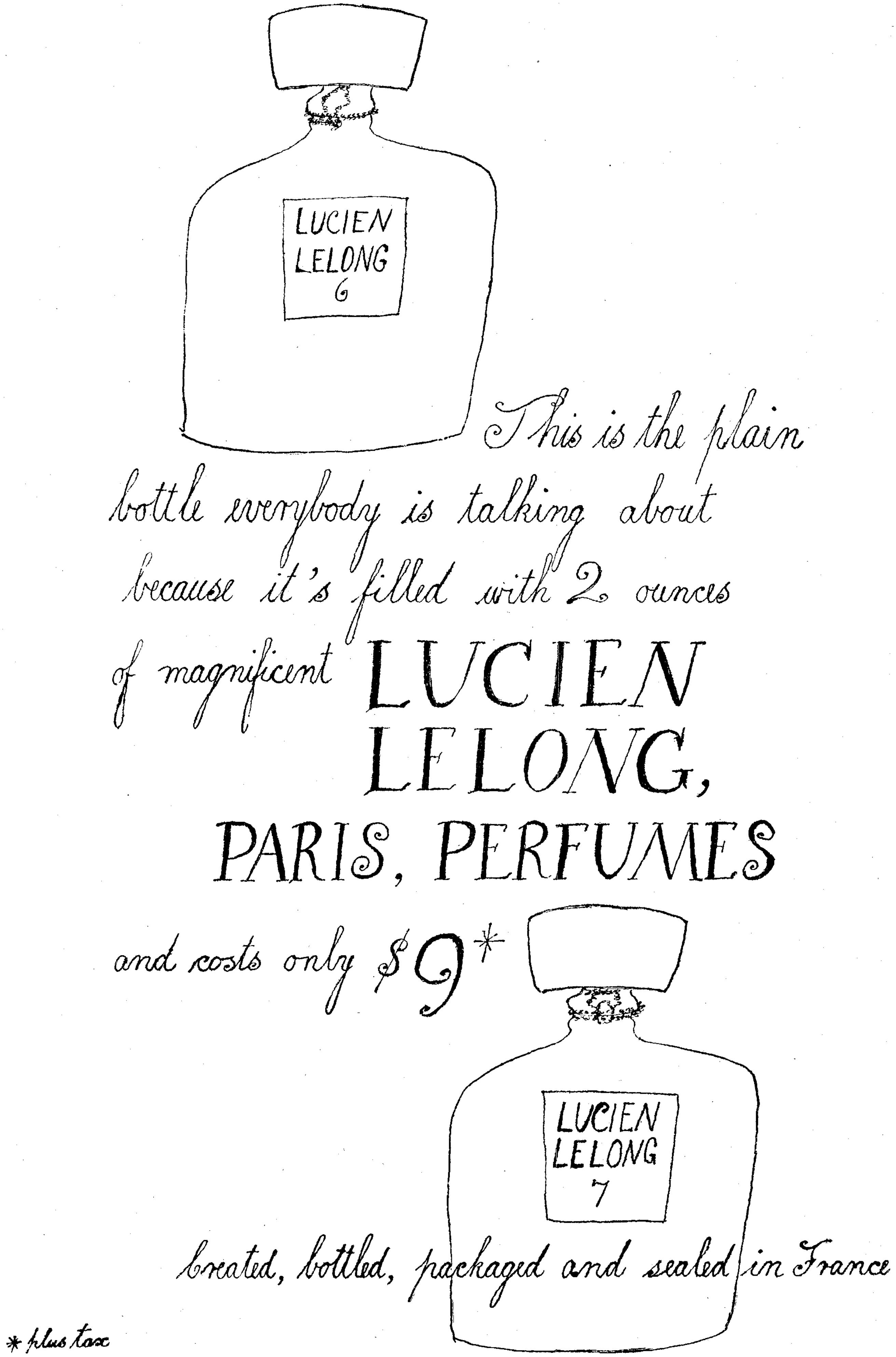
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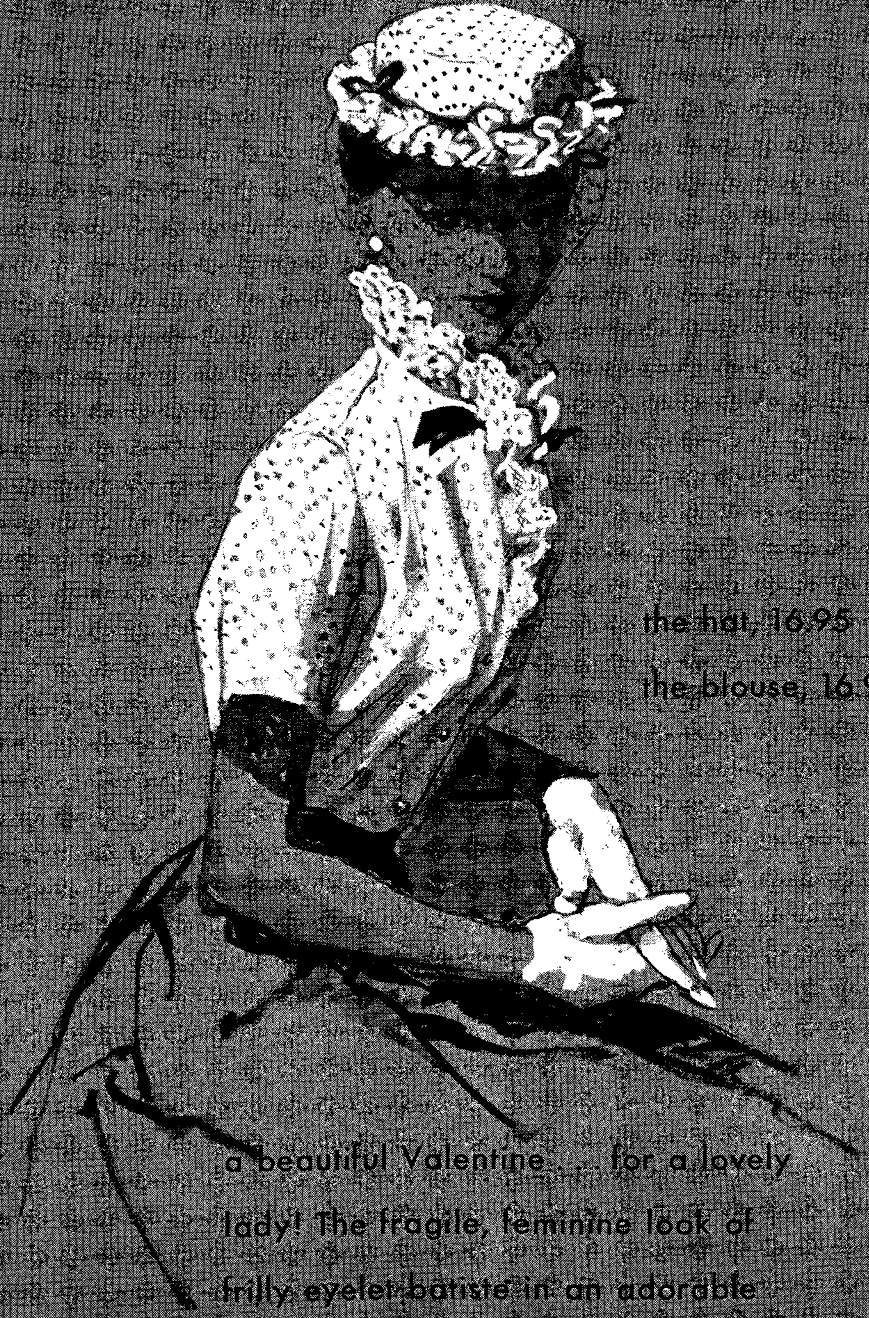

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

McGRAW-HILL, publishers of "Boswell's London Journal," were approached last week by a representative of the Falcon Studio, this city, who asked permission to reproduce extracts from the longhand manuscript of the "Journal" on silk. The silk was to be used for neckties. McGraw-Hill said no.

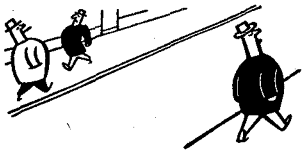
THE owners of the professional baseball teams, uncertain though they may be as to how the national manpower needs will affect their inventory of talent, seem determined to see the coming season through, but not so the Police Department, which has announced the dissolution of its ball team. The Police Department made no mention of waivers, and we don't know whether or not its move toward austerity is related to the recently circulated report that twenty-five hundred supposedly healthy policemen stand ready to retire instantly if the City Council passes the bill, now pending, that would make retirement effective thirty days after application for it rather than, as matters stand, right away. (Under the proposed scheme, policemen would be available for questioning by district attorneys and such for the thirty days, and might forfeit their pensions if the questioning evoked unsatisfactory answers.) We're confused by all this talk of cops' quitting their jobs—it seems particularly odd to us that twenty-five hundred men trained in civil defense should be permitted to contemplate retirement so blithely at the same time that enrollment of untrained civil-defense personnel is so sadly lagging—and we hope that Commissioner Murphy, who appears to have a lot of problems on his hands as it is, won't get into hot water with the Fire Department, which still has a baseball team and which for some years has played its big annual game against the Police Department nine. Perhaps a substitute contest could be arranged. One that might interest the public would be a match between firemen who fight fires and firemen who sell tickets on commission, manage night-club acts, and so on. Reading the papers, we get the impression that such a game would be a fairly even one.

IT has been brought to our notice by one of the secretaries in the office that the 1951 appointment calendar put out by the Ever Ready Company differs conspicuously from Ever Ready's 1950 model. Whereas each sheet of last year's calendar was marked off with lines for the recording of hourly appointments from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., this year's provides a line for an appointment every half hour—except between noon and 1 P.M., an interval presumably reserved for lunch—and runs from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., with an additional line, "Evening." The pattern of an office worker's day would seem to have changed significantly, in the eyes of the Ever Ready people. He takes his time about getting to his desk in the morning (needs an extra hour's sleep because of the general stress, probably), but, once there, does twice as much as he used to do. Then, although his formal office stint ends earlier than it did last year, he puts in some nightwork. All in all, quite a beaver.

The secretary offered us one of the 1951 Ever Readys, but we said we'd stick with the desk calendar we already had, a Work-a-Day that arrived on our desk sometime around Christmas. The Work-a-Day contrasts embarrassingly with the Ever Ready, all of its pages being, except for the date, completely blank, but we've decided that on the whole it's better suited to our shiftless and unproductive habits. It doesn't remind us every thirty minutes that another potentially fruitful half hour has gone by with nothing whatever accomplished, nor does it propel us out to lunch before our breakfast has settled.

E. T. C.

NATHAN FREEDMAN, president of the Checker Taxi Corporation and director of the newly organized Emergency Taxi Corps, an important subdivision of the local Civil Defense setup, is a bespectacled, gray-haired man who looks as if he would be more at home on the faculty of a small Midwestern college than in the taxi game. In the course of a talk we had with him last week at the Checker office, on West Sixty-eighth Street, we gathered that his benign disposition had much to do with his being named head of the E.T.C. "The taxi business is—ah—strongly competitive," Freedman said. "I won't say dog eat dog, but I will say that among fleet owners A won't talk to B and B won't even walk on the same side of the street as C. Also, fleet owners and driver-owners have, to put it mildly, conflicting interests. My peculiar talent seems to be that I can get along with everybody in the business. I'm proud to say that in the E.T.C. the taxi industry will be co-operating one hundred per cent for the first time in history. In an emergency, taxi-drivers will be able to enter the garages of rival fleets for service. There's a milestone for you!"



The moment the Civil Defense authorities take over in an emergency (if it comes to that), taxis will be used only for certain specific duties. Among these will be the transportation of key personnel, aid in evacuation, and the delivery of messages, food, and medical supplies. The drivers appear enthusiastic about this program. More than half of the five thousand owner-drivers in the city have already registered for service with the E.T.C., and eleven thousand fleet drivers have been enrolled through their employers. A total of thirty-five thousand hack licenses are outstanding in New York City, but Freedman will be satisfied with an enrollment of twenty-five thousand drivers. He estimates that at least six thousand licenses are held by men who no longer drive cabs but renew their licenses from year to year just in case. Much of the cost of setting up the program—it will amount to several thousand dollars—is being borne by the industry. "In an emergency, of course, we will be contributing the cabs themselves," Freedman said. "There are eleven thousand eight hundred cabs in the city, and at twenty-four hundred dollars apiece that makes a pretty big contribution."

Mr. Freedman then showed us a large wall map of the five boroughs, liberally sprinkled with blue-headed pins. Each pin represented one of the fifty-odd mobilization points around which the E.T.C. program is built. "These points are taxicab garages and open lots," Freedman said. "We're still checking and rechecking them for accessibility. Some of them look great when you examine them at night or on weekends, but on weekdays you couldn't get near them on a scooter. We want it so that no taxi in the city will be more than ten minutes from a mobilization point. In ten minutes, we can pull five hundred taxis off the streets and into mobilization points right off the Times Square area. Even the police were surprised at the number of taxicab garages and empty lots we'd spotted there that can hold up to a hundred and fifty cabs apiece." All E.T.C. drivers will be equipped with a booklet listing the mobilization points. At an air-raid warning signal, they will deposit their passengers at the curb and scramble for cover, just like everybody else. At the all-clear, they will head for the nearest mobilization point and check in with a dispatcher, who will inform the nearest Civil Defense report center of the number of taxis he has available. If one mobilization point is drained of cabs, replacements will be moved in from others.

"The average taxi-driver has a curiosity that is absolutely unmatched by any other members of the community," Mr. Freedman remarked. "If we get an air raid, you can be sure that when it's over there'll be plenty of people too scared to move, but the taxi-driver will be out in the street to see what's happened. He'll start things rolling again. The same fighting spirit that sees him through New York traffic and gets him cited for helping to apprehend criminals will make him an important man in an emergency. Hackmen don't need a map to find their way around the city, and with the streets cleared of traffic they'll move as they've never moved before."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A kind-hearted housewife who lives near Flushing Meadow and puts out food and milk for the stray cats of the neighborhood every evening is gratified to note that of late a muskrat has been showing up regularly and getting his share.

Inspection

THE presence in port of the American Export Lines' new ship, the S.S. Independence, led to our being importuned to go aboard by two press agents. "Come," telephoned Mr. Manley Stolzman, of Executive Research, Inc., representing Mr. Henry Dreyfuss, who designed the liner's interiors, "and see Henry's prefabricated bathrooms, cabins convertible from first to cabin class, motorized draperies, and the Tattoo Room, with its large, shatterproof mirror, oak Flexwood panels, and circular oak extension table, accommodating from four to eighteen." "Come," telephoned Mr. Benjamin Sonnenberg, representing the Lines, "and meet Mr. John E. Slater, president of American Export, a man teeming with anecdotes." Well, we slipped down to the ship without fanfare and repaired to the first-class lounge on the promenade deck, where, at one end of the room, which was carpeted in beige, we examined a replica of the Declaration of Independence, housed in a glass case above a green marble console, below which stood a bronze American eagle; at the other end of the room, we examined prints of "Perry's Victory on Lake Erie" and "Macdonough's Victory on Lake Champlain." As we were staring at a large cabinet that contained only a small card, reading, "Through the courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a loan exhibition of early Americana will be displayed in this breakfront," a young man, who turned out to be Mr. Stolzman, greeted us and handed us a nine-page press release, part of which read, "The ship's functional, decorative interiors are modern in every respect, with highlights from America's great maritime history and tradition carefully blended to present a wholly American atmosphere that is conducive to rest and relaxation." Mr. Stolzman introduced us to a pack of magazine editors at his heels, and we fell in with them to make a tour of the ship. "Notice how the serpentine indirect lighting in the lounge ceiling follows the serpentine arrangement of the sofas beneath it," Mr. S. said. Sure enough, it did.

We moved on to the observation lounge, which also has a beige carpet, and, in addition, glass doors, a Baldwin piano, and a tremendous screen composed of forty illuminated panels, all of them bearing botanical sheets of California flora, in a half dozen of which butterflies and moths appear. We recognized a tiger swallowtail, a Promethea, and a Polyphemus, but were unable to identify a number of the others. Mr. Stolzman assured us they were North American Lepidoptera. "This is a thoroughly American ship," he said. "Observe that the same carpet is used in both lounges; there's no shock going from room to room." We followed him aft to the Boat 'n Bottle Bar, which features forty sailing-ship models, each in its own bottle, and six panels adorned with assorted knots of nylon rope. A throng of men were seated at the bar. "The working press," said one of our party, Mr. Wilder Hobson, managing editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, with a guffaw. Just outside the bar, on a wall, were seven clocks, marked "Denver Time," "Chicago Time," "New

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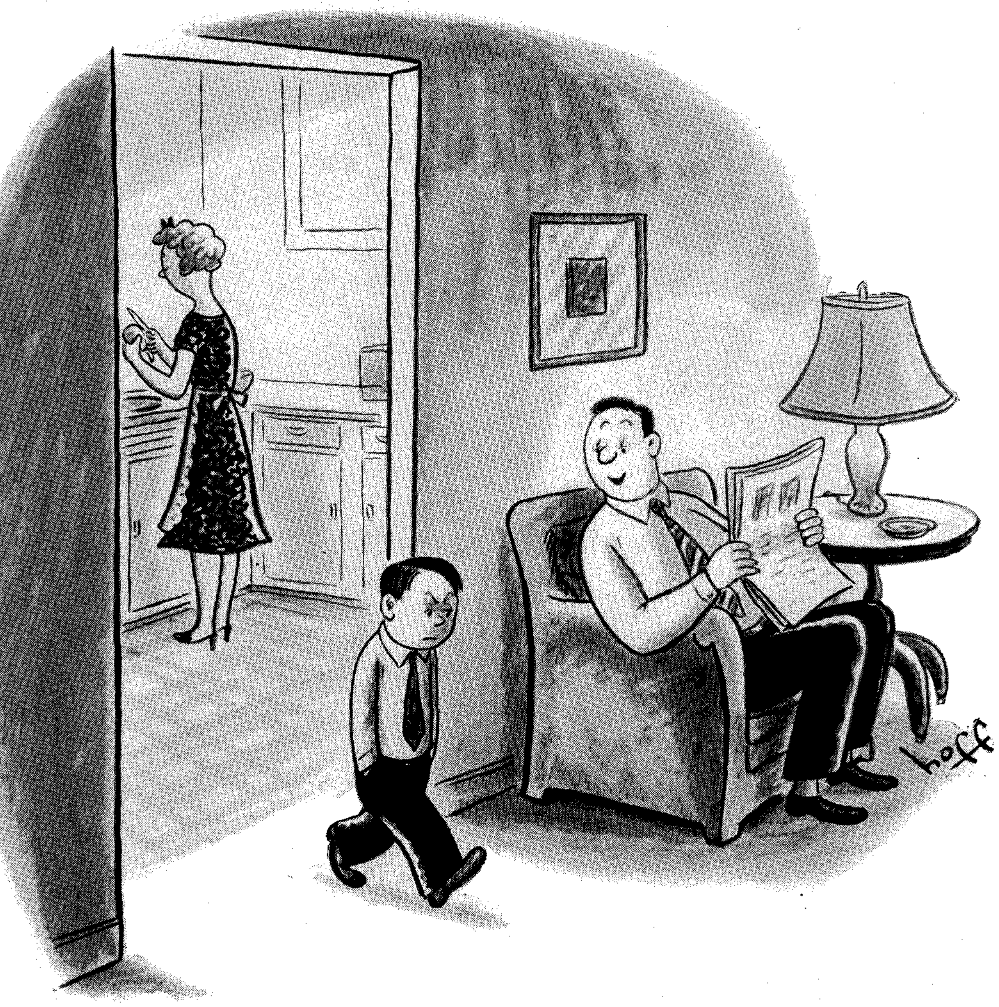
York Time," "London Time," "Rome Time," "Alexandria Time," and "Ship's Time." They indicated 10:09, 11:09, 12:12, 4:10, 5:10, 6:14, and 12:08, respectively. We commented on the discrepancy between New York Time and Ship's Time, and Mr. Hobson, a Yale man, observed that the last was probably Skull and Bones Time. "The society has its own time, you know," he said. "Just a little off."

On we persevered, to the Children's Room, thoughtfully placed near the Boat 'n Bottle Bar. This has a diminutive stage—flanked by two dressing rooms—and small tables and chairs, a rope ladder, a seesaw, and a fake steering wheel. "Everything is soundproofed and air-conditioned," said Mr. Stolzman, and led the way out on deck, where we sank, very comfortably, into an anodized-aluminum polyethylene-plastic steamer chair. Our guide observed that the ship carries five hundred such chairs, each one weighing twenty pounds less than an ordinary wooden one, which means a saving of ten thousand pounds, or five tons. "This enabled the ship to place its first-class swimming pool—it also has a cabin-class pool—topside instead of below," he said. The f.-c. swimming pool, which we visited next, was partly mosaicked, and one end was adorned with a huge bronze water spout in the shape of a frog. Adjoining it was a soda fountain. "How American!" said a lady in our party. A new face bore down on us, and its owner identified himself as a representative of Mr. Sonnenberg. He offered to show us twelve air-conditioned dog kennels and President Slater, but the frog had made us sort of queasy, and we disembarked.



"Well, how'd you make out with the Supreme Court?"

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New Science

WE call the attention of the Modern Language Association of America, which concerns itself with, *inter alia*, new words, to a diploma issued by the Notox Institute of Canitics, now hanging in the beauty shop of the Curtis Hotel, Minneapolis. It proclaims Miss Mary Ann Martin, of the beauty-shop staff, a licensed canitist. Our informant informs us that Miss Martin informed *her* that canitics is the science of hair coloring.

Down Memory Lane

OUR intermittent preoccupation with active oldsters recently took us to Franklin Street, where, on the second floor of a fat, dimly lit, weakly heated six-story building occupied by the firm of Leo Popper & Sons, dealers in fancy and colored glass, we called on Mr. Emil L. Popper, the firm's eighty-one-year-old proprietor. He received us in a dimly lit inside room, and we descried him with difficulty—a tiny man with a jaunty brownish handlebar mustache, and wearing a thick herringbone suit and, beneath his vest, a long-sleeved gray sweater. He advised us that his father, Leo, who was brought here from Prague when a boy, had founded the business on Houston Street in 1880, after unprosperous ventures in marble-cutting and hoopskirts. "Better keep your overcoat on," he said. "It's terribly cold here. My father bought this building, really a warehouse, in 1908, two years before he died. He lived to be eighty. He set the business up as a proprietorship—he thought stock companies were dishonest, because their owners aren't fully liable for debt, as proprietors are—and we've kept it that way. My brother, Edwin S., who died in 1948, at eighty-seven, was also in it. So was my other brother, Caleb. If he were alive today, this business would be five blocks long, but he died in a rage in his thirties." "In a rage?" we asked, pulling our scarf around our throat. "Family wouldn't let him marry a certain person," said Mr. Popper. "He went out of his mind, took to his bed, and died."

Mr. Popper was born on July 30, 1869, at 235 East Fifty-second Street, which was then way up north. "Barnum's Circus used to camp at Fifty-ninth Street," he said. "We later moved to Harlem, which was mostly fields. I went to Public School 68, on a Hundred and Twenty-eighth Street, and was the best scholar there. I was always plugging away." Mr. Popper led

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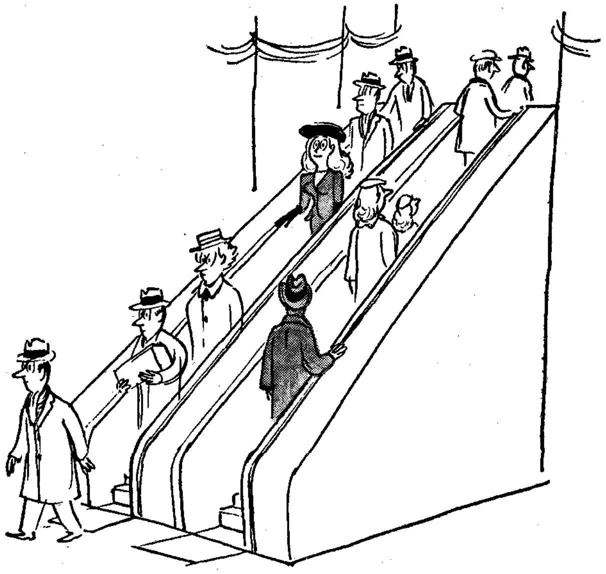

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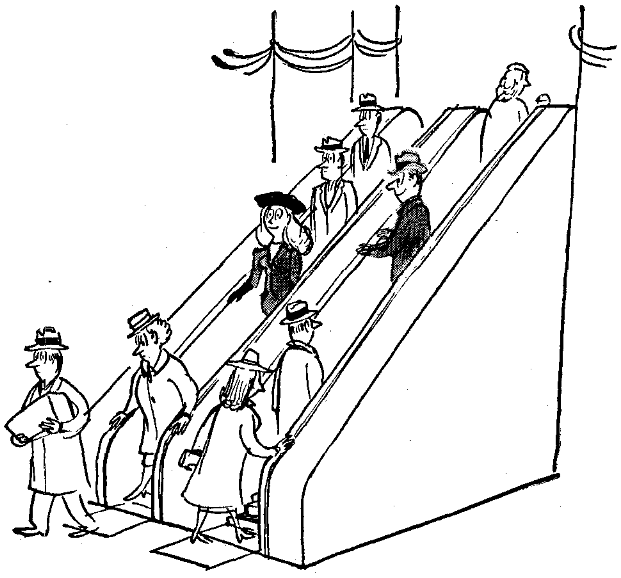

us to his private office, a murky back room illuminated by a single bulb on a wire suspended from the ceiling, and pointed out, on one wall, a school report dated October, 1880. “A very superior scholar,” it read. “Deportment during month, Excellent.” Mr. Popper unlocked a roll-top desk, fished around, and drew out several letters from the National City Bank, dated in the nineteen-twenties and wishing him a happy Christmas. “I don’t know what I keep these things for,” he said, carefully putting them back in a pigeonhole. He next showed us a cartoon—hanging on another wall—of Grover Cleveland, whose hand he once shook, and, nearby, a big sketch of a prickly plant. He said he had made this in 1887, while attending C.C.N.Y. “I never knew what it was,” he said. “It was put in front of me and I had to draw it.” He went to work for his father after college, in 1889.

Popper, he told us, handles both imported and domestic glass, which it sells largely to firms that install stained-glass windows in churches. Its glass is also used in lighting fixtures, signs, and fish lures, as eyes for stuffed animals, as push buttons for elevators, and for various purposes in electrical appliances. When the Statue of Liberty’s torch was destroyed by the Black Tom explosion, in 1916, it was replaced by Mr. Popper’s firm. “But I’m really more interested in insoluble geometry problems, like squaring the circle, than in the glass business,” Mr. Popper said. “I always did what my folks wanted me to do. If I’d been shoved out into the world on my own, I might have amounted to something.” He sighed a sigh that dated back sixty-one years, and handed us a letter Albert Einstein wrote him in 1944, in answer to one from him. “It is sure that $\frac{FG}{CB}$ cannot be *exactly* equal to π as it follows on the basis of Euclidean geometry,” this read, in part.

We were joined by Mr. Popper’s son, Edwin L., forty, who was wearing a yellow sweater under his suit coat. He told us that the firm has a hundred and fifty thousand dollars’ worth of goods on hand, including fifty cases of square molded-glass units from France, which his father bought twenty-five years ago, in the belief they would make good roofs for railway stations. “Never sold one of them,” he said. “This is a horrible-looking dive, and we have a most inefficient business in every way, but we enjoy it. Someone with a little zip could probably do something solid with it.” Popper *père’s* wife died in 1931, and he now lives in what he described as a frightful place on 110th Street. “I often come down here Saturdays, when there aren’t many people around,” he said. “It was much nicer in former years, when we had no Saturday holiday.”

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WEEKLY count of illegal parking of automobiles on a couple of no-parking blocks:

Blocks inspected: Fifty-first Street from Fifth to Seventh Avenues.

Time of inspection: 3:40 to 3:50 P.M., last Friday.

Number of cars illegally parked: 30.

Sentimental and Brisk

“CONVERSATION PIECE,” Noel Coward’s old comedy-with-music about a slightly crooked French duke and his charming young ward on an early-nineteenth-century visit to England, was recorded for phonograph during the afternoons of last week by Columbia Records at the Columbia studio on East Thirtieth Street, with Lily Pons and Mr. Coward in the leading roles. We were privileged to attend one of these sessions, and we happened to reach the studio at an opportune moment—just before the recording of a scene in which Mélanie, the ward, played by Miss Pons, is interrupted in her study of English verbs by a group of laughing school children, played by six small recruits from the Professional Children’s School. Mr. Coward, who not only was the duke but served as a narrator to describe the scene and set the mood, stood poised at a microphone in his narrating capacity, looking tanned, natty, and reasonably youthful in a sports coat, gray flannel trousers, yellow bow tie, and yellowish beach shoes. Miss Pons, in a striped jersey and gray skirt, stood before another microphone, on a platform she shared with Lehman Engel, the leader of the recording orchestra, who wore a simple yellow sweatshirt set off by a blue towel around his neck. Here and there on the floor were the twenty-three-piece orchestra, the professional children, some of the parents of the children, and half a dozen unidentified persons. In the control room, behind a pane of glass, was a staff headed by Goddard Lieberson, Columbia’s executive vice-president, who was directing the recording.

“English Lesson, Take Three,” Lieberson said over a loudspeaker. The music came up, and Coward intoned gently, “Once more the house, so modest, so discreet, once more a lazy summer afternoon . . .” When he had finished and Miss Pons had begun to

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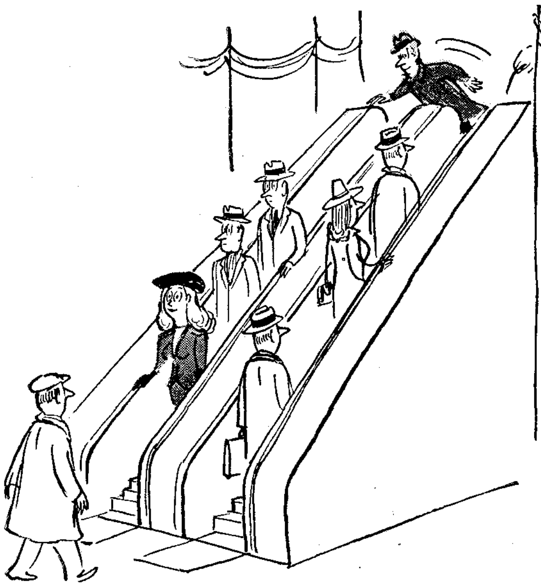

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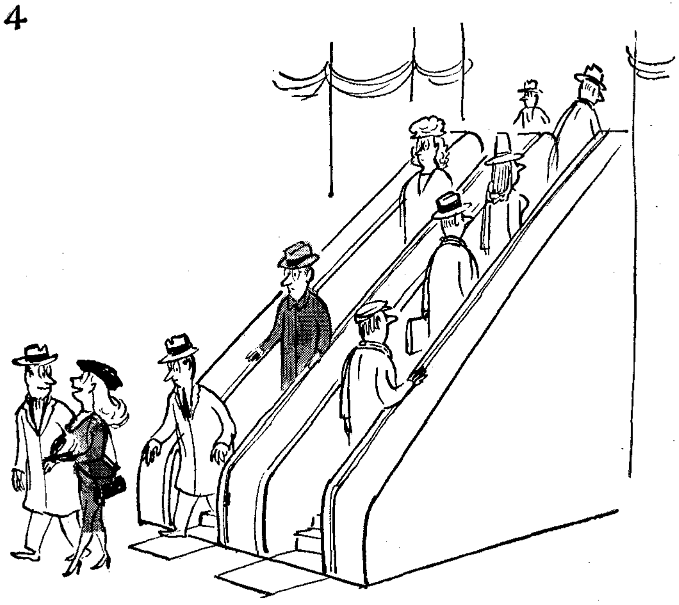

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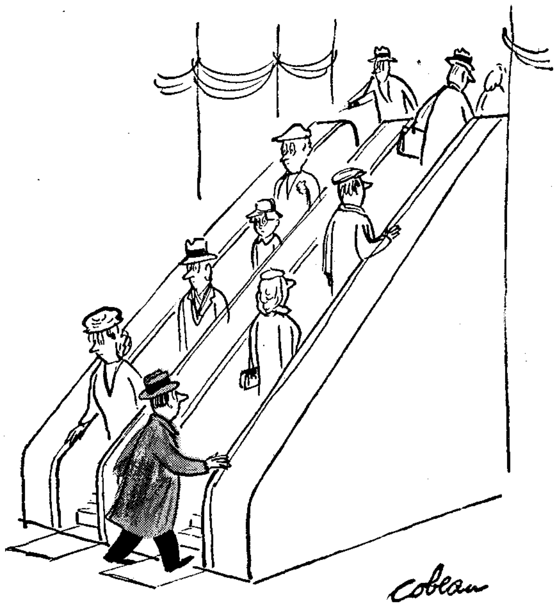


sing, he hopped nimbly over a mess of wires and planted himself in front of the children, inciting them to gaiety by putting on a grin and doing a pantomime of laughter. The children laughed gallantly, but Coward held up an arm to signify that he wanted the recording stopped. "That's very good, children, but do it a little more, will you?" Coward urged. "Ha, ha, ha! Come, now. Ha, ha, ha!" The children made noises ranging from a cough to a fairly convincing laugh. "That's very good!" Coward said. "Now *do* laugh, children. Ha, ha, ha! You're so gay, so very gay."

The English-lesson scene was recorded to the satisfaction of Coward and Lieberson, and then there was a break, during which we were informed by a Columbia-staff girl named Debby that Coward came up from Jamaica for the week to make the recording. "He played the duke in the original London production, in 1934," Debby told us. "Hasn't played him since, until now." Seeing Mr. Coward sitting on the edge of a platform, munching a banana and giving autographs to the children, we asked him if he was having fun, and he said he was. "Lily's a duck to work with," he said. "This version's to be about like the original, except that it's a bit cut and a couple of anachronisms have gone out. For example, in the last act much was made of a packet boat leaving Brighton for France. At the time I wrote the play, I was blissfully unaware that in 1811, when the action occurs, Britain was at war with France. When this fact was pointed out during the '34 production, we simply rose above it. This banana is not up to those in Jamaica."

Mr. Lieberson called for the recording of Miss Pons singing the show's leading song, "I'll Follow My Secret Heart." "Lily—nice and sentimental!" Lieberson called over his loudspeaker. "Can you sing it soft—sort of parlando in spots?" "*Oui*," said Miss Pons. "But brisk—brisk," put in Coward. "Sentimental yet brisk." "All right," said Miss Pons, and Lieberson announced, "Mélanie's Song, Take One." Miss Pons was well into the song, with Coward indicating mood to her by means of a series of expressive gestures, when there was a dreadful buzzing noise. Miss Pons looked stricken, and an air of panic swept the studio. "Cut!" shouted Lieberson. Miss Pons identified the sound as the ringing of her alarm wristwatch, which she held aloft, still buzzing. "But why did it go off?" Coward demanded, dashing up to her. "*Parce que c'était mis, Noel!*" cried Miss Pons. "Because the darn thing was set for five-thirty, to remind me about an appointment!" There followed a rapid, intense exchange in French between Coward and Miss Pons, and a general disintegration of studio discipline. "All right," said Lieberson sternly. "Please turn the watch off. This is not a Chaplin comedy. Mélanie's Song, Take Two." This time, Miss Pons got through the song without incident. "Perfect!" cried Coward. "*Magnifique, Lily!*" "*C'est beau, ça!*" said Lieberson, getting into the bilingual spirit. "You see?" said Coward. "It's quite possible to be sentimental at a brisk pace."

Dry

A RESIDENT of Scarsdale advises us that his *Herald Tribune* was delivered to his porch one damp and cloudy morning last week in a long wax-paper bag bearing considerable printing in big red letters. "Brings you more news than any other publication. The New York *Times*. Complete, accurate, impartial," read the lettering on one side of the bag. "Even rainy days are better when you read the New York *Times*. 'All the News That's Fit to Print,' " read the lettering on the other side. The subscriber unsheathed his paper and, he reports, the skies began to clear almost at once.

THE GROVES OF ACADEME

WHEN Henry Mulcahy, a middle-aged instructor of literature at Jocelyn College, Jocelyn, Pennsylvania, unfolded the President's letter and became aware of its contents, he gave a sudden sharp cry of impatience and irritation, as if such interruptions could positively be brooked no longer. This was the last straw. How was he expected to take care of forty students if other demands on his attention were continually being put in the way? On the surface of his mind, this vagrant grievance kept playing. Meanwhile, he had grown pale and his hands were trembling with anger and a strange sort of exultation. "Your appointment will not be continued beyond the current academic year . . ." He sprang to his feet and mimed the sentence aloud, triumphantly, in inverted commas, bringing the whole force of his personality to bear on this specimen or exhibit of the incredible.

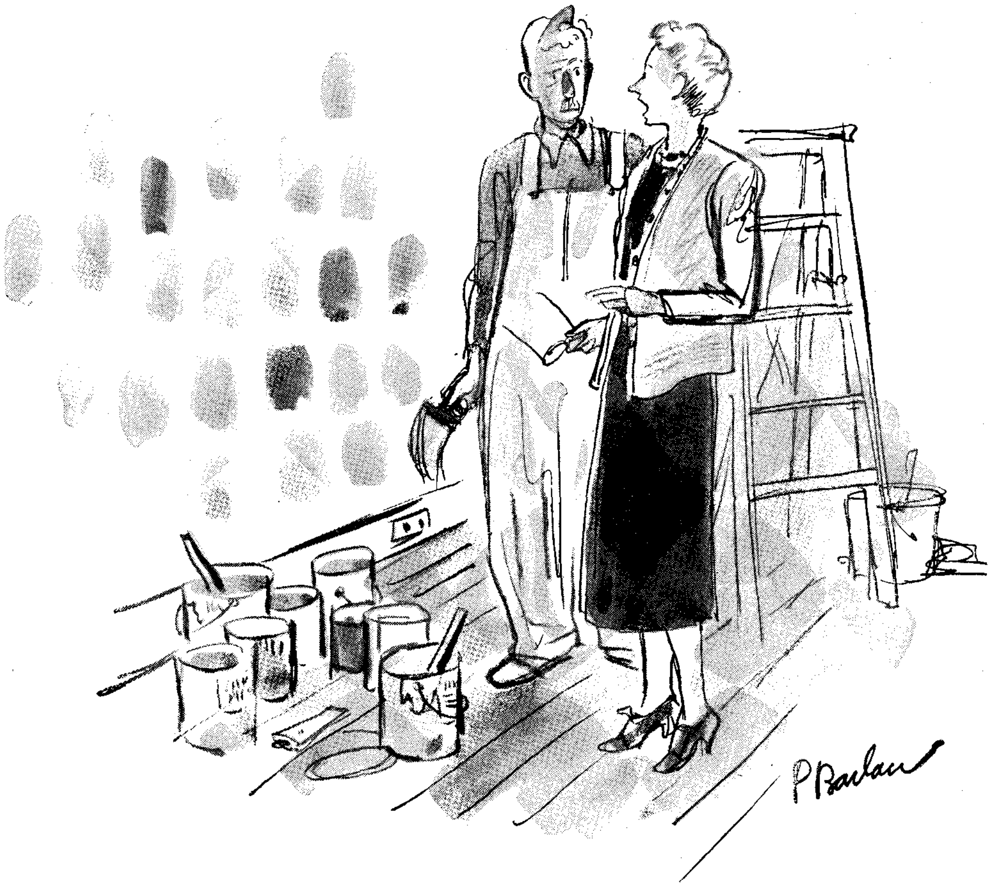
He had guessed long ago that Hoar meant to dismiss him, but he was amazed, really amazed (he repeated the word to himself), that the man should have given himself away by an action as overt as this one. As an intellectual, Mulcahy felt stunned not so much by the moral insensitiveness of the President's move as by the transparency of it. You do not fire a man who has challenged you openly at faculty meetings, who has fought, despite you and your cabal, for a program of salary increases and a lightening of the teaching load, who dared to call only last week (yes, fantastic as it seemed, this was the background of the case) for an investigation of the waste and mismanagement in the Buildings and Grounds Department. A condolatory smile, capping this enumeration, materialized on Mulcahy's lips; the letter was so inconsonant with the simplest precepts of strategy that it elicited a kind of pity, mingled with contempt and dry amusement.

Still, the triteness of the attempt, the jejuneness and tedium of it, tried forbearance to the limit; at a progressive college, surely, one had the right to expect something better than what one was used to at Drake or Montana, and the very element of repetition gave the whole affair an unwarranted and unreal character, as of some tawdry farce seriously reënacted. He had been in the academic harness long enough, he should have thought (and the files in the college office could testify), to anticipate anything, yet some unseen tendril of trust, he now remarked with a short harsh laugh, must have spiralled out from his heart and clung to the President's person, or simply to the idea of decency, for him now to feel this new betrayal so keenly.

For the truth was, as Mulcahy had to acknowledge, pacing up and down his small office, that in spite of all the evidence he had been given of the President's unremitting hatred, he found himself hurt by the letter—wounded, to be honest, not only in his *amour-propre* but in some tenderer place, in that sense of contract between men that transcends personal animosities and factional differences, that holds the man distinct from the deed and maintains even in the fieriest opposition the dream of final agreement and concord. He had not known, in short, that the President disliked him so flatly. It was the usual mistake of a complex intelligence in assessing a simple intelligence, of an imagination that is capable of seeing and feeling on many levels at once, as opposed to an administrative mentality that feels operationally, through acts. Like most people of literary sensibility, he had been unprepared, when it came down to it, for the obvious: a blunt, naked wielding of power. And the fact that he had *thought* himself prepared, he bitterly reflected, was precisely a measure of the abyss between the Maynard Hoars of this world and the Mulcahys.

The anomalies of the situation afforded him a gleam of pleasure—to a man of superior intellect, the idea that he has been weak or a fool in comparison with an inferior adversary is fraught with moral comedy and sardonic philosophic applications. He sat down at his desk, popped a peppermint into his mouth, and began to laugh softly at the ironies of his biography: Henry Mulcahy, called Hen by his friends, forty-one years old, the only Ph.D. in the Literature Department, contributor to the *Nation* and the *Kenyon Review*, Rhodes scholar, Guggenheim Fellow, father of four, fifteen years' teaching experience, salary and rank of instructor—an "unfortunate" personality in the lexicon of department heads, but in the opinion of a number of his colleagues the cleverest man at Jocelyn and the victim, here as elsewhere, of that ferocious envy of mediocrity for excellence that is the ruling passion of all systems of jobholders.

Mulcahy's freckled fist came down on the desk. A tall, soft-bellied, lisping man with a tense, mushroom-white face, rimless bifocals, and graying thin red hair, he was intermittently aware of a quality of personal unattractiveness that emanated from him like a miasma; this made him self-pitying, uxorious, and addicted also to self-love, for he associated it with his destiny as a portent of some personal epiphany. As a prophet of modern literature in a series of half-way-good colleges, he had gladly accepted an identification with the sacred untouchables of the modern martyrology—with Joyce, the obscure language teacher in Trieste; with tubercular Kafka in Prague, browbeaten by an authoritarian father; with the sickly, *tisane*-drenched Proust; with Marx, even, and his carbuncles; with Socrates and the hemlock. He carried an ash-plant stick in imitation of Joyce's Stephen Dedalus; subscribed to *Science and Society*, the Communist scholarly publication; and proclaimed the Irish, his ancestors, to be the ten lost tribes of Israel. The unwholesome whiteness of his long, pear-shaped body, the droop of his trousers, his children's runny noses and damp bottoms, his wife's woman's complaint, the sand sprinkling the lashes of his nearsighted, glaucous eyes, which had made him the butt of students, were not antipathetic to him but on the contrary lovable, as a manifesto of ethical difference, like the bleeding holy pictures of his childhood, the yellowed palms from Palm Sunday, the vessel of holy water blessed by the Pope. A symbolist, he was purposefully saturated in a sort of folkish traditional poverty of the lower middle class, in the Freudian family romance—the steam of the tea-kettle and the laundry tub; diapers drying on the radiators and on the rusty



"At any rate, I know what I don't want."

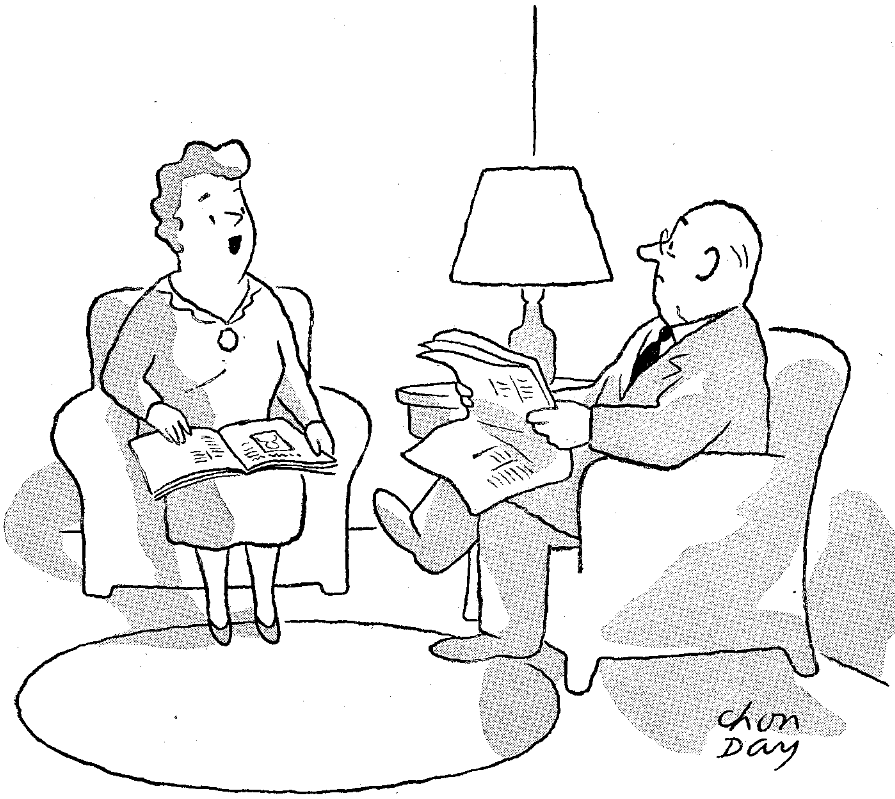
shower rod of the bathroom; nightgowns, kimonos, medicine cabinets; the smell of unaired closets; nose rags, cleaning rags, lint, broken toys, potties. He and his wife together dearly loved a midnight "spread," candy bars, frosted cupcakes, nuts and pickles, second helpings of mashed potatoes; he was defiantly conscious of a porous complexion, bad teeth, and occasional morning halitosis.

All this, in a progressive community where the casserole and the cocktail and the disposable diaper reigned, where the handsome President and his wife entertained with sherry or sat, Bennington-style, on the floor, listening to Bach and boogie-woogie, had, as he was perfectly aware, a heretical flavor, a pungent breath of class hatred and contempt. He knew, without being told, that he and his wife were criticized for the condition of the children's clothes, little Mary Margaret, as every wife on Faculty Hill could say positively, having been sent home *twice* by her first-grade teacher with a note calling attention to the absence of buttons from her dress. But except, he supposed, for the courage of the outstanding boy in his Proust-Joyce-Mann course, he might have remained ignorant of the sobriquet, Dr. Stuck-Up, pinned on him by the campus rowdies, in reference to the bits of toilet paper (the result of cuts when shaving) that sometimes stuck to his chin during the eight-o'clock tutorials, and of the newest slander, spread only ten days ago, that the Student Self-Help Bureau made excuses not to send him sitters, because the girls complained of the smell of urine in the house.

"Bravo!" he impulsively murmured, blowing a saturnine kiss from his fingertips. "*Bis, bis!*" The critic in him, he thought, could not help applauding the *consonantia* of the President's action; any other dénouement to the saga of his stay at Jocelyn would have been lacking in inevitability. Moving to the casement window, he stared out across the snowy amphitheatre of the campus, down the long line of hemlocks, to the arch of the Administration Building, where the President had his panelled offices. "I congratulate you, Maynard Hoar," he softly apostrophized, "Carleton College, B.A., Wisconsin, Ph.D., disciple of Alexander Meiklejohn, lover of the humanities, guitar player, gadfly of the philosophical journals, defender of academic freedom! Accept my felicitations on the clean-cut way you have handled this disagreeable task!" Pondering, he took out his watch, inherited from an uncle in Tammany, glanced vaguely at it, hearing the Phi Beta Kappa jingle; he was feeling more than half tempted to take the letter over to the main hall and post it on the faculty bulletin board, before the arrival of his eleven-o'clock tutee could force him to maturer reflection.

THE conviction that it would embarrass Hoar to have the letter made public had come to him just now in a flash, as though by divination. *Hoar was counting on his silence.* He knew this to be true by a sixth political sense, by a depth-sounding of the bureaucratic character, without yet knowing why, or what use to make of the discovery. A man in Mulcahy's *position* (he mimicked the President's reasoning), a man with Mulcahy's *unfortunate* record, could not *afford* to proclaim this *new* dismissal from the housetops; he could be reckoned on, in fact, to go quietly, with a letter of recommendation as his price. Mulcahy smiled. What the President apparently did not know, he thought with satisfaction, was the finality of his instructor's predicament—the literally scores of fruitless letters Mulcahy had written and had had written for him during the year and a half between jobs, when he had lived with his mother-in-law in Louisville while his wife clerked in a department store and he stayed home and wiped the snot from the children's noses and worked on the Joyce concordance that no commercial publisher believed in. During that year and a half, he reflected, he had had a salutary foretaste of what he could expect in the future from the old friends and teachers who had stood by him thus far, but with what pipe-pulling, pursing of the lips, frowning airs, and due consideration! Jocelyn, their letters now apprised him, was his last chance, though they did not put the caveat in so many words but inquired deftly after Catherine and the children; praised Maynard Hoar, "a humanist and a gentleman," who was having a hard time, so they heard, between an unruly student body and an unsympathetic board of trustees; and finished by chiding their friend Hen, half playfully, for "an engaging tendency, apparent already in your undergraduate years, to go off half-cocked."

Mulcahy's jaw tightened. He felt a sudden stiffening of the will. What these well-wishers augured for him,



"Here's an interesting quiz. Would you like to find out if you love me?"

what he could augur for himself, he very simply and calmly declined, with thanks. To be fired at this juncture, when he was halfway to tenure, was unthinkable. Consequently, he refused to be fired. The moment he had enunciated this principle, in a cool and dispassionate inner voice, he recognized that from the very beginning he had never taken the President's letter seriously, never intended to be fired, and had been inwardly self-possessed and resolute while outwardly excited and incoherent.

Yet it was just this incoherence and illogic, he perceived, beginning to pace the floor again, that constituted the strength of his position. That clear sense of blame and wrong, of the unjustified and the unwarranted, that at the beginning of any dispute dominates the imagination and orders the facts of the case into an appearance of sequence became, as he knew, gradually blurred and was finally lost irrecapturably as the quarrel unfolded in all its organic complexity; he feared this development in the present case, this attrition of the issues, and saw that, in order to win, it would be necessary to shut his mind even to its own settled purpose, to be furious, voluble, contradictory, incapable of "listening to reason." What was required, in a word, was just that obstinate feigned *madness* of Hamlet's, the rejection of all outcomes and explanations, the determination to make trouble, to be inconvenient, obstructive to the general weal, like a sidewalk demonstrator who declines to "move on" when the word from above is given.

And for that matter, Mulcahy said to himself, dropping into his swivel chair and commencing to polish his glasses, who had the more to lose by publicity, he himself or the college? Was it not Maynard Hoar, precisely, who could not "afford" to have it known that he had got rid of an inconvenient critic—Maynard Hoar, author of a pamphlet, "The Witch Hunt in Our Universities" (off-printed from the *American Scholar* and mailed out gratis by the bushel to a legion of "prominent educators"); Maynard Hoar, the photogenic, curly-haired evangelist of the right to teach, leader of torch parades against the loyalty oath, vigorous foe of "thought control" on the Town Meeting of the Air? Especially when it so happened that the inconvenient critic had been under fire, not so long ago, by a state legislature for "Communistic, atheistic tendencies," as evidenced by a few book reviews in the *Nation,* of all places, a single article in the old *Marxist Quarterly* ("James Joyce, Dialectical Materialist"), and a two-dollar contribution to the Wallace campaign. A faint speculative gleam appeared in Mulcahy's eyes; he lodged a third peppermint in his cheek and tapped musingly with a pencil on his teeth, a quick rat-a-tat-tat of estimate and conjecture.

Confronted with a charge of bias, Hoar, of course, would forensically repudiate any political motive in the termination of the contract, but rumor, working in secret, might tell a different story.... Mulcahy's pale eyebrows wryly lifted; he shrugged off a twinge of conscience: in the split modern world, he lightly posited, we are too often the dupes of appearance; let us look at the underlying reality. A year and a half ago (cf. the Convocation Address), Jocelyn had been officially enraptured to welcome Dr. Mulcahy to its staff, as an exemplar, a modern witness to the ordeal by slander, etc., etc., *passim* (see also the New York *Times* magazine for the fearless administrator's account of the factors that influenced his decision), but since then Dr. Fuchs had confessed; Mr. Hiss had been convicted; Mr. Greenglass and others (including a former Jocelyn physics student) had been tried for atomic spying; Senator McCarthy had appeared; at Jocelyn there had been a suicide among the former Students for Wallace, an attack from a Catholic pulpit, the withdrawal of a promised gift, a deepening of the budgetary crisis. And though the college still officially counted on "a swing of the pendulum back to the old native freedoms," Hoar, only this winter—under pressure, it was said, from the Alumni Fund Chairman—had reluctantly removed his name from the Stockholm Peace Petition. Mulcahy laughed comfortably. To those familiar with Maynard Hoar's history, he ventured to predict, the dismissal of an outspoken teacher, at this turning point in the college's affairs, might seem a *leetle* too opportune, especially if it could be shown that the teacher in question had engaged in political activities of the type now considered suspect.

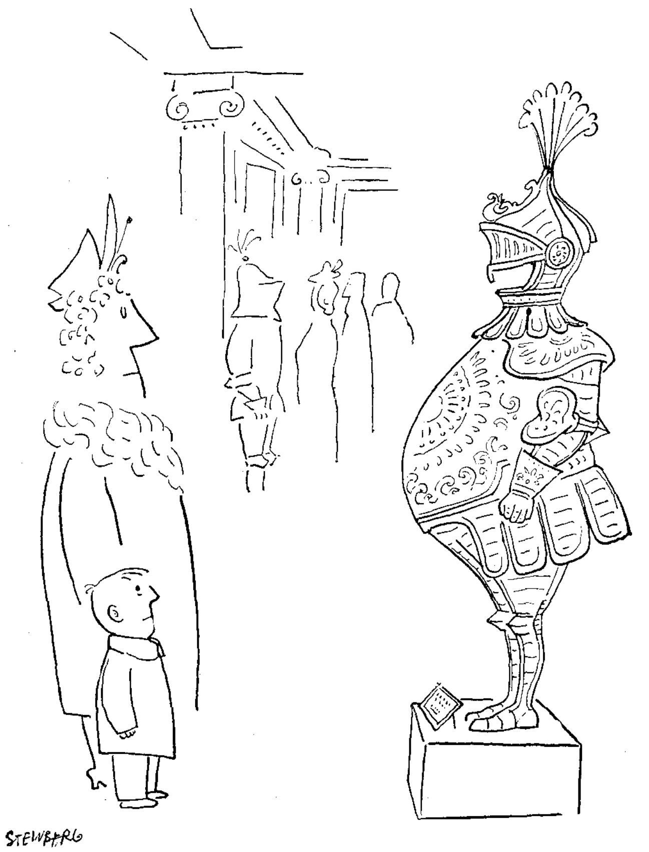
MULCAHY sprang blazing to his feet. Surely (he saw it all now) he had been observed at the meeting of the Partisans for Peace, which, it so happened, he had gone to, with no special enthusiasm, at the invitation of a former colleague and fellow-Joycean who was scheduled to speak on the program. He looked in now and then on such affairs out of contempt for mob opinion, as a sheer exercise of his individual liberties, but would Hoar dare deny that his instructor of literature's presence there had been duly noted and reported on the campus by some vigilant F.B.I. agent?

He clapped his hand to his head. "*Dummkopf!*" he cried. "*Dummkopf!*"—awe-struck at his own blindness. The clue had been in his hands as long ago as the Christmas reception. Hoar had tipped him off, but he, of course, had been too witless to heed it. He began to laugh intemperately, till the tears dampened his eyes, recalling the holiday scene in the President's living room, the damnable Swedish glögg and pfeffernuesse, candles, yule log, holly, students dressed as waits singing outside the window, and within, on an oak bench, Maynard Hoar, in heavy ribbed sweater, genially asserting that he could as soon, *in these times*, as president of a small, struggling college, appear at a "peace" rally as be found playing strip poker on Sunday in a whore house. How he, Henry Mulcahy, could have heard these words and failed to apply them to himself passed human understanding; disgust, he supposed, with the falsity of the tone, with the specious air of rueful openness, must have palsied his own powers of inference. Or possibly, he admitted, his inner censor had simply declined to pass such rubbish as affecting himself in any fashion. What retort had Hoar expected from him anyway—explanations, promises of amendment, apologies?

Yet the joke was on Mulcahy this time, he thought, still faintly chuckling. Here he had been scrupling about ascribing bias to the President when the President had not scrupled to put that bias on record. There could be no doubt, certainly, he interjected, sobering, that he had been warned by Hoar, in public, before witnesses, and that he had seemed deliberately to ignore that warning; worse still, to repulse it. For some flippant demon had led him, of all people present, to frame an answer to Hoar. He had wondered aloud idly: Was Christianity compromised by the Magdalen? To which Hoar had replied, in a voice of cogent rebuke, "I'm unable, Hen, to identify myself with Jesus. *I don't know about you.*"

Nor, prompted memory, a precisian, was that all. Had not Hoar—yes, on that identical occasion—gone on to lay down the principle that the president of a college dedicated to free teaching methods had a duty, in times such as these, not to engage irresponsibly in political activities that could imperil the whole academic structure and in which (school principal's keen, probing gaze; measured pause for emphasis) he had *no deep belief*? Seeing how everything fitted together (whom else could this sermon have been meant for?), Mulcahy fetched a sigh. The picture of the liberal educator in action was more damning than even he had supposed. It was a case, plainly, for the A.A.U.P. Grievance Committee, a clear instance of political pressure, complete with dates and witnesses. The evidence had been there all along, but he himself, in some recalcitrant part of his moral fibre, had been unwilling to see it. Preferable for humanity's sake, he thought, frowning, to believe that a teacher was being fired because of a personal vendetta than to know that a public man like Hoar was a lie, from springing curly hair to the soles of his moccasin shoes!

Mulcahy made a grimace of disgust, conscious suddenly of a moral distaste not only for this nasty specimen of the genus careerist impaled on the pin of discovery but for the task of exposing it to the public eye. And also, for the first time, strangely enough, he felt a certain chill objective sympathy or commiseration for a man who could sink so low, as for a worm on which the heel is descending. The certainty that Hoar was deliberately using him as a scapegoat to satisfy the reactionary trustees and fund-raisers afforded him no joy, but, rather, sorrow for the race of men in general and for this particular example of the human kind. And the fact that he, Henry Mulcahy, had it within his power to ruin the man forever, at least in liberal circles (*make no mistake*, he said to himself bitterly, factual proof is unnecessary; the charge, the mere charge, will be sufficient), inclined him to fellow feeling. He had seen, he thought, too much of venality in the course of his academic experience to regard Jocelyn's president as exceptional or exceptionally deserving of punishment. Not being an idealist, he was indifferent to the law of the talion; regrettably, perhaps, but indubitably, he lacked the taste for blood.



And the *threat* of exposure in such cases, as one scarcely needed to remind oneself—a pinched, wintry smile sharpened his diffuse features—was generally more effective than the act. Seated at his desk, he tilted his fingertips together in a contemplative triangle, and leisuredly allowed his passion to cool—a favorite amusement of his spare moments and an intellectual tonic. *Live and let live*, he finally opined, was the most politic motto for the occasion. Maynard Hoar confronted with charges in a faculty meeting or before the A.A.U.P. would have no recourse but to fight, but Maynard Hoar in his office, respectfully urged to "reconsider" by a little *ad-hoc* committee ("Think, President Hoar, is this the best moment, in the very thick of the battle for academic liberties, to let out a dissident teacher, the father of four children? Is there not, in these times, an obligation to avoid even the appearance of yielding to popular pressures?"), was still, one would guess, open to persuasion. . . . Mulcahy sighed, forgoing the satisfaction of a joined battle; he was conscious of submitting to practicality as to an austere virtue.

The President (it was always well to remember) had the legal power not to reappoint anyone short of the professorial rank, and though a legal power was scarcely a moral imperative, how many ardent defenders (were the case to be argued in public) of the President's inalienable right to fire whom he pleased—for the color of his hair or his hatband—would not throng eagerly forward to speak against Mulcahy in the name of lily-white principle, and in the front ranks of the defenders of principle would he not find friends, who had dined with him, who had played with the children, who would be delighted now to lend him money, to write to a friend, the headmaster of a little gentlemen's preparatory school, and fix him up with a splendid job, complete with study-hall supervision and every other weekend free?

A TERSE laugh broke from him, and at almost the same moment the two timid knocks he had been expecting sounded on the door. A young girl's face appeared, looking frightened. "Dr. Mulcahy?" "Come in, Sheila," he instructed kindly, taking pains as usual to speak in a soft, solicitous voice. Folding her heavy coat over the back of the side chair, the girl sat down, put her books on the arm, and crossed her thin hands tensely in her lap. She was pale, round-shouldered, reticent, a freshman, the daughter of a commercial artist, whom she reverently invoked as "Daddy." Her trial-project was American naturalism. Mulcahy's spectacled eyes assessed her, half pitying: a typical Jocelyn student of the paying sort that had been admitted in the fall by an overlenient registrar. The thin, blond hair, he observed with interest, was done in a new fashion, braided around her head in two petering-out pigtails—the style of the President's wife.

He raised his eyebrows a trifle. This visible sign of the Presidential influence affected him very unpleasantly; he took it as a bad omen for himself and his cause. At the same time, he felt quite detached and took note of it merely as a symptom, a corroboratory straw in the wind. "So that is how the land lies," he thought, giving an inward whistle. He felt decision form in him, like a clot. While the girl watched him, rabbit-scared, he refolded the President's letter, creased it incisively with his thumbnail, and dropped it into his file. He performed this action very slowly and deliberately, conscious that the girl would be thinking that the document he was suppressing must have something to do with her grades. "Now, Sheila," he said to her, smiling, prolonging her mystification, "I see you are fixing your hair differently."

The girl's face brightened with a start; she glanced at the file somewhat doubtfully, as if seeking a connection. Then she looked up at him and blushed. "Do you like it?" she shyly asked. "Very much, Sheila," he replied in a grave tone. "It reminds me of my three little girls, with their pigtails. Do you know them, Sheila?" The girl nodded several times and spoke breathlessly. "I've seen them with you in the Co-op, Dr. Mulcahy. They're *darling*."

Mulcahy leaned forward, spontaneously moved. "You must come some time and see the baby boy, Sheila. You'll like him." "I'd love to," breathed the girl. "I love babies." "He's sick this morning, though, Sheila," he confided. "His mother is sick too." Impulse had been propelling him, almost against his will. He felt himself gliding, by rhythmic easy stages, into the girl's confidence; the knowledge that there, in the file, lay that which would disrupt her faith in officialdom gave him a sense of power over her and all her virgin classmates, and the fact that he had no intention of letting her in on that knowledge allowed him, he calculated, to carry her to the very verge of discovery with perfect safety to himself. Yet now a slight shifting of the girl's weight in her chair made him imagine that he had lost his hold on her. Conscious that his delivery had become somewhat false and saccharine, he darted a mistrustful glance into her eyes; what, he thought angrily, did the young care for sickness and sorrow? Very likely, thanks to the Sitters' Bureau, she had already had an earful of his domestic cares. Her eyes, however, were starry with sympathy and a sort of joyous gratitude; two anxious furrows had appeared between her fuzzy brows.

"How awful, Dr. Mulcahy," she whispered. "I know just how you must feel."

A smile touched his lips, a trifle coldly. "I doubt whether you do, my dear," he retorted, stung to shortness by her innocence, her protected life, her "Daddy." He regarded her, narrowing his eyes, feeling pity for her inexperience, her weak, soft, waxy soul, plastic to all impressions, to himself, to the Hoars. "I doubt whether you do," he lightly repeated.

The girl looked at him curiously, waiting for him to go on. He felt a harsh desire to initiate that innocence, to ply it with brute facts, like drink. At the same time, he was aware that he ought to titillate her no longer. Her aroused curiosity was a temptation, which, having savored it, he must now in wisdom put aside. According to academic usage, the man must disappear into the pedagogue. He chose a book from her chair arm.

"Sherwood Anderson," he announced, reading from the spine. "And how did you like Windy MacPherson?" Yet even as he was speaking, he felt another, irresistible force take hold of him, not rudely but almost playfully, like a spring breeze. "Look, Sheila," he murmured quickly, as if fearful of being overheard or interrupted. "Would you like me to tell you a secret?" The girl nodded, straining forward. He had consolatory visions of student petitions, torchlight parades, sit-down strikes in the classroom. He held her in suspense for a moment—like a conductor, he thought, with raised baton over the woodwinds of her feelings. "This morning, I was fired from Jocelyn."

—MARY McCARTHY

●

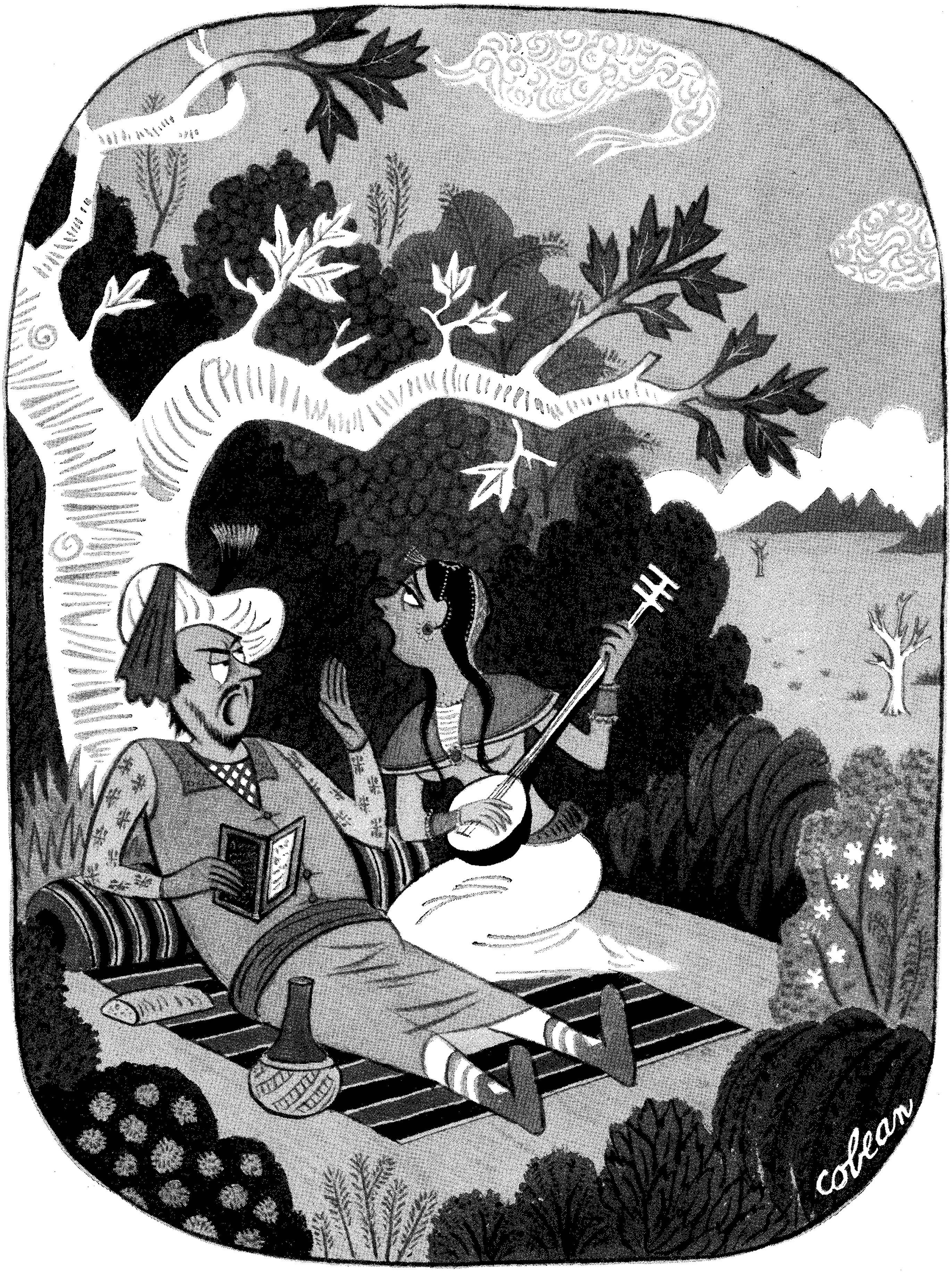
FREEDOM FROM SPEECH

I said to Dr. Wilbur Slade,
"Why do you wear a hearing aid?
Your keenness does not fail, I hope?
You did not need a stethoscope.
You laid your ear on terra firma
And sensed an earthquake out in Burma.
You heard a pin drop in the lobby
And said, 'A safety, not a bobby.'
I grant I am a bit dismayed
To see you wear a hearing aid."

Said Dr. Wilbur Slade to me,
"The apparatus that you see
Is not an aid, but an arrester.
I turn the switch; the sorry jester
Recites to deafened ears a wry jest
Culled from the current *Reader's Digest*.
With this machine I overthrow
The power of public radio.
And with it I need fear no more
The cocktail party's monstrous roar,
The epic of the funny dream,
The arch reproach, the winsome scream,
The tale of How I Earned Success,
The stream of tipsy consciousness,
And chiefly I may now ignore
'And will there really be a war?' "

"And yet," I said to Dr. Slade,
"Are you not trying to evade
Participation in the fight?
And do you think that this is right?"
A little clicking sound I heard.
"I cannot hear a single word;
Yell if you like," said Dr. Slade.
He patted his unhearing aid.

—MORRIS BISHOP



"In the name of Allah, woman! Enow is enow."

ELEVEN DOLLARS A DAY

THE man, dressed in plain light-blue pajamas, a striped seersucker bathrobe, gray woollen socks, and flat slippers, the leather kind held on by straps crossing up near the toes, sat near the west window. The nurse, in her white uniform, sat across the room, beyond the bed, at the window that faced the north. Each was reading a book, and the room was warm and peaceful.

The man, Tommy Wade, stopped reading for a few moments and looked out across the rooftops as he took a cigarette from the package on the window sill. He picked up the book of matches and read, on the cover, "PIPERS CLUB." Before he pulled out a match, he stared for almost half a minute at the book of matches. The nurse did not look up from her book.

As, finally, he lighted the cigarette, Wade spoke. "I made a fool of myself there, too, for a couple of days. I forgot to tell you that," he said.

"Where is that?" the nurse asked, closing her book. She was small and pretty, with blue eyes, and a mole on her right cheek like a beauty patch worn at a costume ball, and her ankles were slim.

"The Pipers Club," Wade said. "Pretty fancy club, in its way."

"Oh, I don't think they'll mind," the nurse said. She seemed interested.

"Not fancy in a snooty way, you understand," Wade said. "But they like to have you kind of stay on your feet no matter how many slugs you've been pouring into yourself. Good club. The way I remember it, I slept on the couch in the library the last night before I got here. Made a fool of myself before that, though. Pretty fancy club. This is a pretty fancy hospital, too, isn't it?"

"Some big people get here from time to time," the nurse said. Her voice was gentle, her accent more than a little British, and her smile was easy, yet not overdone.

"Any big people here now?" he asked.

"There's a lady who used to be a big star in the room a few doors down," the nurse said. "She's quite handsome."

"What's the matter with her—operation?" Wade asked.

"I think it's sleeping pills," the nurse said. "Of course, I don't know. Overdose of sleeping pills."

"They're a terrible habit," Wade said. "I've always been afraid of them myself. Never take any."

By that time, he had opened his book again, and the nurse had opened hers. He was reading "The Last Puritan," and she was reading Philip Wylie's "Opus 21."

The man and the nurse went on reading, and the room was warm and peaceful. The silence continued for ten minutes or so.

"I've been meaning to read this book for about thirteen years," Wade said then. "Never got around to it. This is a good chance here, isn't it? I couldn't concentrate on reading anything yesterday. Did nothing but talk to you, did I?"

"The things you said were interesting," the nurse said. "Don't forget, I did some talking, too."

"It was all right, wasn't it?" Wade asked.

"I don't mind it," the nurse said.

"Don't know how I managed to get this book here with me," he said. "I must have grabbed it from a shelf before the doctor came and brought me up here. He said it was the only thing to do, go into the hospital for a few days and get straightened out. My wife's away, you know. She went out to Sun Valley, skiing. Won't be back until next week."

"You told me about that—remember?" the nurse said.

"The doc was right," Wade went on. "I couldn't have stopped all that drinking by myself. Getting to be all right now. I feel pretty good this afternoon."

"You're not eating enough yet, though," the nurse said.

"I can eat tonight, I think," Wade said. "What are we having— I mean what am I *having*? I told you to fill out the slip."

"I ordered a slice of roast beef, with some chicken consommé first, and a salad, and some browned potatoes and beets—you said you liked beets," the nurse answered. "Ice cream afterward."

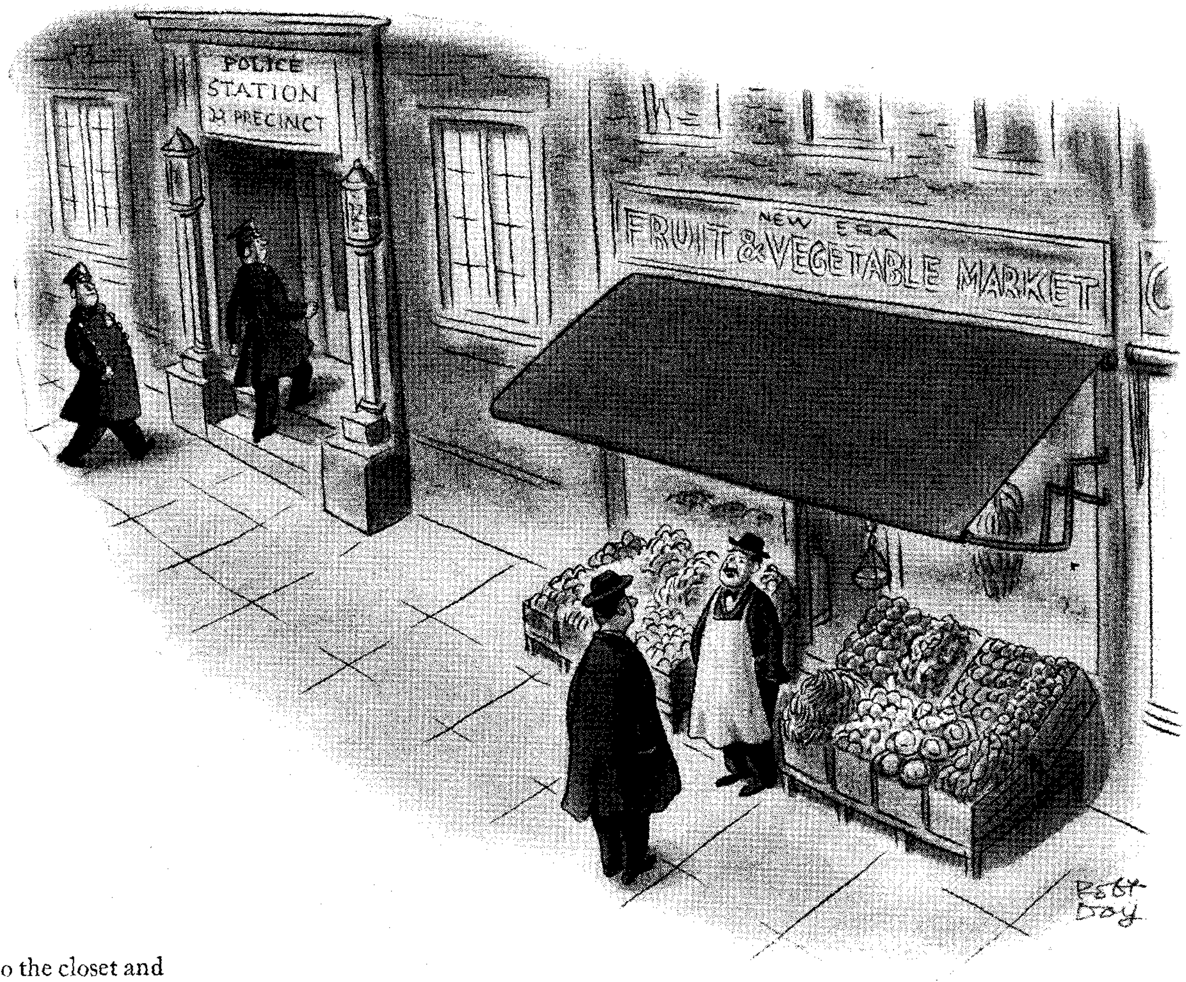
"Sounds O.K.," Wade said, and turned back to his book. The nurse began reading her book, and, as before, the room was warm and peaceful.

Wade wasn't really reading this time. His eyes were on the book but they weren't taking in anything. He was thinking that the thing of being there in the hospital because he had been drinking too much had swiftly, and by imperceptible means, turned from being a distressing and sorrowful, almost shameful, thing into an idyll. Of sorts, anyway. The nurse was one of three. To go around the clock. Each worked eight hours, for which the fee was eleven dollars. The two other nurses were all right. They did their work. This one had become a lovely little lady sharing his idyll with him.

It should be like this, he thought, with his eyes on the book. He lifted them for a moment and looked steadily at the nurse's quiet profile as she read. I must try to remember how things are this minute. Her eyelashes are long, and her nose turns up a little. There are the faintest hollows in her cheeks, and she is young. Her upper lip sticks out a little bit.

And, Wade went on thinking, we only talk to each other when we want to talk. Come to think of it, I always start the talk, don't I? But all those things she told me, in bits and fragments, were each a thing that had a sharp, definite interest for me: From Norway to boarding school in England at thirteen, she said, and never back to Norway again. She became a nurse in London, and she nursed there in wartime. Still, she is so young. She never told me how old. Twenty-eight, maybe? It should be like this. Her sitting there in the chair, me in mine. Nothing can happen to us in here. No drinking for me. Reading. And she'll take care of me if I want anything, but still I'm not really ill. She's lovely, and every time I talk she seems interested. She *is* interested. We've talked a lot in three days. Three eight-hour days, that is. I feel bad when she has to go home at four o'clock. I miss her right away. Just the same, she'll be back at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. We were strangers a few days ago. We still are, too. And at the same time we are not strangers, we've talked so much, each about ourselves. She knows how I miss my wife. Her husband must be a swell guy, from what she told me. He had been in the Pacific.

"Yeh, these are wonderful hours," Wade found himself saying, "and by



"Talk about overhead!"

all good rights they should be tough to bear."

The nurse looked up. "Did you say something?" she asked. "I was quite wrapped up in this book." Her eyes were alert, and she put the book over on the table by the bed.

"No, I didn't say anything," Wade said.

"What would you think of going up in the solarium?" the nurse asked. "It's such a lovely day."

"I didn't know they had a solarium," he said. "But I'd like to go up, if you want to."

"It's nice there," the nurse said.

"O.K., let's go," said Wade, and he put his book aside. "I'll go in the bathroom and put on my pants, and we'll go to the solarium."

"I'll get your trousers and things," the nurse said, and she went to the closet and gave them to him, along with a shirt.

WADE came out of the bathroom dressed, after a fashion.

"Do you know where my belt is?" he asked. "Or suspenders?"

The nurse smiled. "I'm afraid you didn't have any belt when you came in," she said. "Nor braces, either."

"Holy Pete!" Wade said. They both laughed. "No belt or suspenders," he said, "but I grabbed 'The Last Puritan' somewhere along the line. I must be nuts."

With the nurse by his side, Wade, still in his slippers but more publicly attired, with his trousers and shirt on beneath the seersucker robe, walked down the hall toward the elevator.

"I don't think you're nuts," the nurse said.

"Thanks," said Wade.

There was nobody else up in the solarium, and the sun truly splashed all over them as they sat in chairs side by side.

In a room down the corridor, someone was playing a phonograph, and the tune was "Bali Ha'i." That's what it is, right here and down in the room, Wade thought—Bali Ha'i, N.Y.

The nurse asked him if he had seen "South Pacific."

"Yes. It really is a knockout," Wade said.

"It must be," she said. "I read the 'Tales of the South Pacific.' That one called 'Fo' Dolla' ' is the best, don't you think?"

Her British accent was comically assertive when she tried to say "Fo' Dolla'," Wade thought. "That's the one they took the show from, mainly," he said.

He looked directly at the nurse again, as he had so many times in the last three days. Suddenly, he saw she wasn't listening.

Nothing had happened. No disturbance anywhere, in the hall or here. She wasn't listening, that was all.

Wade looked away. He stared out into the sun until it hurt his eyes. He was hurt inside his head, too. Because in those few seconds the smashing thought had come to him: She has been listening because she had to; she listens for eleven dollars a day; oh, what a louse I am! Making somebody listen to me for eight hours a day by paying her for it! What a heel indeed! Bali Ha'i my eye! A guy getting over a binge, and for days he pays a lovely lady a lousy eleven bucks a day to listen to his twaddle!

"I think I'd like to go downstairs," he said to her.

"All right, Mr. Wade," the nurse said. It didn't sound the way all her other talk had sounded. This thing was over, so they went downstairs and in a half hour the nurse's day was up. They hardly said anything that half hour, and their goodbyes were courteous and meaningless. The doctor came in and said that Wade wouldn't need anybody around after that day, so that was the last he saw of her.

—JOHN MCNULTY

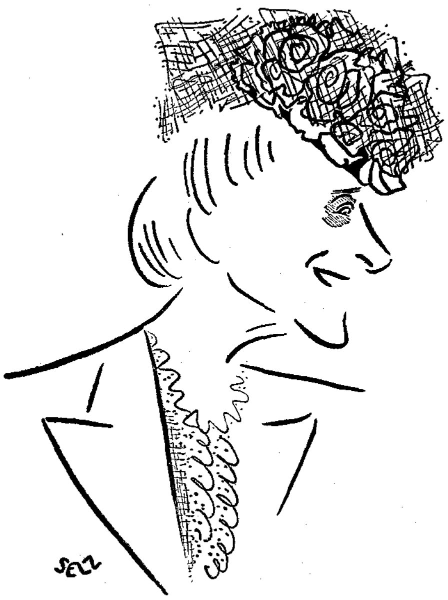
•

On Christmas Eve Mr. Friedland complained about the lack of heat in his third-floor apartment. The landlord investigated. A heated argument ensued.—*The Times.*

Well, that's one way to fix matters.

PROFILES

GRIPS AND TAXES—I



VIVIEN KELLEMS, the president of the Kellems Company, a small Connecticut concern that manufactures an item of electrical-engineering equipment known as a cable grip, has been variously referred to during the past decade as the Joan of Arc of the Republican Party (Los Angeles *Herald & Express*), a wild-eyed little woman (Clare Boothe Luce), a naïve lady (Drew Pearson), one of the hundred outstanding women of the century (Carrie Chapman Catt), a hypothyroid babbler (St. Louis *Star-Times*), a menace to the American war effort and a tool of the Goebbels propaganda machine (former Representative John M. Coffee, of Washington), an animated Dresden figurine (Murray Davis, in the New York *World-Telegram*), a fond, foolish woman (the late Senator Clyde Reed, of Kansas), a person whose conduct at one time during the war smacked of disloyalty to the United States (Henry Morgenthau, Jr.), one of America's most successful cute little tricks (E. V. Durling), the best-dressed woman in industry in 1942 (the New York Fashion Academy), the nation's leading businesswoman for 1950 (an Associated Press poll of women's-page editors throughout the country), and an evasive, argumentative, arrogant woman, brazen in her reiteration of her claimed right to do and say what she pleases without regard to the possible dire consequences to her country and her fellow-citizens (Judge Louis E. Goodman, of the Federal District Court of Northern California).

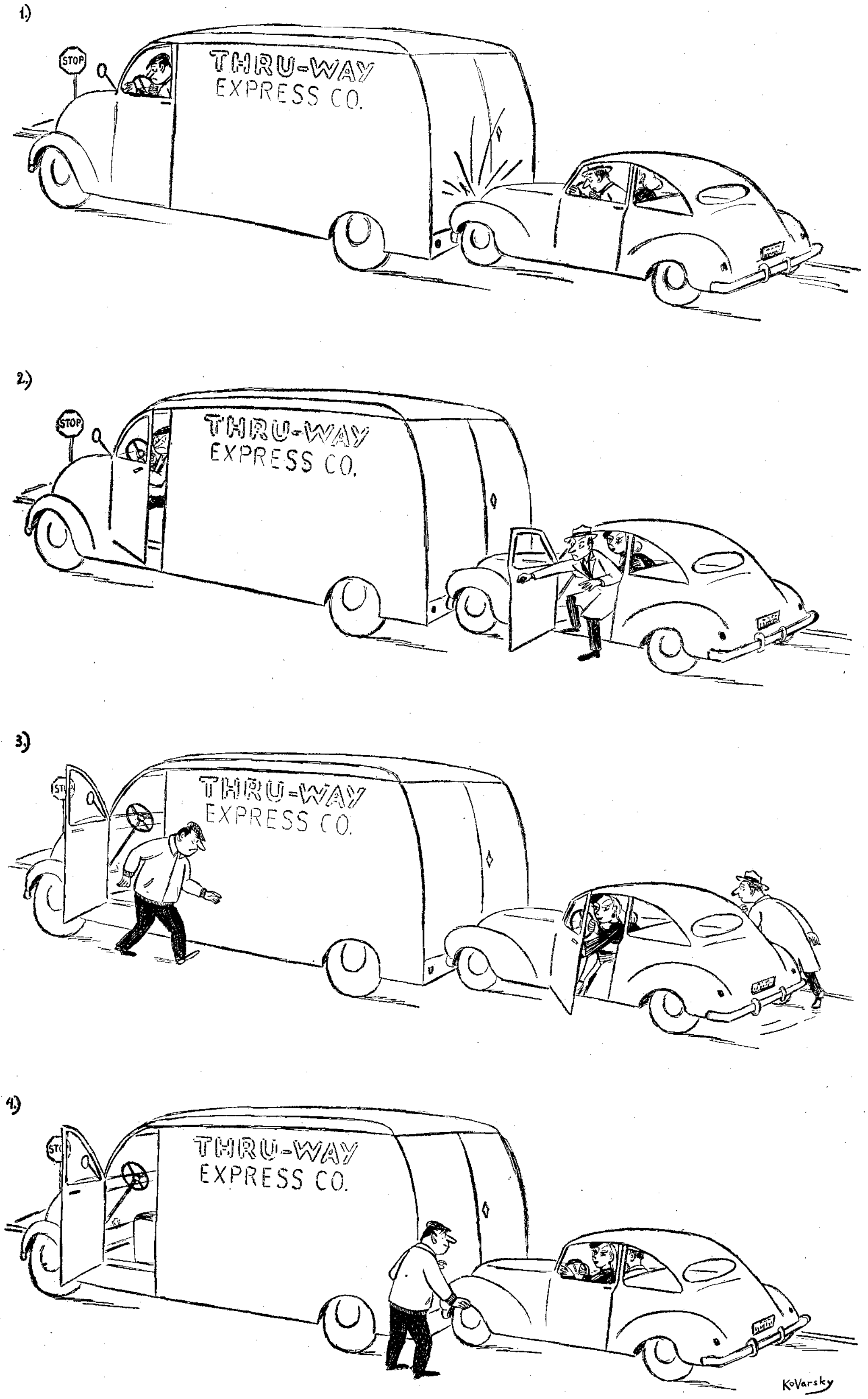
Some of these characterizations have been inspired by poses Miss Kellems has publicly struck in favor of the Constitution of the United States, free enterprise, a woman President in 1952, the natural rights of the small businessman, a sales tax, Wendell Willkie (1940), the standing up against a wall and shooting of strikers in wartime, and polygamy as a solution to the economic problems of women. Some, on the other hand, have resulted from her highly articulate opposition to professors in government, certain manifestations of internationalism, the payment of corporate taxes in wartime, statutes governing the employment of females (which she contends imply that the morals of working women are in danger only between the hours of ten at night and six in the morning), the Marshall Plan ("Our forefathers did not intend that a little group of Communists in the White House should pick our pockets and throw everything we've got into the bottomless pit of relief and support for the whole world"), the withholding tax, Wendell Willkie (1942-44), the "foreign domination" of Connecticut politics by New York millionaires, "mangy little bureaucrats" employed by the present administration to such purposes that "we in this country are but one step removed from the firing squad and the concentration camp," and the zoning laws of Westport, Connecticut.

About several of the issues toward which her attitude has been hostile, Miss Kellems has felt strongly enough to try to have herself arrested in connection with them, in order, as she puts it, "to get some little test cases." So far, however, the several authorities potentially involved have, to a man, declined to accommodate her, and she has been obliged to fall back on the second-best resort of the angry woman and would-be heroine of her time—the civil suit. "I don't want to call Mr. John Snyder a coward, but he seems to be a very timid person," she said a while ago, shortly after sending a letter to President Truman reminding him that although she had repeatedly requested it, the Secretary of the Treasury still had not indicted her for her most recent flouting of the tax laws. When Mr. Truman showed no intention of taking up the glove, she made the United States of America her adversary by filing suit in the Federal District Court of Connecticut, where last week she won a substantial, although, in view of the likelihood of an appeal, possibly temporary, victory.

This action has been to recover $7,819.20 that the Bureau of Internal Revenue extracted from Miss Kellems' bank account in 1948 and 1949, mostly as penalties, after she had refused to withhold federal income taxes from the pay of thirty-eight workers employed by her during that year, on the ground that the withholding-tax law, in requiring an employer to do a tax collector's dirty work, seeks to reduce him to a state of involuntary servitude that is clearly unconstitutional. In her role of civil disobedience, Miss Kellems likes to point out, she is in honored company. One of her pet historical companions is Henry David Thoreau, who, more successful than she, actually got himself put behind bars in 1846 for not paying a poll tax. "*He* broke the law," she has said half a hundred times, in a set speech she has delivered before that many audiences around the country with such success that she has been sought after by lecture bureaus. "He saved his honor and later wrote the essay 'Civil Disobedience.' It was the reading of that essay that determined the whole course of Gandhi's life and the entire history of modern India. Of course," she has been in the habit of adding modestly since taking her case to court, "I don't suppose my little suit will have *that* much effect." Others among Miss Kellems' predecessors with whom she likes to exchange a fraternal handclasp across the centuries are the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the guests at the Boston Tea Party, and Patrick Henry, all of whose civil disobedience, she enjoys pointing out, was also inspired by what they regarded as unfair tax practices. She has not been turned against the title of one of her favorite canned lectures, "Taxation Without Representation," by reminders from occasional ladies and gentlemen in her audiences that, to their certain knowledge, regular elections are still being held in Connecticut, as well as in other parts of the nation, but her favorite description of herself, as a "one-woman Westport Tea Party," had to be jettisoned a while back, when, as the outcome of another civil suit, the Town of Westport succeeded in getting an injunction against her continuing to operate a factory within its confines and she was obliged to retreat up the Sound to the less alliteratively inviting community of Stonington.

Like many other heroic figures who have labored to lead their fellow-beings out of a horrible darkness, Miss Kellems finds that some of her intended beneficiaries fail to show a fitting appreciation of her hard work to better their lot. "That Kellems woman," one of these ingrates, a former Westport neighbor, said the other day, waving his arms about. "She's got a kind of superwoman complex. Seems to think any wild idea that comes into her head or would benefit her pocketbook should prevail over the expressed will of all the other human beings in the country. Didn't want to pay her taxes during the war, you know. Stands out against the law of the land now, and was mixed up with some blacklisted German a few years ago, too. Sort of woman who runs her factory like a *Gauleiter*, I'll bet, and now she's gone and organized some new kind of women's party. Politics is her angle, of course. Couldn't even be bothered with running for selectman in her own town—wouldn't have got it anyhow—but had to start practically at the top with trying to get nominated for United States Representative. Not getting that, she went right ahead a few years later and tried to run for the Senate. And when *that* fell through, she went to work on some *Putsch* of her own. I tell you, she's a dangerous woman." With a number of the specific statements in this fairly sinister masculine version of her recent history, Miss Kellems might take bitter, and often valid, issue, possibly culminating in a civil suit. The general tone of such an attack, however, if beamed in her direction, usually delights her beyond measure. "Well," she says, "at last we have one of these dear, sweet men taking one of us women seriously."

The occasional outsider who does take Miss Kellems seriously, to the point of a mild sense of depression, at any rate, is likely to admit to a real surprise when he discovers that in the flesh she looks the part more of the Good Fairy than of the Bad Old Witch, and that instead of embracing the antagonism toward the opposite sex of many embattled females, she enjoys the company of a man rather more than the next woman and is widely regarded as ornamental to it. Looking at least a decade younger than the fifty-four years she readily admits to, she is a delicately made woman, only five feet two inches tall, with thick, carefully curled gray hair worn high on her head, a pointed nose, a soap-ad complexion, and bright-blue eyes so notably farsighted that when, last September, she was hospitalized after mistaking a bottle of cleaning fluid for one of a tonic, the accident was easily understood by her friends. Her social manner, far from being sour or bellicose, is moderately gay, and, for all her public flouncing, few people can recall a private gathering from which she, or anybody else, has gone away mad. This has been explained by the circumstance that in most of the circles in which Miss Kellems revolves, the guest lists are made up of people who find no cause for serious argument with her views on such subjects as bureaucrats, high taxes, and the dangers of the Trend. Such an explanation, however, is hardly complete, for when Miss Kellems does find herself in the presence of an intellectual outlander, she is tolerant about it. "I can see you don't agree with a word I've said, but didn't I put it well, though?" she will demand across the dinner table with a nearly disarming smile and a certain self-conscious comic spirit. Her supporters, seeking to allay the suspicion that Miss Kellems' plant is operated on the *Gauleiter* principle, point out that her secre-



tary for thirteen years, her housekeeper for seven, and a number of the men working in her factory make no secret of having contributed to Mr. Roosevelt's Connecticut pluralities in the same years that their employer was campaigning on a platform considerably to the right of that of the Republican candidates. "I told my employees over and over again about all the foul tricks that that man pulled, but I couldn't do a thing with them," Miss Kellems herself says, shrugging her shoulders.

Some of Miss Kellems' other supporters like to remind people that she is on companionable terms with persons as publicly alien to her in political or other respects as United States Senator Brien McMahon and former Congresswoman Mrs. Chase Going Woodhouse, two of Connecticut's leading Fair Dealers, as well as John L. Lewis, and that one of her most loyal friends is Jasper McLevy, the Socialist mayor of Bridgeport, who is proud of the fact that during her squabble with the Westport authorities he made a special trip down there to call on her. "I just told her," he said afterward, "that if the people of Westport were silly enough not to want our Vivien, the people of Bridgeport absolutely did." It is indisputable, too, that a man Miss Kellems is given to speaking of with real affection is John J. Fitzpatrick, a leading Fairfield County Democrat and the Collector of Internal Revenue for the District of Connecticut, whose deputies have removed the almost eight thousand dollars from her bank account during the last three years and who has been technically a defendant in her withholding-tax suit against the government. "Now, *there's* a real darling," she says. "It makes me *wild*, being forced to sue that sweet, dear man with that lovely sense of humor. Connecticut is fortunate to have someone like him in public office." Fitzpatrick, in his turn, has more than once admitted a bit sheepishly that Miss Kellems is not so bad herself. "You know," a friend of hers observed not long ago, "quite a lot of Vivien's life is spent with people—including me—who have to get all the way back home before they get around to reminding themselves that she's really a terrible woman."

THE BIG NASTURTIUMS

All of a sudden the big nasturtiums
Rose in the night from the ocean's bed,
Rested awhile in the light of the morning,
Turning the sand dunes tiger red.

They covered the statue of Abraham Lincoln,
They climbed to the top of our church's spire.
"Grandpa! Grandpa! Come to the window!
Come to the window! Our world's afire!"

Big nasturtiums in the High Sierras,
Big nasturtiums in the lands below;
Our trains are late and our planes have fallen,
And out in the ocean the whistles blow.

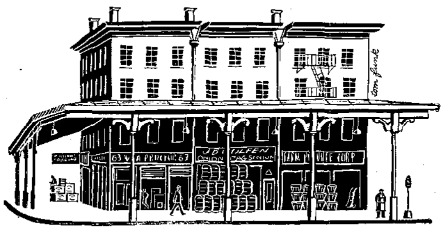
Over the fields and over the forests,
Over the living and over the dead—
"I never expected the big nasturtiums
To come in my lifetime!" Grandpa said.

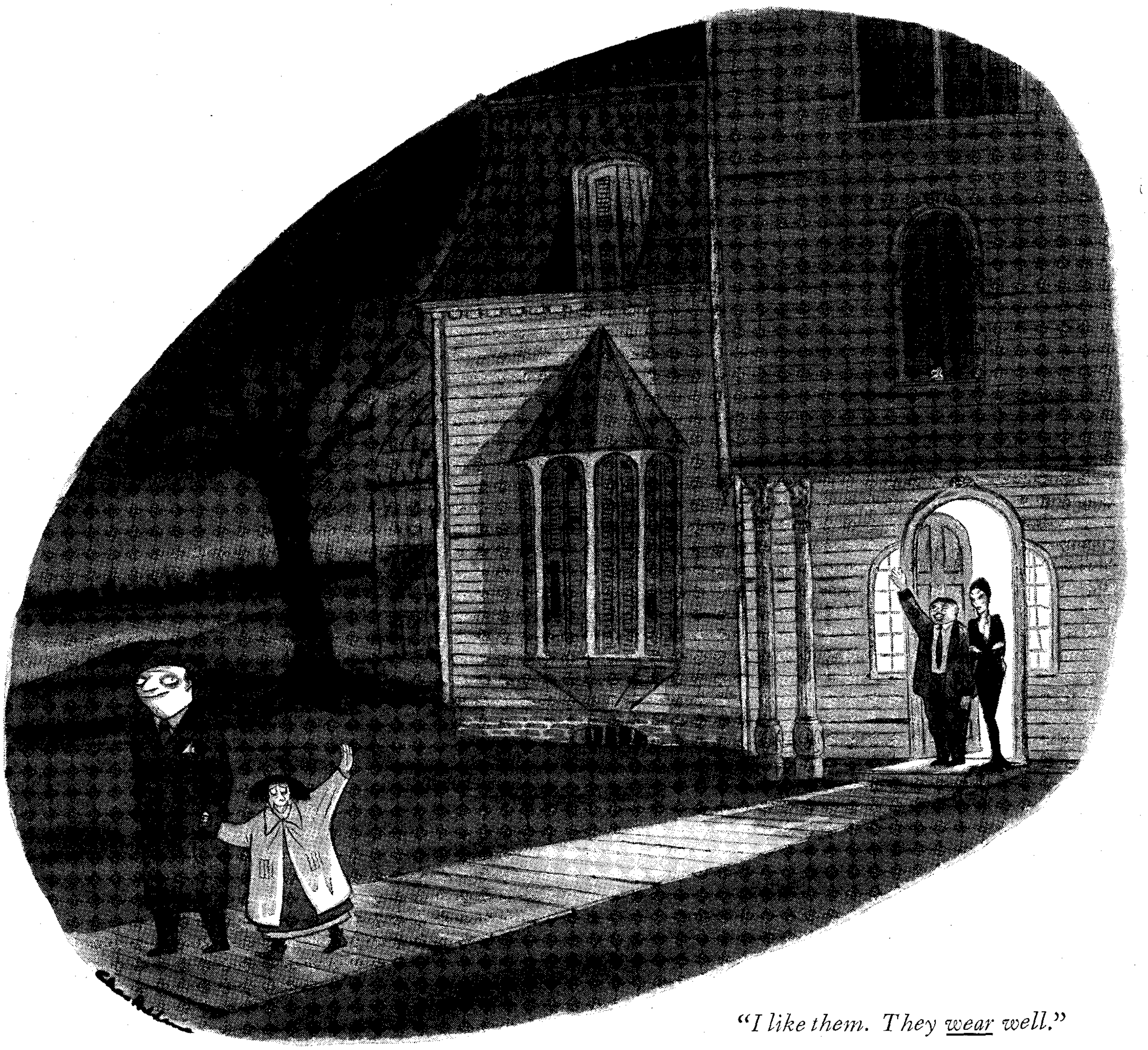
—Robert Beverly Hale

• •

THERE is a theory about Franklin Roosevelt, which is tenderly embraced by many people who loathed him even more than they admire Vivien Kellems, to the effect that, having mustered the strength to overcome so powerful an enemy as poliomyelitis, he ultimately, to the ruination of his country, came to think of himself as the infallible man, incapable of being defeated in anything he might undertake. Some other people profess to see a resemblance between this picture of the former President's mental processes and, way down on the pedestrian level, the mental processes that have guided Miss Kellems ever since she performed the rather extraordinary feat of establishing herself as a solid success in a predominantly masculine sector of the business world. These not altogether friendly critics of Miss Kellems' recall that twice since she announced, nine years ago, that she had decided to dedicate her life to politics, politics has conspicuously failed to reciprocate, and that on each occasion she has made it clear that in her opinion a gross impertinence was perpetrated. She suffered the first of these snubs in 1942, when the Republican leaders of the Fourth Congressional District of Connecticut declined to nominate her for Congress, and the second last year, when the State Republican Committee of Connecticut took a similar stand toward her candidacy for a senatorial nomination, and in both instances she expressed her firm conviction that the whole trouble lay in the fact that Connecticut holds no primaries; everything would have been different, she said, if the people themselves had only had a chance to pull down a lever for Vivien Kellems. The fact that large numbers of people have often been indifferent to pulling down Republican levers in recent years does not faze her. "What do you expect, with all these silly, scared, spineless Republicans coming out on the same platform as the Democrats?" she asked rhetorically during last year's campaign. "Save the world, feed every little open mouth in creation while Americans go hungry, coddle the unemployed, and so on! Why, of course the people vote for the party that's doing all those things already—haven't any alternative, actually. But it would be another story if anybody gave them what they really want—a party that stands for real Americanism, the freedom to lift our heads out of the yoke of the welfare state, and an end to this internationalism hogwash. Why, way back in October, 1949, I stood on a lecture platform in Los Angeles and—nobody can intimidate *me*, you know—'I am an isolationist,' I said, and I tell you every person in that room stood up and cheered to the chandeliers. The people are desperate for that kind of leadership. It was after that speech that the *Herald & Express* called me the Joan of Arc of the Republican Party, and it may sound silly but there's a lot of truth to it. *Somebody's* got to listen to the outraged voices of our founding fathers."

The Republican considered by Miss Kellems to have been most responsible for tuning out those voices was Wendell Willkie, who, in appreciation of her dervishlike campaign efforts in his behalf in 1940, used to refer to her as Lady Whirlwind, and who was the first to make the suggestion that she





"I like them. They wear well."

ought to get into politics with both feet, and maybe even turn them toward Congress. That was at a time when he as well as Miss Kellems was calling for the repeal of "some of this pernicious [New Deal] legislation." By 1942, when Miss Kellems had her first opportunity to follow his suggestion, he was talking about One World and she was a couple of political light-years away from him, complaining about evil foreign entanglements and warning that agents of Mr. Willkie's hosts at the Kremlin were running this country. Willkie did not endorse her for the nomination. "That Willkie got so conceited he wouldn't even speak to God," Miss Kellems now says sorrowfully of her former hero. "As Charlie Halleck puts it, he's the only man in history who ever let defeat go to his head."

Willkie's choice for the congressional nomination in Miss Kellems' district in 1942 was Clare Boothe Luce. Before the state convention, at which Mrs. Luce's candidacy was endorsed, she and Miss Kellems allowed a few hot words of theirs to appear in the public prints. Miss Kellems, who has always had a New York *pied-à-terre* and who now owns and occasionally occupies a town house on East Sixty-fourth Street, insisted that her opponent wasn't actually a Connecticut resident at all and that "it is unseemly to conduct a Connecticut political campaign from the ivory tower of the Waldorf-Astoria. . . . I'm sure she's a very nice woman," she went on, "but I'm sure the women of Fairfield County will choose me." Mrs. Luce countered by talking about how *she* had seen the horrors of war at first hand. Miss Kellems mentioned the buying power of the Luce millions. "I'm not looking for rich men to give *me* orchids," she told a *News* reporter. "And everybody talks about Clare Boothe's sex appeal. Nobody mentions mine." "What's the matter with that wild-eyed little woman, anyway?" Mrs. Luce finally demanded. "She's getting herself into the papers on the strength of my name." After the dust had settled and Mrs. Luce had been nominated, Miss Kellems informed Republican leaders that they were not to forgo any sleep for fear she would lose interest in politics as a result of the rebuff they had handed her. "My ancestors have acquitted themselves well in every war in which the United States has engaged, and I come from fighting stock," she stated. "Therefore, please be at ease. I have only begun." Returning to the fray in full battle regalia last spring, Miss Kellems set her sights even higher, to aim at the senatorial nomination, and was rejected again, in favor of Prescott S. Bush, another candidate with foreign New York entanglements. This further evidence of the Republican leaders' myopia so incensed her that she declared that thereafter they could consider themselves rejected by *her*, and announced that she had set up her own Independence Party and that she would be its candidate for the Senate, running on a ticket supporting her own brand of real Americanism. Although she entered into a curious alliance with her old and influential Socialist friend Jasper McLevy, whereby he agreed to run as the Independence Party's gubernatorial candidate, the party failed spectacularly to so much as qualify for a place on the ballot, with only thirty-six signatures, out of a required 6,829, being filed in support of Miss Kellems. In the November election, however, she received a few write-in votes for the office of Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, a state of which she is not a legal resident, and she insists that she doesn't regard the failure of her campaign as a final, or even significant, verdict on her career in politics. "When I set my hand to the plow, I do not turn back," she told a group of Republicans not long ago. Her friend and supporter Westbrook Pegler was less sanguine. "The truest Republican who has come to view in the last twenty years, Miss Vivien Kellems of Connecticut, wasn't able to drum up enough signatures to put her name on the ticket as an independent," he wrote a few days after the debacle. "The awful truth seems to be that the republic is dead."

It is possible that even now Miss Kellems feels more sharply pained by the failure of her first formal attempt to save the Republic than by that of her more recent one, inasmuch as in the 1942 fracas she was beaten by another woman, rather than by a man. This circumstance has somewhat cramped her oratorical style, since one of the major tenets governing her life is that the female sex is forever being done out of its rightful deserts by underhanded male machinations. "You keep talking about all this terrible race discrimination," she once said to Roger Baldwin, at a time when he was still director of the American Civil Liberties Union. "Why don't you work your blood pressure up over the most miserably treated minority of all—American women?" It was during a lecture on the economic trials of her sex, given in Cleveland in 1946, that Miss Kellems expressed her opinion about polygamy's being the only solution for single women under existing labor laws. This was meant as a casual joke, she says, but before the story petered out of circulation, it had brought her nearly five hundred letters, mostly from lonely men wanting to alleviate her, or their, other-than-economic frustrations. Six proposals of marriage came from England, along with a notice of her election to the Plural Mating Society of Middlesex, and eventually the little joke resulted in admiring articles on her in the February, 1948, issue of a magazine called *Sexology* and in the December, 1949, issue of one called *Stag*. In the latter, her picture leered down at a picture of Dr. Kinsey, beside a brief article entitled "We're Headed for Polygamy."

Less slapstick notice of Miss Kellems' dissatisfaction with the state of women's rights was taken, a year or so after the Cleveland lecture, in connection with a Connecticut law forbidding the employment of women on the graveyard shift. In protest, Miss Kellems announced that on the night of April 8, 1947, she would assemble a hundred fearless and socially prominent females in her factory in Westport at ten o'clock, the witching hour after which all women working in the state became illegal operatives, and that she and her guests would then get busy braiding cable grips, in case the law wanted to make something of it. Nearly a hundred women did show up, and a few even put in a lick or two at the machinery before light refreshments were served, but in spite of at least one provocative telephone call to the Connecticut Commissioner of Labor, nobody bothered to come around and cart the eager ladies off to the poky. A few weeks later, when the law was modified by the state legislature, Miss Kellems, with some justification, took it as a solid personal triumph, and she rarely fails to bring the matter up in her speeches to businessmen's clubs, just before threatening them with another political project of hers, a women's party. "All you men seem to do is sit around and whine about the terrible things that are happening to this country," she said on one such occa-

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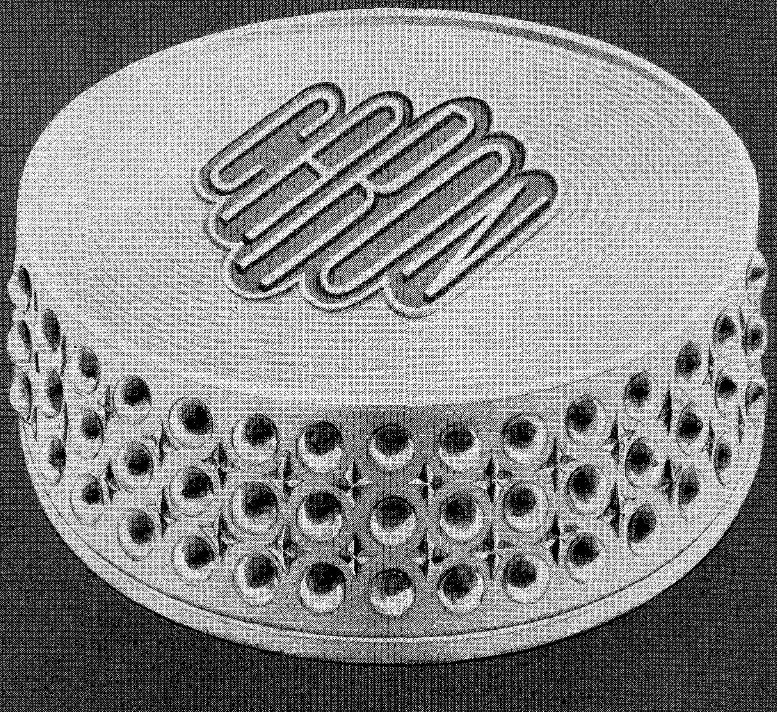

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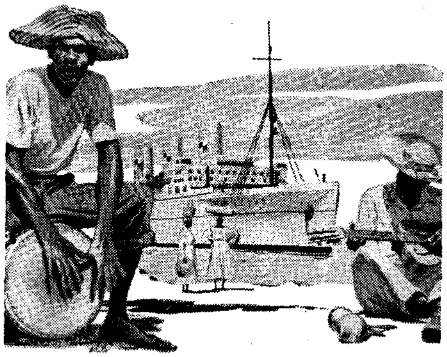

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sion. "You don't have the backbone left to *do* anything about it. Well, if you dear, sweet men are too baffled and defeated to bestir yourselves, we women will just have to take over. We've pulled you out of holes before—remember? Who got you out of that prohibition mess, anyway? We'll just form a women's party, and if you men are nice, we'll let you have an auxiliary." Sometimes Miss Kellems describes her women's party as not really a party at all. "We'll just have a cell or two in every town to keep things in line," she says, borrowing shamelessly from the detested Kremlin. So far, she has succeeded in enrolling a handful of Connecticut women, mostly Republicans (but not including Mrs. Luce), as members of the party, and they have held a few meetings, at one of which they settled upon Minute Women as a name for themselves and "Let's Put Housekeeping Back in the White House" as a slogan. "And we'll put a woman President there, too," Miss Kellems always adds, in her most dramatic voice, after describing this organization. She has, however, tried to prepare her listeners gradually for the declaration ever since, during a speech she once made at Colby Junior College, a man in the audience dropped dead at that point. "The whole idea's such a shock to the men, you see," she says. "But they're beginning to catch on more and more. Why, after a speech I made a few weeks ago, a man came up to me and said, 'Miss Kellems, in my opinion you should be Vice-President.' Now, I think that's real education, don't you?"

Ardent apostle though she is of women's rights, Miss Kellems' principal educational program for the American people is, of course, concerned with taxes, a subject that has caused her to be pilloried in the columns of Drew Pearson and Walter Winchell and extravagantly praised in those of Westbrook Pegler and John O'Donnell. It is, in fact, for her performance in the tax arena that Miss Kellems has achieved her fattest prizes in publicity, the kind of reward that, in the opinion of some, is uppermost in her mind at all times. This allegation Miss Kellems tartly denies. It is hardly her fault, she indicates, if she is so constituted that she just can't help expressing herself in ideal Associated Press leads and if the convictions she's chosen to build into crusades—"Down with Taxes" and "Women Are Here to Stay"—happen to be not only political naturals but surefire cinches to make newspaper headlines. It may be true, she admits, that for five years, from 1939 to 1944, she had a personal publicity representative on her payroll, and that in the years since then she has seldom made an important move without mimeographing a statement for the press, professionally complete even to the hour for release. What she has in mind, though, she says, is not at all a chance to get her name in the papers but a chance to show her fellow-Americans the way out of the wilderness. "People keep saying I'm a publicity hound," she said in a recent speech. "Well, I am. How are you going to tell the American people the truth about what's going on and work them up to doing something about it if what you say doesn't even make page forty-four? All that talk about publicity doesn't worry me a bit. It's mostly just those bloodsucking parasites in Washington getting all steamed up when anybody else's picture lands on the front page. Want all the publicity for themselves."

WHATEVER the reason for Miss Kellems' seeking the limelight these days, there was a period in her life when she had to rely upon it heavily for personal advancement, though at that time about the most she could hope for was local, word-of-mouth fame. Born in the Middle West, the daughter of a fervently evangelical minister and his scholarly wife, she was brought up in Oregon, amid surroundings that, while not uncomfortable, were far from lush. With the aid of an older brother, she received a respectable education, both on the West Coast and at Columbia, and then, finding herself strictly on her own, talked some Broadway producers into subsidizing her as a lecturer, to tour the hinterland and tout their plays on a free-lance basis. In 1927, when she had had four years of this, another brother, one of inventive bent, hit upon an improved grip for use in pulling electric cables through conduits. Miss Kellems saw its possibilities, and organized a company to manufacture the product. The inventive brother, assured of royalties, retired from the scene, leaving his sister as the company's sole owner, which she remained until about ten years ago, when she took still another brother in as a partner. For a long while, Miss Kellems acted as her own chief salesman, beating her way about the world, making speeches on electrical engineering in general and on the Kellems grip in particular.

This experience proved to have been excellent training when Miss Kellems launched her first campaign of civil disobedience. The campaign started during the last week of December, 1943, with a speech before the Brooklyn Rotary Club in which she announced that "they are still putting cold compresses on my accountant's head" but that she had not paid the December installment of her income tax, because the Bureau of Internal Revenue refused to let her "put aside a postwar-reserve fund out of taxes." Besides, she said, the Sixteenth Amendment, establishing the income tax, was in violation of the Fifth Amendment ("No person shall be . . . deprived of . . . property, without due process of law") and probably also the Fourth Amendment ("The right of the people to be secure . . . against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated"). Skipping the question of whether a part of a constitution can be unconstitutional, she pointed out that no congressmen present at the hearings in 1909 that preceded the enactment of the Sixteenth Amendment had had any idea that the tax rate would be as high as it is these days. Anyhow, she said, a graduated tax is constitutionally impossible, since, according to Article I, Section VIII, of the Constitution, "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." This clause, she insisted, limits the federal government's excise powers to a uniform, flat-percentage tax; anything more is Marxist subversion.

Apparently, the Brooklyn reception of this line of reasoning was enthusiastic, for on January 18, 1944, Miss Kellems, news releases in hand, sounded off on the same theme before the members of a cluster of Kansas City businessmen's clubs. "There is no doubt that we in small business have been marked for liquidation," she told them, "and I, for one, refuse to be liquidated without a struggle. This is a one-woman Westport Tea Party, and I cordially invite you to put on your Indian war paint and feathers and join me. . . . I call upon all business, both big and small, to put aside postwar reserves out of their taxes." She was not paying her tax, she continued, because, among other things, "I do not have enough money with which to pay it, and to raise the money I would have to mortgage my home, cash in my Victory [sic] Bonds, use the operating capital for my business, and

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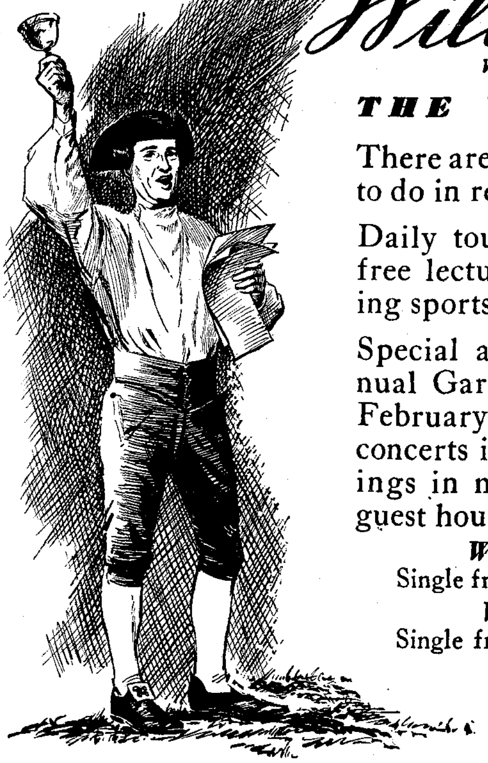

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then go into bankruptcy." A hundred and fifty people—the wartime size of her payroll—would thereby be thrown out of work, she said, and "our armed forces would suffer." A few hours later, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., who was then Secretary of the Treasury, issued the statement in which he declared that "to advise citizens to refuse to pay taxes—particularly in time of war—smacks of disloyalty." He added that "such an attitude is especially unworthy of persons profiting from war contracts." "Why, he's practically accusing me of treason!" *said* Miss Kellems in the next edition. Just the same, she went on, she wasn't paying her taxes, and she considered it a patriotic act for all businessmen to set aside postwar reserves out of the funds the government claimed they owed it. "When I get enough money, that's what I propose to do, Mr. Morgenthau," she said, and, giving one of her favorite revolutionists the nod again, concluded, "If this be treason, make the most of it."

Whether or not this were treason, by March 15th, ten weeks after her thumb reached her nose, Miss Kellems, although she neglected to get up any news releases for the occasion, had made the discovery that, without mortgaging her home or going into bankruptcy, she was able and willing to bring her income-tax payments up to date. Since, like almost everyone else, she prefers not to remember herself as routed, she usually explains nowadays that the whole matter of her refusal to pay her taxes was highly exaggerated at the time. Of course, she says, she had intended to pay her taxes all along—just didn't happen to have the money at the moment, which could happen to anybody, and when she found that she had enough cash on hand after all, why, she simply paid up. "What's so surprising about that?" she says. "And I really fixed that Morgenthau. You know, those were the days when if you so much as admitted you knew what '*gemütlich*' meant, you were a spy or something. Well, I looked up Henry Morgenthau and I found out *both* his parents were born in Germany. And I told it in the next speech I made and sent him a marked copy. Well, he never called *me* a Nazi spy again."

BEFORE 1944 was over, there were a considerable number of names on Miss Kellems' list of people in need of fixing, and, on the whole, she feels she took care of them all very handily. One of the first in line for her attention was Drew—or, as she prefers to call him, Shrew—Pearson. Every Sunday

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night for several weeks, beginning in February, 1944, Pearson read on his radio program excerpts from letters mailed by Miss Kellems to Count Frederic Carl Zedlitz, a representative of Metallgesellschaft, the German metal trust partly owned by I. G. Farben. The Count was then living in Buenos Aires and for two years had been No. 1760 on the British list of dangerous enemies. Pearson implied that if Miss Kellems' statements on tax matters didn't prove her a shady character from the point of view of national defense, these letters certainly did. The excerpts revealed that as recently as the previous December 28th Miss Kellems had addressed the Count as "My darling boy" and that he had sent similar endearments to her by cable; also, that in one letter she had complained that there were things she'd like to tell him if the censor would only let her, and that, in another passage, after informing him that an astrologer had told her she was going to play a part in international affairs, she had written, "How could that be if I were not married to you?" Her reported correspondence was hardly in the category of espionage, but this aspect of the matter was considered irrelevant, since, according to the Trading with the Enemy Act, unauthorized communication of any kind with any German national was illegal. With all this juicy material lying about, Walter Winchell soon took up the chant and, for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea, began referring to Miss Kellems as being "palsy with a Swastinker."

Late in March, the matter moved from the radio onto the floor of Congress when Representative John M. Coffee, Democrat, of Washington, who a few months earlier had demanded a Department of Justice investigation of Miss Kellems for her tax position, now demanded another, on the ground that she was guilty of "seditious and treasonable conduct," being the "lover of a Fifth Column Hitler spy in Argentina." "She is today giving aid and comfort to the enemy and is a tool of the Goebbels propaganda machine," Coffee said, pointing out that her factory was engaged in war work of a highly restricted nature. He was instantly described by Miss Kellems as deserving of a public horsewhipping and invited to come outside the privileged confines of the House and say all that again. There was no sale on this one, but before the month was out, Miss Kellems had dug up enough retaliatory material to be able to insert into her standard speech attacking New Dealers the statement that Congressman Coffee had once paid several thousand dollars for the return of some letters that he had preferred not to have reach the linotype machines. Although she made a special trip out to the Coast to rail against him in his own district, he was reëlected in 1944. True to her heredity, Miss Kellems kept on preaching the gospel, and she reports that when Coffee's constituents declined to send him back to Congress in 1946, she felt a real sense of achievement in having shown the people of the State of Washington the path of righteousness.

The fixing of Drew Pearson, who could not be tackled through constituents, had to be accomplished by more direct methods. Miss Kellems brought up the question of just how her private letters to the Count had reached the columnist's hands, and the late Senator Reed, a friend of hers (they had met through a congratulatory letter he wrote to her after her Kansas City speech on not paying income taxes), called together the Senate Postal Committee, of which he was the ranking minority member, and held several hearings, trying, unsuccessfully, to institute a full-scale investigation that would trace the letters from mailbox to sponsored network broadcast. "Miss Kellems may have been silly in some of this correspondence," said Senator Reed. "Fond, foolish women frequently are. But that is no reason to violate her constitutional rights." Her correspondence, he said, "may be mushy, but it is not seditious, and the law doesn't cover the mushy part of it." The broadcast passages turned out to have been taken from intercepts made by the Office of Censorship, which had had the Count on its "watch list" since January, 1942. The intercepts had been circulated, in accordance with routine counter-espionage practice, among half a dozen government departments and agencies, any one of which, as Byron Price, then head of the Office of Censorship, indicated at the hearings, might conceivably have harbored a Pearson stooge. Pearson, however, insisted coyly that he had got the letters "in Shangri-La" and added, "Miss Kellems must be very naïve to think she can write letters to a blacklisted alien and not have them opened in wartime. However, I have come to the conclusion that she must be naïve, judging by what she said in those letters." The

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charge of naïveté, on top of everything else, was too much for Miss Kellems, and, according to her story, she threatened Pearson with a suit for slander, which shut him up. Pearson has no comment to make on this, but his attacks on her did stop abruptly, and a couple of years ago he was amiably referring on the radio to his former Mata Hari as "that charming lady from Connecticut."

Miss Kellems usually says in her speeches that during the Zedlitz incident she managed with gratifying dispatch to subdue all her major detractors except Walter Winchell, thus conveniently bypassing the fact that a three-million-dollar suit for libel that she filed against the *Labor Herald*, a California C.I.O. paper, for calling her guilty of "treasonable activities" was dismissed by a federal judge on the ground that the charge was only fair, on the evidence. "I couldn't do a thing with Walter Winchell," she says. "Every Sunday night, he had me on the radio, every single Sunday night." Finally, she wrote to Winchell's sponsor, the Jergens Lotion people, advising them that they "had better have Mr. Winchell shut up." "They did not even answer the letter," she recalls. "They were very impolite. So I went over to Boston and I made a speech. I said, 'I cannot stand up here and tell you not to buy Jergens Lotion. That would be a conspiracy. But I can tell you that I would just as soon rub poison ivy on my skin as Jergens Lotion.' It only took three speeches like that and Mr. Winchell has never mentioned me on the radio since. Now, that was a good many years ago, and Mr. Winchell later was on the air for Kaiser-Frazer, instead of Jergens Lotion. But I didn't forget. And I told people this right out: I would as soon drive a *hearse* as a Kaiser-Frazer car." The Kaiser-Frazer people stopped subsidizing Mr. Winchell about a year later, possibly not because of Miss Kellems' remarks. She has taken no stand on the products of his subsequent sponsors.

Miss Kellems' own version of the Zedlitz-letters episode is that it was a plot to harry and discredit a lady regarded as a nuisance by certain Washington officials. "If I'd been a spy," she points out, plausibly, "if anybody'd really even *thought* I was a spy, I'd have been arrested and packed off to jail, like that doll woman on Madison Avenue. I certainly wouldn't have kept right on getting thousands of government orders, priority AA, marked 'Confidential.'" The reason for the campaign to embarrass her was not, in her opinion, her anti-tax stand but the fact that in September, 1943, she had made a speech before the Chicago Rotary Club announcing that to her own knowledge the United States was shipping millions of feet of cable to Russia, and was thus shortchanging General MacArthur in the Pacific. "Those Communists in the government—Harry Hopkins and all of them—just couldn't stand for my telling on their dirty work, so they handed over my letters to Shrew," she says.

About the details of her romance with the German count, Miss Kellems is forthright today, although on one occasion, in the heat of the battle, she insisted she didn't even know the man. (Fellow who called up and asked her if she knew him didn't pronounce his name right, she says, so naturally she told him no.) Zedlitz, she says now, was the son of the comptroller of Kaiser Wilhelm's estate, some five years younger than she, and they met in 1937, when he was in the United States for a brief period as a representative of the metal trust, with which her cable-grip company had done business. Afterward, the trust made him its agent in Brussels, and she frequently visited him there in the days when she was travelling around Europe with her cable-grip sample case. Both of them were in Brussels in September, 1939, when the war broke out, and later, after he had been put into a detention camp in France, they became engaged, by mail. A few months after the fall of France, he turned up in Brazil, still Metallgesellschaft's representative, and she visited him in Rio de Janeiro and, during 1941 and early 1942, in Buenos Aires, where he had been transferred. He never lived in Germany after Hitler came to power, she says, and although she has heard of a division of Hitler's intelligence setup called the Auslandsorganisation and of its practice of stationing businessmen in foreign cities, she insists that nothing will ever convince her that the Count was any kind of spy. Of course, she says, he did fulfill his business obligations and, indeed, even contrived, right after the war started, to arrange things so that three boatloads of Metallgesellschaft copper that had been seized by the Belgians at Antwerp were released and sent along to swell stockpiles in Germany. She says Zedlitz, who is now in Argentina, was overcome with embarrassment and chagrin at the publicity given their letters and she has never seen him since. Nevertheless, he still sends her orchids on her birthday and she still staunchly keeps his picture—that of a handsome bald man, neatly mustached—on a bookshelf in her house on East Sixty-fourth Street. "In many ways, I suppose you might say that the letters business ruined my life," she says. "But I had nothing to conceal, and the sacrifice will not be important if I am successful in my purpose of turning the Communists out of powerful places in my country and persuading Congress to pass some sensible tax laws." In her public speeches, she is inclined to treat the matter lightheartedly. "Remember when they used to call me the sweetheart of a Nazi spy?" she says. "Well, I wish they'd dig that man up for me! That was seven years ago, and I'm still a maiden lady."

Between 1944 and 1948, Miss Kellems managed to control herself sufficiently at quarterly intervals to pay her taxes like any other citizen, but she abandoned none of her convictions as to the subversive character of almost every variety of prevailing tax law. In her speeches, she often brought her historical commentary on the subject down to modern times. It was the New Deal's tax practices, she declared, with a certain disregard for chronology, that caused the great depression. "The tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect formula worked like magic," she told the Committee of One Hundred Republican Women, "but it threw our country into the deepest and most tragic depression in our history. The depression of the thirties was a *tax* depression. Business simply could not function."

MISS KELLEMS again stepped out into the full glare of the spotlight on February 13, 1948, with a speech before the Los Angeles Rotary Club in which she announced that, beginning February 20th of that year, she would not withhold taxes from the pay checks of her employees, as she was required to do by law. The withholding-tax law, she declared (five years after its passage), violated the provision against involuntary servitude embodied in the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, in that the employer was forced to act as a government tax collector without having been appointed to the job and without drawing pay as a Treasury agent. In an open letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, she wrote that until she was appointed to such a job—"and I want a badge, too"—she was not doing any withholding. "And," she went on, "I respectfully request that you please indict me." To fulfill the requirements for her "little test case," she lined up all her employees on March 15th and, as she continued to do at

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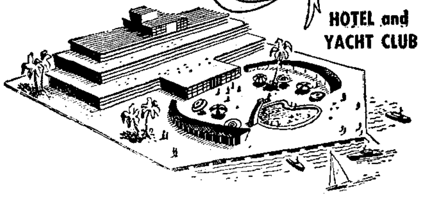

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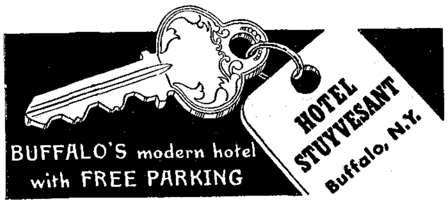
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every quarterly deadline up until a few months ago, instructed each of them to fill out a money order in her presence and mail it to the Collector of Internal Revenue in Hartford for the full amount owed. To nobody's surprise but Miss Kellems', these offerings—a total, in this first instance, of $837.70—were not immediately spotted among the million tax returns filed each quarter in the Hartford collector's office, and, in consequence, six weeks later all her real and personal property was attached, not only for the amount of the tax that should have been withheld and for ten dollars' interest but for a hundred-per-cent penalty, under a provision of the law she had overlooked. All this came to $1,685.40, a sum that, on May 23rd, under the provisions of Section 2707A of the Internal Revenue Code, was removed from her Westport bank account. "An agent of the Internal Revenue Department may constitute himself judge, jury, prosecuting attorney, plaintiff, witness, and Lord High Executioner, all rolled into one," Miss Kellems declared bitterly. "He may select an arbitrary figure, walk into a bank, demand figures in a private bank account, throw the loot over his shoulder, and swagger out. He needs neither a gun nor a black mask—he is from the Treasury Department." When asked for a comment on this description, John J. Fitzpatrick, the Connecticut Collector of Internal Revenue of whom Miss Kellems has spoken admiringly, said, after a little thought, "Oh, but that's not quite right. It wasn't an arbitrary figure, you know."

In any case, it looked as though the Treasury had established that it didn't need to fiddle around with melodramatic indictments and the possibility of picturesque jail sentences in order to collect taxes due. Miss Kellems, however, defiantly kept the play open. Encouraged by the information that after Oregon passed a state withholding-tax law, in 1947, the Comptroller General in Washington had refused to withhold taxes due the state from the pay of Oregonians in federal employ, on the ground that to do so would be "a direct burden" on the federal government, she deducted the confiscated $1,685.40 when she paid her personal income tax for 1948. Mr. Fitzpatrick returned her check to her with the polite notation that she had apparently made a "mathematical error." Error, indeed, retorted Miss Kellems, shooting it back. "If you wish that money, you can sue me," she wrote, "or you can send your Gestapo agent and grab it from the bank." The Collector sent his agent, who grabbed it from the bank.

By this time, Miss Kellems had expanded her public indignation about the withholding tax, blaming it for inflation and for labor's continuing demands for wage increases, and assailing it as an outrage not only against the employer but against the wage earner. "Labor does not need a raise," she told the Economic Club of Detroit. "All labor needs is to get what labor earns. Lop off that withholding tax, labor will have its raise, and the inflationary spiral will take a sharp dip down. It is just as simple as that." "I'm not going to stop fighting this thing," she subsequently announced, "until I've made it a criminal offense to touch one thin dime in a man's pay envelope before he gets it, and until I've made a common, ordinary thief out of any person who dares to lay profane hands on that money, to rudely filch from that free man the fruits of his labor even before the money is in his hands." Upon hearing about this, at least one Treasury employee thought of asking Miss Kellems how come, if that was the principle that worried her, she'd kept right on, year in and year out, removing money from her employees' pay envelopes in accordance with the unemployment-insurance laws of Connecticut and the Social Security Act? "I decided not to mention it to her," he said later. "First thing you know, she'd stop withholding for social security, which would give the social-security boys all the trouble of having to take away some more of the lady's money. So we all just stand around letting her remind us of how a lady has her principles, and never say a mumbling word."

Wordlessly, the Treasury, in August, 1949, appropriated from Miss Kellems' bank account $6,133.80 more, representing hundred-per-cent penalties for failure to collect taxes for the last three quarters of 1948. The amount of the taxes themselves was not appropriated, because Internal Revenue men had studied photostats of money orders and receipts that Miss Kellems had had made and were satisfied that her employees' taxes had really been paid. On November 21, 1949, Miss Kellems filed suit in New Haven against the United States of America and John J. Fitzpatrick for the return of the money seized, on the ground that she couldn't be penalized for not having collected taxes that had in fact been paid. Miss Kellems' press release revealing her suit was not below her usual spirited, headline-catching standard. "In the tradition of the boldest bank robber, the Federal Government walks into the bank in broad daylight and steals from a private account $7,819.20," it read. "And it is the very same government which passed a law *insuring* bank deposits. . . . The only difference between Mr. John Snyder and Mr. Jesse James is Mr. James was an 'outlaw' and used a *gun*." A few months afterward, legal technicalities required her to divide her suit against this brigandage into two counts: one, to be decided by judicial verdict, against the government for $1,685.40, representing the back payments and penalties for the first quarter of 1948, and the other, subject to jury trial, against Fitzpatrick for the return of $6,133.80, representing the penalties for the remainder of 1948. A motion for summary judgment in her favor on both counts was denied last October. A few days later, Miss Kellems, without making any public point of it, quietly resumed rudely filching federal income taxes from her employees' pay envelopes, motivated by the erroneous belief that the judge, in denying her motion, had ruled the withholding-tax law constitutional and by the realization that the penalties for not withholding during 1949 and 1950 (suspended pending the outcome of the trial) had already added fifteen thousand dollars to her possible loss.

When, last week, Miss Kellems' suit finally came to trial, in New Haven, Judge Carroll C. Hincks held that the major point in question was whether her refusal to withhold taxes had been "willful." The government called no witnesses during the two-day proceedings, and only Miss Kellems and her brother David took the stand for the plaintiff. In her three-hour testimony, Miss Kellems, besides conjuring up the ghost of the Boston Tea Party, devoted forty minutes to reading the speech she made before the Los Angeles Rotary Club originally revealing her non-withholding intentions. The government's attorneys offered no objections to this reading, apparently believing that the jury, which consisted of five men and seven women, would be able to detect certain willful overtones in an address that described the sponsors of the withholding-tax act as "bullies and bloodsucking parasites, mangy little bureaucrats . . . at heart yellow cowards" and declared that all who knuckled under to their law were "spineless jellyfish." The defense failed to reckon with Miss Kellems' forensic background, however, and before she was through reading, her resounding periods and unrestrained

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tremolos had the jurors hanging over the edge of the jury box. The following day, the Judge reserved decision on Count 1, but the jury, after deliberating two and a half hours on Count 2, held that Miss Kellems' flouting of the law had not been willful and that the government must hand back to her that $6,133.80 in penalties. Miss Kellems' satisfaction at this verdict was somewhat diminished by the fact that during the trial the Judge informed her that, despite her wish to make the case a test of the legality of the withholding-tax law, her lawyer had not, as it happened, brought up the matter of the law's constitutionality at all, and that when the lawyer thereupon did so, the Judge ruled the law to be constitutional. Thus, Miss Kellems was left confronted by a withholding-tax law with just as much constitutional validity as it had before she made her initial move in 1948. Moreover, she was now withholding taxes again, like any spineless jellyfish, to say nothing of being thousands of dollars poorer in attorneys' fees, and almost certainly facing a cash-consuming government appeal to the Circuit Court of Appeals and perhaps to the Supreme Court. Nevertheless, she was sufficiently exhilarated to be feeling greathearted as she left the courtroom, after shaking the jurors' hands. "Well, I may have spoken out against mangy little bureaucrats in my time," she said gaily, "but the truth is that every one of those government men in the case was just as sweet and dear as he could be. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if in their hearts most of them were kind of on my side." —ANDY LOGAN

(*This is the first of two articles on Miss Kellems.*)

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CARD OF THANKS

Mr. J. H. Peo has resigned from the Jewel Parking lot effective Saturday, December 30th, due to the cold weather. He wishes to thank the many friends he has met. Mr. Peo says there are so many it will be hard for him to remember, however, when one sees him on the street please speak to him.—*Wheaton (Ill.) Journal.*

Hi, Peo! Remember us? 1941 Dodge convertible, raw blustery day, no mittens?

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

ON THE CENTRAL FRONT, KOREA, Jan. 22 (AP)—Lt. Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway said today the United Nations situation on the central front is "perfect—and getting better all the time."

THE ART GALLERIES

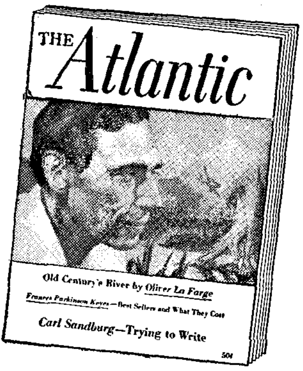
Abstraction in America, 1912 to the Present

THE principles on which abstract art is based, and the sources and influences behind it, are still a mystery to many people (including, I suspect, some artists), and as the American branch of the school is now the most active, as well as the most controversial, the Museum of Modern Art is in line for a prize of some sort for public service in launching its latest big exhibition, the extremely illuminating and informative "Abstract Painting and Sculpture in America." It's a show of a hundred and eight pieces, and one thing it demonstrates, surprisingly, is that the roots of the movement are deeper and its history in this country is longer than is generally realized. The earliest picture in the collection, a very Cubist study of our downtown skyscrapers by Max Weber, called "New York," was done in 1912, and this is closely followed by an assortment of other pioneering pieces, including a couple of Joseph Stellas ("Spring" and "Battle of Light, Coney Island"), two more Webers ("Rush Hour, New York" and "New York at Night"), a John Marin ("Tree Forms"), and a Marsden Hartley abstraction called " 'E,' " none of them later than 1915. They all stand up remarkably well, too, considering their age and the newness of the movement at the time they were painted. The Marin perhaps is a bit noncommittal and sketchy, but the Webers, particularly the last-named pair, reveal a knowing use of abstract patterns to convey mood and motion, while the Stella "Spring," with its frail-as-a-petal interweavings of pale whites and yellows and greens, is still a marvel of delicate poetic evocation.

Included, too, in this group are Morgan Russell and Stanton MacDonald-Wright, who founded, and to a great extent were, the short-lived Synchromist movement, in Paris, just before the First World War; Patrick Henry Bruce (see his vigorous "Composition II"), also working in Paris at about the same time; and several now even less-known figures, such as Katherine S. Dreier, John Covert (a very up-to-date-looking, somewhat constructivist "Brass Band," dated 1919), Walter Pach, and Man Ray. They are all frankly European in derivation, whether from the French, in the case of Max Weber and the majority of the others, or from the Italian Futurists, in the case of Joseph Stella, or from the Germans, in the case of Marsden Hartley and Lyonel Feininger. It was not till the mid-thirties that any deviation from the parent schools, such as the development of a more American expression, could be noticed.

The change was slight at first, and in some ways it still reflected contemporary developments abroad. But as early as 1931 one finds Stuart Davis, in his "Salt Shaker," sitting down to try to work out a more native idiom that might be applied to the most commonplace American subjects, and around the same time a number of others, among them Arthur B. Carles, Arthur G. Dove, Karl Knaths, and Arshile Gorky, may be seen undertaking experiments in that direction. This section of the show, from about 1930 to the middle forties, is its weakest, as well as its smallest, and this is unfortunate, for the period, though transitional and hence a trifle indecisive, was a most interesting one. There are still some nice pieces from it in the collection—notably Arthur Carles' "Composition, III," Karl Knaths' "Maritime," and the large, ebullient "Composition on Green," by John Ferren—but after its fine opening section the show doesn't hit its stride again until it reaches rather recent times.

By then, the diversity of styles is great, ranging from the quiet calligraphic exercises of Mark Tobey and Bradley Walker Tomlin to the flamboyant ones of Jackson Pollock, and from the precise, partly representational abstractions of Niles Spencer to the all-out Non-Objectivism of Fritz Glarner and others. It is far too early to accord all these manifestations their proper importance; as the show amply illustrates, a fair share of the work that appeared promising thirty years ago now seems less so, while a lot of things that looked wild and undisciplined then are on their way to becoming classics. I felt, though, that the emphasis in this part of the collection was distributed extremely well. A few artists who deserved inclusion were denied it, and a few others are badly represented, but on the whole the selection is judicious and the arrangement excellent. In addition to the paintings I've mentioned, I liked particularly Worden Day's glowing "Prima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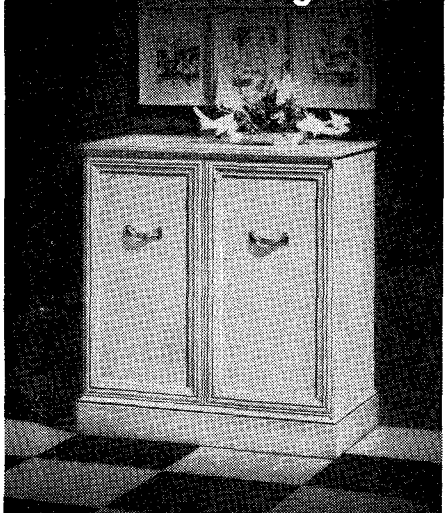

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Materia;" Josef Albers' gray-and-black study of an adobe house, called "Dark;" Stuart Davis's gay yellow "For Internal Use Only," somehow Chinese in its suggestion; and the sensitively handled green "Bridge V," by Lyonel Feininger.

If I have said nothing of the sculpture so far, it's because the best pieces belong almost wholly to contemporaries. But it is an unusually fine collection, and I'd recommend especially the imposing "Presence," by Adaline Kent; Seymour Lipton's restrained "Invocation;" Peter Grippe's "Symbolic Figure No. 4;" and the massive "Blackburn: Song of an Irish Blacksmith," by David Smith.

RAOUL DUFY, who has been undergoing treatment for some time in this country for the arthritis that latterly has almost completely crippled him, is celebrating his partial recovery with an exhibition, at the Louis Carré, of some new American paintings—arranged, appropriately, as a benefit for the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation. I thought the work uneven, but no more so than might be expected from an artist confronted, at the age of seventy-three, with the sights and scenery of a new country, and for the most part he displays a painterly verve and a twinkling curiosity about our native phenomena that are wholly engaging. Night baseball, the Boston docks, and Times Square are among the things that attract him, and if he renders some of these with the quick, stenographic style that goes more with the sketch pad than with the fullness of a finished picture, this only adds to their ease and urbanity. I admired most his "Skyscrapers," " 'Bond Stores' " (of those almost stupefyingly monumental statues of Adam and Eve beside a waterfall that tower above Broadway), "Skyline with Purple Ship," and the extremely graceful "New England Church." The show closes this Saturday.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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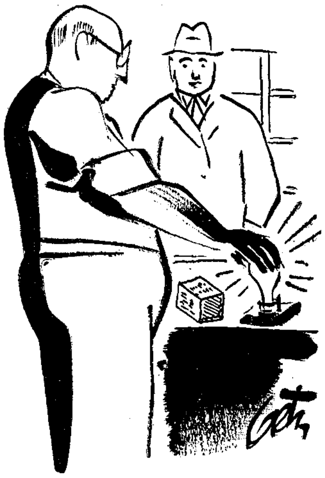
THE WALLET

WHEN I read, a few weeks ago, that the widow of one of the Puerto Rican Nationalists who tried to shoot President Truman last fall had been released, I thought back to the day of the shooting and remembered how, after the first shock of the news had worn away, my wife and I sat for a while and talked about what a bad thing it was for all the Puerto Ricans here—how it might cast suspicion on them and make their struggle for a living harder. We had a particular fondness for Puerto Ricans because of a girl we'd met about a year before. Our acquaintance with her was brief and we haven't seen her since, but we liked her immensely.

One autumn evening in 1949, I was taking a walk around Brooklyn Heights, where we live. The air was sharp and I had my topcoat buttoned high. I didn't have any special destination in mind; I was mostly going along quiet side streets past brownstones and apartment houses, bucking the wind, listening to the boats on the river, and telling myself that walks like that are good for a man who sits at a desk all day.

I turned in to Pineapple Street and went past the St. George Hotel. Some young people were coming out of the entrance, and I gathered they'd just had a swim in the hotel pool, because their faces were shiny and I heard them talking about diving. At the next corner, Henry Street, the lights were against me, and I stood at the curb waiting while a line of cars from Brooklyn Bridge rolled by. I crossed when the lights changed, still going down Pineapple, and when I got near a small movie house I often patronize, I saw by the light of the marquee a wallet lying on the sidewalk. I stooped and picked it up. Finding it made me a little excited, and when I straightened up with it in my hand, I could feel a slight tingling in my fingers. Instinctively, I looked around to see if anyone was watching me. The street was deserted.



I put the wallet in my pocket, and as I walked home, I wondered to whom it belonged. I didn't want to examine it on the street. I wasn't used to finding wallets, and I thought I might look like a pickpocket to some passing cop. I decided the best thing to do was to take it home and then have a look at it.

When I got home, Tommy, my seven-year-old son, was in bed and my wife was reading a magazine. She looked at me as I came in, and asked, "What's the matter? You see Garbo walking in the Heights tonight?"

"No, I didn't," I said. "But I picked up a wallet on Pineapple Street, and it doesn't feel empty."

I took off my hat and coat and showed her the wallet. It was an inexpensive one, of a kind that both men and women carry nowadays. It was made of two-tone imitation leather, and opened and closed with a zipper. "Guess I'd better open it," I said. "I hope we don't find anything that'll get the owner into trouble—subversive documents, or anything."

"You never can tell," my wife said. "Maybe we'll end up in a movie plot."

I SLID the zipper back, and the wallet, which, in fact, was stuffed quite full, seemed to open of its own accord. We knew, from the faint smell of powder and perfume that rose from it, that it was a woman's. Some folded pieces of paper slipped out and dropped to the floor. I picked them up, and my wife and I unfolded them. We both felt nervously as if we were peeping through a keyhole and seeing the strange life of another person. One of the pieces of paper we picked up was the stub of a pay envelope with the name of the owner of the wallet and the amount of her salary. I'll call her Dolores María Martínez. She worked for a Brooklyn manufacturer of ladies' handbags, and the stub showed her salary, after deductions, to be twenty-seven dollars and eighty-six cents.

There were some snapshots, a dentist's appointment card, two keys, sixty-four cents in change, and a small colored reproduction of a painting of the Virgin and Jesus, with a prayer printed in Spanish on the back of it (compliments of an Atlantic Avenue undertaking establishment). The wallet had a rather conspicuous "secret" compartment, and, opening it, we found eighteen dollars in neatly folded bills, and a piece of scratch

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paper with a man's name and telephone number written on it. The last thing we found was a one-page document covered with as much fine print as a lease, and divided into as many sections. This turned out to be a contract with a finance company. For some reason or other, Dolores María Martínez had had to borrow a hundred and fifty dollars a couple of months before. She was repaying her loan in monthly installments, the record showed, and she had a long way to go.

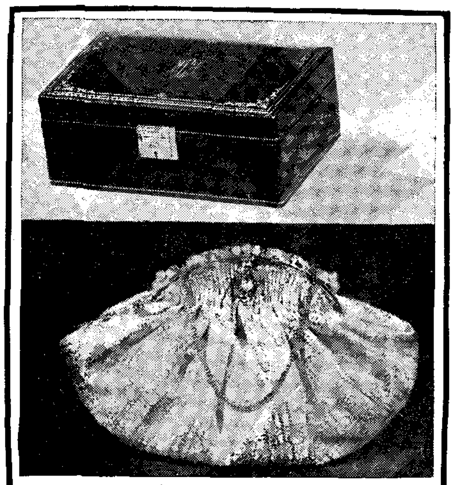
My wife and I stared at the contents of the wallet, piecing together these bits of the girl's life. It didn't seem like an easy one. My wife took up the snapshots and studied them. One was a picture of a girl of about fourteen and a boy of perhaps six, standing in front of a small, poor house overhung with tropical foliage. They didn't look too well clothed or fed. Another picture showed a worn, middle-aged woman, standing in a garden, again tropical, and staring earnestly into the camera. The third and last snapshot was of a young woman in an American dress. She stood smiling beside a big, new white refrigerator, in what looked like the kitchen of a cold-water flat. The refrigerator was the biggest thing in the room and shone like an electric sign, advertising its beauty and its promise. When I was a boy, people used to be photographed standing before their new Maxwells or Overlands like that.

"She'll certainly be glad to get her wallet back," my wife said. "She can use the money."

WE discussed the best way to return the wallet to Dolores María. I got out the Brooklyn telephone directory, on a long shot. She wasn't listed. "Maybe the thing to do is to phone the place where she works, tomorrow," I said. "Just phone the bag company and tell her to call here."

"Some places don't like their help to get personal calls," my wife said. "Why not write her a note and ask her to come for it? Her address is on that contract."

That sounded reasonable. I got out my portable typewriter and began composing a letter to Dolores María Martínez. When I was in the midst of it, our downstairs neighbor, an ex-G.I. named Dave, put his head in the door and asked if we would baby-sit while he and his wife went out the following night. "Sure," my wife said. "We'll be going out ourselves on Saturday, and you can sit for us." Then she said, "We found a wallet and we're writing to the



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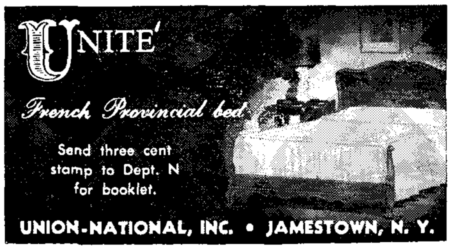

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owner to call for it. There's eighteen dollars in it."

"Yeah?" Dave came into the room, anxious to see the wallet. My wife handed it to him, and he went over its contents, as we had done. "Hey, look at this!" he said when he came to the loan-company contract. "They docked her thirty-eight dollars interest when they gave her the loan! Know what per cent that is—on a hundred and fifty dollars? Poor girl!"

He shook his head, and finished looking at the contents of the wallet. Then, still fascinated, he went out into the hall and called his wife, Sonia, and she came up to share in the odd event that had broken the flow of our evening. "Look," Dave said as she came in the door. "These people found a wallet loaded with money and securities."

"Eighteen dollars," my wife said, laughing, and showed Sonia the money and the rest of what had been in the wallet.

Sonia stood looking at one of the snapshots a long time. "Do you think that sick-looking woman in the picture is her mother?" she asked.

"Looks like her," Dave said, and my wife and I stared at the photo again, and we all talked awhile, everybody feeling happy that Dolores María Martínez was going to get her money back. After Dave and Sonia went downstairs, I finished typing the letter, and went out and mailed it.

NEXT evening, the phone rang, and a man with a thick accent said he was calling for Miss Martínez. "She cannot speak English good," he said. "I phone for her. Is all right for me to come for her wallet?"

"How do I know who you are?" I said. "Better tell Miss Martínez to call for it herself, so she can identify it."

"But she cannot speak English good," the man said. "She is Puerto Rican."

"Just tell her to bring some kind of identification with her, then," I said. "A gas bill. Her Social Security card. Anything."

"O.K.," he said. "When is best time for you?"

"Any time. Now, if she likes."

I could hear the man talking to someone, but I couldn't distinguish the words. Then he spoke to me again. "Miss Martínez busy tonight. Tomorrow evening?"

"Sure. Fine," I said. He thanked me, and I hung up. Our little son, Tommy, had been listening, and he was excited. We had all talked a good deal

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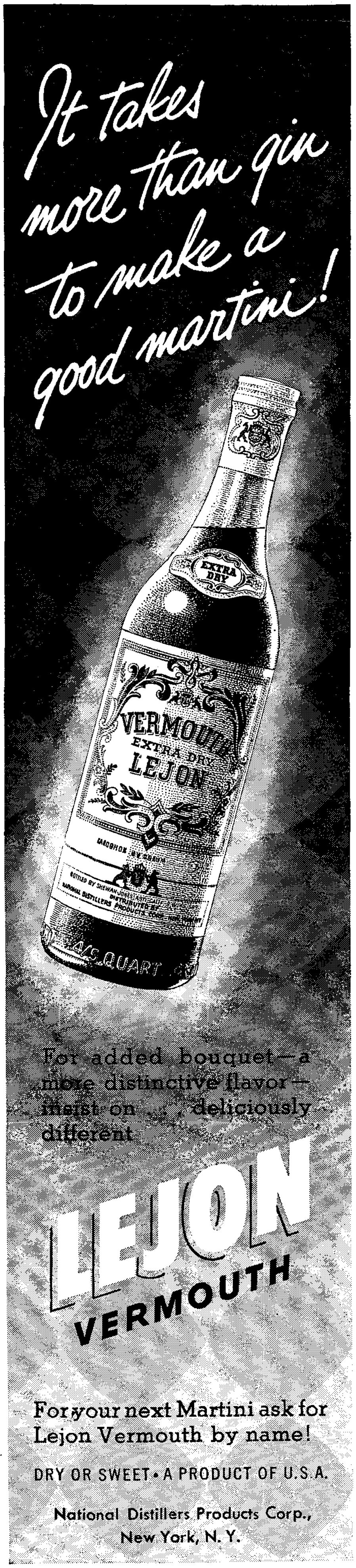

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about the wallet, and wondered about Dolores María.

"If she comes after I'm in bed, Daddy, will you wake me up?" he asked.

"Maybe," I said. "Anyway, she's not coming tonight. She's coming tomorrow night."

The next night, just as we were finishing our supper, the doorbell rang.

"I'll answer it!" Tommy cried. We live in an old brownstone house that has no buzzer to open the street door, and before we knew it, he was racing down the two flights to the entrance. He had left the apartment door open, and we could hear the conversation.

"My daddy says to come upstairs," Tommy said breathlessly, without preliminaries. "He's got the wallet."

"Which floor?"

I recognized the voice of the man I had talked to on the telephone, and I went out into the hall and called, "The third floor. Won't you come up, please?"

I heard footsteps, and went back into the flat and waited. A moment later, my wife and I stood face to face with a short, dark man and a slim, smiling, nervous, pretty girl. "Now, if you'll just identify yourself someway—" I began when we had introduced ourselves. But then I saw that identification was superfluous. Of course she was Dolores María Martínez. She was the girl who had stood proudly beside the new white refrigerator, which was very likely what had made her go into debt to the loan company, and the older sister of the underfed little boy and girl, the daughter of the woman in the tropical garden. She was dressed in cheap, trim American clothes, and when she smiled, I saw she had one gold tooth. I guessed she was secretly proud of it. Her eyes were black and luminous, she had small, well-cut features, and she was astonishingly pretty—much prettier than in her picture, but unmistakably the same girl. She couldn't have been more than nineteen. "Here," I said, and handed her the wallet.

She took it with a small cry of joy, opened it hurriedly, and found and counted the money in the "secret" compartment. She looked at me and at my wife with surprise and delight. Then she turned and spoke to her companion, in Spanish. "She say the money is all there," he told us. "She want to give the little boy five dollars."

Even as the man spoke, Dolores María detached a five-dollar bill from the money in the wallet and held it out to Tommy, who looked at me and then refused it. "Thank you, but he doesn't want any money," my wife said, smiling. "Why, he's got over ten dollars in his piggy bank."

The man laughed and translated for the girl, who kept trying to give Tommy the money. "Miss Martínez say please to take it," said the man. "She is glad you such nice people. Is for the boy, the money. For myself, I can say is seldom to get lost money back in New York." He laughed.

"This is Brooklyn," I reminded him.

He laughed again. Then he turned and spoke to the girl. She didn't seem to understand why we weren't going to allow Tommy to accept the five dollars, and her smile became somewhat strained. She looked at us and seemed to be asking if she had done anything wrong. I was wondering if the man with her was her fiancé or a relative when he spoke again. "I work in same shop as Miss Martínez," he said. "I work on stitching machine, she work on trimming. Is here only three, four months. I here over three year."

"Please tell Miss Martínez we couldn't take any money," I said. "Tell her we're glad she's got her wallet. It wasn't any trouble."

The man translated. The girl looked at me, at my wife, then at Tommy. After a moment, her face broke into a smile. She held out the five-dollar bill to Tommy again, but this time teasing him, knowing he wouldn't take it. Tommy smiled back at her, shaking his head. She reached over and tousled his hair, and spoke to her companion.

"How old is the boy?" the man asked us. "She wants to know."

"He's seven," my wife said. "He'll be eight in a month."

"*Sí!*" The girl's face grew radiant as she tousled Tommy's hair again. I thought she must often have done that to her little brother in Puerto Rico. Then she said something rapidly to her companion, and they left.

ONE evening about a month later, when the incident of the wallet was only a memory, though a warm one, our doorbell rang. We were at the table again, part way through our supper. "I'll answer it!" Tommy cried, and raced to the door and down the stairs, calling back, "Cover my plate, Mom!"

There was a longer silence from the vestibule than I expected. When Tommy didn't come up or announce loudly from below who was at the door, I got up and went to the hall. "Who's down there, Tommy?" I asked.

There was no answer, but I heard a

feminine voice and then the sound of the street door closing. Tommy came panting up the stairs, smiling happily, carrying a large package. "She gave it to me!" he cried, running ahead of me into the apartment and opening the parcel. When he had torn the wrappings off, he spilled an electric train triumphantly on the couch—a set that must have cost around fifteen dollars.

"Who gave it to you, Tommy?" I asked as my wife and I stared at the train.

"*Her.* The lady. Remember?" he said.

I hurried to the front windows, followed by my wife and Tommy. Opening one of the windows quickly, I leaned out and stared along the street. There she was, standing just up the block, looking back—Dolores María Martínez. She waved a vivacious greeting. "Happy birthday!" she cried. "Ver' happy birthday!" Then, turning, she ran toward the subway.

—ALBERT HALPER

•

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—DOROTHY LODER

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BEAUTIFYING LOTION, the newest discovery in cosmetics, really works wonders to beautify the skin that 'breaks out.' Helps bring a look of fineness to the face and neck that have poor texture or roughness. For all types of skin—dry, oily, even sensitive. 2.50*

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Gown by Sophie of Saks Fifth Avenue

WHO BUYS THE MOST

among readers of all the multi-million national magazines, as reported by Starch*?

Within the past 12 months did anyone in your family...	American Home	MAGAZINE A	MAGAZINE B	MAGAZINE C	MAGAZINE D	MAGAZINE E	MAGAZINE F	MAGAZINE G	MAGAZINE H	MAGAZINE I	MAGAZINE J	American Home ranks...
Buy a new car?	28.2%	23.3%	21.9%	23.2%	21.1%	22.9%	24.2%	22.5%	23.2%	21.3%	23.5%	1st
Buy a refrigerator?	15.5	11.9	12.0	12.3	13.4	12.4	11.5	11.6	11.5	13.1	12.2	1st
Buy a TV set?	17.3	14.7	15.3	13.7	13.5	13.7	14.9	14.5	13.4	13.2	14.5	1st
Buy over $200 worth of furniture or rugs?	37.0	29.1	28.7	28.8	29.2	27.8	26.0	24.8	26.5	28.2	28.2	1st
Buy life insurance?	21.3	16.7	16.1	18.6	17.1	15.8	15.0	16.6	15.1	17.1	18.4	1st
Buy house for self?	9.6	9.7	7.5	7.0	8.1	7.3	6.4	5.5	6.6	7.3	6.4	2nd
Build own home?	4.9	2.7	2.4	2.7	2.8	2.8	2.2	2.5	2.5	2.7	2.4	1st
Remodel home?	13.8	10.5	10.1	11.3	10.6	10.8	9.6	10.1	10.0	10.8	11.0	1st
Paint or redecorate home?	48.5	38.9	39.2	40.6	39.7	36.5	39.4	33.3	35.2	38.0	38.5	1st

READ AND RE-READ BY MORE THAN 2,800,000 FAMILIES . . . BECAUSE "SOME

American Home Magazine Ranks FIRST

with the highest percentage of reader-families spending their money to

- *—buy a new car*
- *—buy a refrigerator*
- *—buy a TV set*
- *—buy over $200 worth of furniture or rugs*
- *—buy life insurance*
- *—build own home*
- *—remodel home*
- *—paint or redecorate home*

*41st Starch Consumer Magazine Report, July, 1949—June, 1950

"PEOPLE CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING BUT HOME."

The AMERICAN HOME Magazine

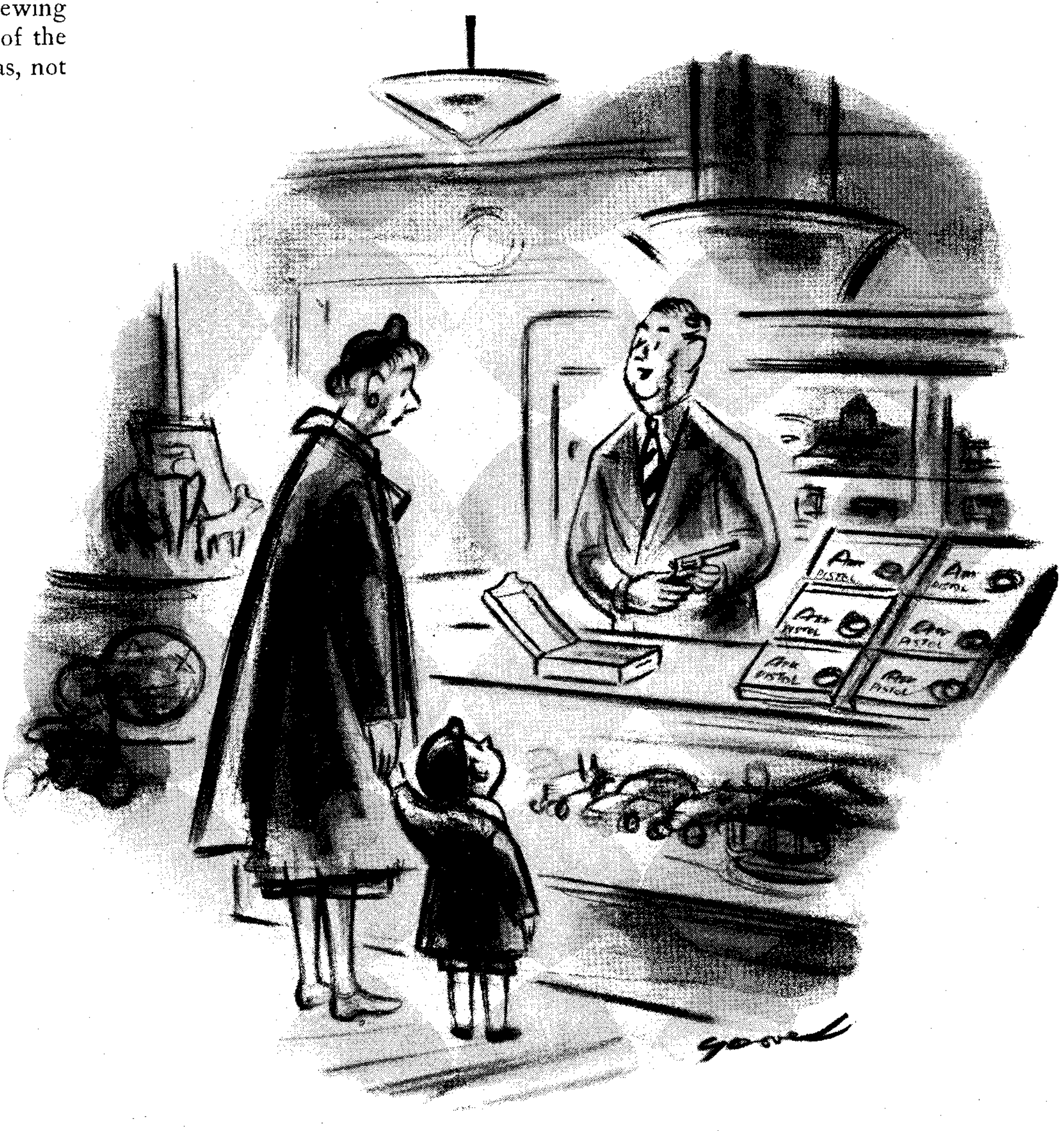
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

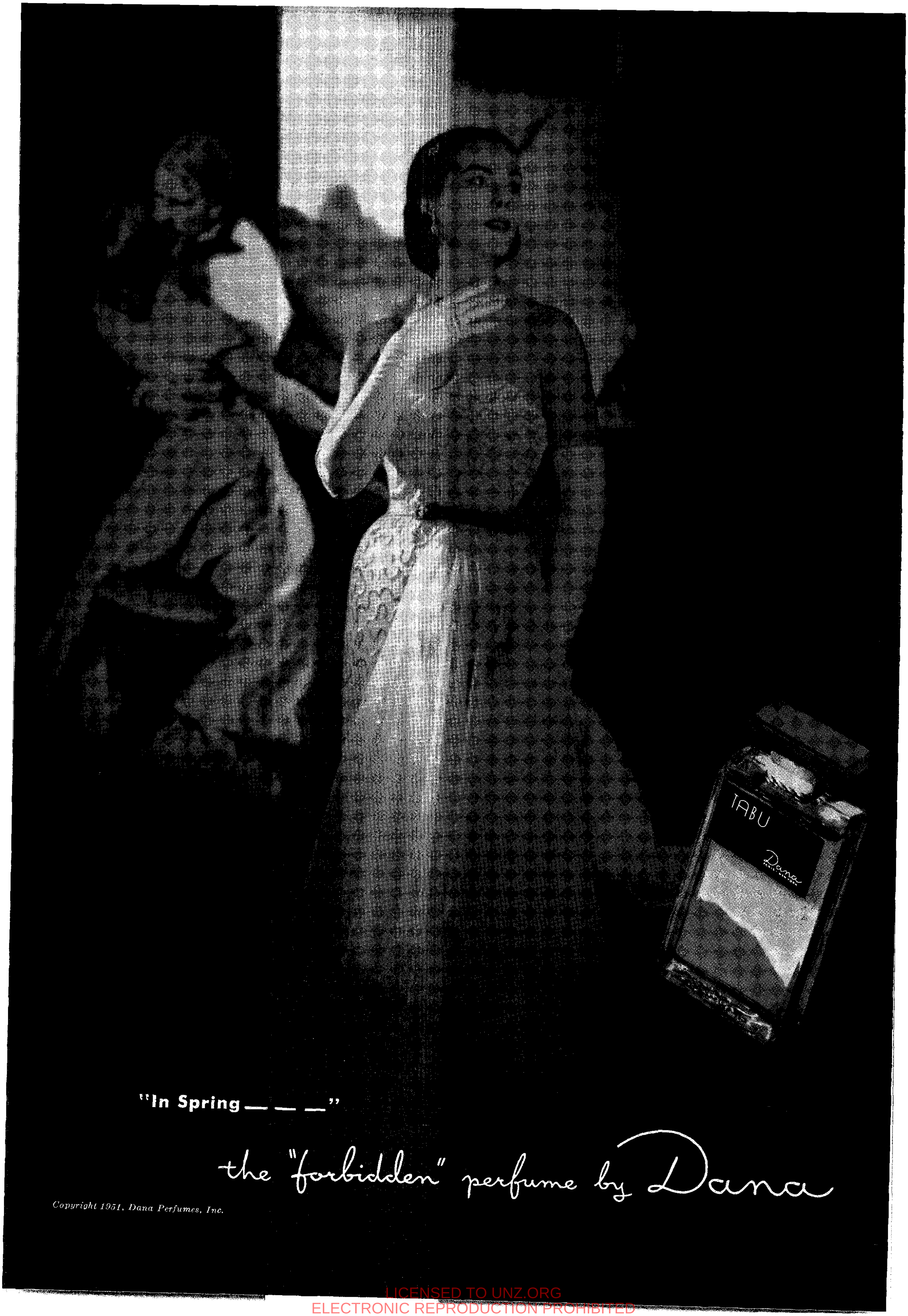
HAVING made the somewhat startling discovery that most of the ladies of my acquaintance who are approaching middle age know little or nothing about dressmaking, or even what is called plain sewing, and that practically all the young ladies I know or hear about either can cope with a sewing machine or are preparing to learn to cope with one, I have concluded that here is a trend that must be looked into. Since I hadn't had my attention called to the sewing machine in a number of years, I admit that what strikes me as abrupt and sensational may seem no more than orderly evolution to those who have been stitching right along. On the chance, though, that ladies still hovering over petit point and crocheting are doing so because they don't know the excitement of running up a petticoat on the latest-model sewing machine, I shall report on some of the fancier tricks of an article that was, not so long ago, a far from fancy family standby, with no tricks to speak of.

To get an idea of what the sewing machine now has, in addition to an electric motor, that makes it so much more appealing to the present generation of sewers than it was to their mothers, and scarcely less fascinating than it apparently was to their grandmothers, I recently attended a class in basic dressmaking at the Singer Sewing Center, 396 Fifth Avenue (36th). The dressmaking course—or an alternate one in home decoration, which instructs beginners in the making of draperies, curtains, slipcovers, and the like—is offered free to purchasers of Singer machines (non-purchasers pay $15 for the course) and consists of eight two-hour lessons, in daytime or evening classes that are generally made up of not more than six people. (If you're interested in one of these courses, or in more advanced schooling, you'd better call the Singer people, at Wisconsin 7-8190, for the details; classes are also given at any of the numerous other Singer showrooms, in various parts of town.) The session under way when I looked in was attended by well-turned-out young women, all of whom were engaged in making sports dresses, and were at the critical point of learning how to put in a zipper. In another part of the Center, a home-decorating class was getting along swimmingly with the intricacies of pinch pleats, French pleats, and box pleats. And, off by themselves, a couple of women, evidently old hands who needed no instruction, were industriously stitching away, at machines for the use of which they paid fifty cents an hour. With all this activity going on, I was able to observe a performance on the part of the Singer machines, if not on the part of the pupils, that seemed hardly short of miraculous.

The most popular of the Singer models—both instructors and home sewers speak of it with enthusiasm—is the Featherweight portable, which sells for $149.50. This machine is only three-quarters the size of the standard console types, yet does just about everything the larger models can do. It is usually bought with a solidly constructed folding table ($28), about the size of a card table, with a removable panel in the top, where the machine fits snugly, leaving room for large pieces of work to be spread out. The Featherweight weighs eleven pounds and one ounce, and comes in a neat carrying case, like that of a portable typewriter. This model is ideal for small apartments, since, when it's not in use, it can be stored in a closet, and the table can be folded and put away or, with the displaced section restored to the top, set up for cards. I have met owners of the portable who contend that it will take materials as heavy as anything the console models can manage, and to prove it they produce handsome tweed suits they assure me they have made on it. The fact is that the bigger models,



"And another thing, if you mail the top of the box to the manufacturers, they send you a package of cereal absolutely free."


"In Spring — — —"
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PARIS NEW YORK
the "forbidden" perfume by Dana

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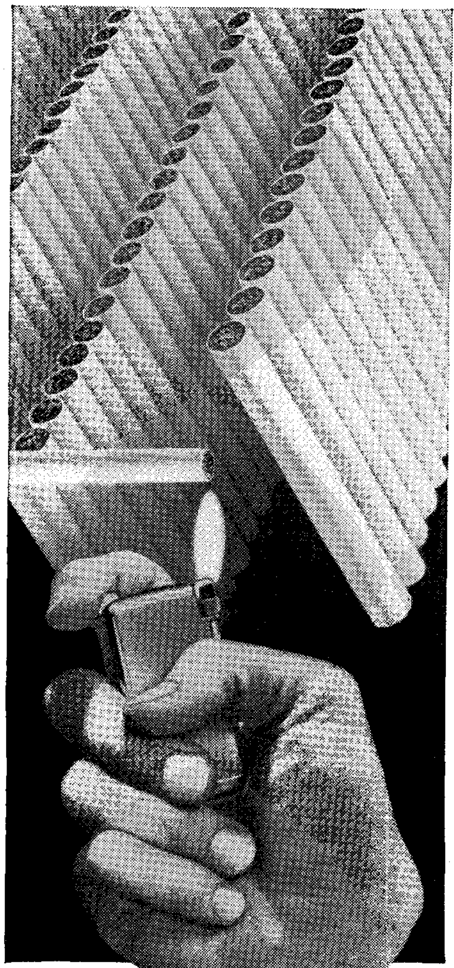

NEW KIND OF LIGHTER GIVES

6 MONTHS OF LIGHTS*

WITHOUT REFUELING!

No fooling with liquid fuel
—no fiddling with wicks
—no fussing with reflinting

It's the new Parker Flaminaire—*only* butane gas lighter made in America, under the original French patents—with the precision you'd expect from Parker—makers of the world's finest pens. The *only* butane gas lighter proved by more than 200,000 users the world over—who cheerfully paid up to $5.00 *more than this newest, greatest* of lighters now costs you. At smart dealers everywhere. *Buy it now—it'll need no refueling till next fall! Only $12.50 (no F.E. tax). Includes smart gift case.*

***The *only* pocket lighter, regardless of fuel used, that gives 6 months of lights without refueling (even for pack-a-day smokers).**

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PARKER FLAMINAIRE

MADE BY THE PARKER PEN CO., U. S. A.

mounted in all kinds of stately cabinets, are not greatly used these days except by householders with a regular sewing room at their disposal.

Some of the feats performed by the Featherweight will, I am sure, prove to be beyond the comprehension of a nonsewer, but anybody who has watched a caterpillar tractor in action will recognize the principle of a presser foot that is flexible enough to crawl without ever a bump or a hitch over a row of pins while holding the material taut and smooth for the needle. This, of course, is a small revolution in itself, for by permitting the use of pins to secure a seam temporarily it does away in many cases with the tiresome business of basting. Another feature easily understood by the interested observer who hasn't had her mind on sewing in some time is the ease with which the machine can be put into reverse or forward motion by the mere flick of a lever, so that it is possible to lock the stitch at the end of a seam without turning the material around. The new-model Singer portables are, moreover, equipped to wind the bobbin without interruption to stitching, to release it automatically when it is full, and—what is perhaps the most notable of all the improvements—to do all sorts of patching and darning. Because the last operation involves stitches that crisscross in every direction, it is necessary to cover the feed, the saw-tooth mechanism that draws the cloth steadily forward under the needle, and Singer sells, for forty-five cents, a metal plate that does this. The operator merely removes the presser foot, leaving the needle free of encumbrances, and installs the plate, which provides a level working area with space enough beneath the needle for the insertion of an ordinary embroidery hoop, on which the material to be mended is stretched. The Singer company also puts out a number of other attachments, to be bought separately. One of these ($9.95) does a most professional-looking buttonhole stitch, and another ($4.95) does a blind stitch—a stitch that doesn't show on the right side of the material. I won't embark on an explanation of the mysterious working of the latter attachment, but almost anybody will realize that it's a blessing when one is dealing with dress or curtain hems.

THE publicity put out by the International Sewing Machine Company, the Swiss manufacturers of the Elna machine, in which the concern rather disarmingly refers to the Elna's competitors as "the old-fashioned machines," may lead you to expect something pretty remarkable, an expectation that will be amply fulfilled by a visit to either of the firm's showrooms—at 441 Madison Avenue (50th) and 379 Fifth Avenue (36th).

The Elna, which has been on sale in this country only for the past couple of years, is a portable that weighs fourteen and a half pounds and costs $179, complete with a flexible foot, for stitching over pins; a darning foot, which also takes care of patching, appliqué work, and monogramming; a hemmer foot; a zipper-and-cording foot; and a ruffler. The carrying case opens up to make a work surface as large as that of the average sewing-machine table, and there is an opening for the machine to fit into. The most original feature of the Elna is an anvil-shaped arm, at the base of the machine, on which a cuff, a trouser leg, a sock, or any other tubular piece of material can be slipped for darning. I watched a demonstrator at work with this device, and even allowing for the fact that she, like all such ladies, is undeniably more expert than the average home performer, I must confess that it was impressive to see her do the most phenomenally smooth darn in a lisle sock and a job of almost invisible mending on a heavy flannel sleeve in a matter of three or four minutes. When the machine is nested in the work surface formed by the carrying case, the arm, which isn't used in ordinary stitching, is out of sight; to get at the arm, one simply pulls the case aside.

The Elna is capable of handling not only all sorts of heavy and bulky materials but the sheerest linen and silk as well—fabrics that generally require handwork. It's the International company's boast that the Elna, because of its precise construction, can carry, without snapping them, finer threads than any other machine. At present, the company offers no dressmaking lessons, but there are plans for such courses later on, and purchasers do get four hours of free instruction in the use of the machine at the showrooms and the staff there stands ready to help with any sewing problems that may arise.

IF circumstances haven't brought you face to face with a dressmaker's form of more recent vintage than the sawdust-stuffed dummy that used to lurk in attics and storerooms, two of the latest improvements on this rather menacing family friend—one sold at Lord & Taylor, Macy, and Wanamaker, the other made to order by the Singer company—will give you quite a shock. The department-store reincarnation of the old girl—or, rather, a set for constructing her—is called My Double, and priced at $22.95, for sizes 10 to 40, and $25.95, for sizes 18 to 50. The set consists of a stand and the two halves—a right and a left—of a shapeless jacket, made of a pliable plastic mesh and resembling, when it is assembled, an ancient coat of mail. The two pieces are slipped on the person being fitted, snapped together down the front and the back, and gently molded with the fingers to the exact figure of the wearer. (Some assistance is required for all this.) The form is then taken off, a network of rods, adjustable in length, is installed crosswise inside it to preserve its contours, and it is placed on the stand at the desired height. The obvious advantage of this home-molded form is that although it will hold its shape indefinitely, it can be used, in turn, by each member of a family, or, if it is to be employed by only one woman, remolded as her weight changes.

The form put out by the Singer company is a considerably more personal affair, an impressive piece of sculpture that is practically cast onto the figure, by experts at any of the Singer showrooms; in consequence, the owner commits herself to not putting on or losing more than a few pounds. Singer charges $24.75 for this form, which is made of a light plastic and covered with stockinet material, so that patterns or cloth can be pinned to it; it comes mounted on a stand and corrected for height and posture. There is, I understand, a large demand for the Singer forms, not only by home sewers but by women who turn them over to their tailor or dressmaker to take care of fittings.

FIFTY years or so ago, it seems, every residential neighborhood in New York had its small shop that sold dressmaking supplies, made buttonholes, covered buttons, and performed similar services for the convenience of the woman who did her own sewing or of the family seamstress who came in by the day. There are very few such places to be found now; the department stores have taken over the sale of most of the notions these places offered, and buttonhole-making and button-covering are the business, almost exclusively, of firms operating in loft buildings remote from the home needleworker. Among the survivors of this modest commerce is an extremely obliging little shop called the Sewing Kit, at 1125 Lexington Avenue (78th), which carries just about all the odds and ends a dressmaker has need of, and will, moreover, cover buttons and make belts, complete with eyelets, buckle, or whatever, using fabric furnished by the

Jan Peerce

famous
Metropolitan Opera tenor,
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"When it's time to enjoy good Scotch, I call for Old Angus BRAND It's a fine whisky."

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DISTILLED AND BLENDED IN SCOTLAND UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
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SCOTCH WHISKY
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100% Scotch Whisky
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Frank McIntyre, Ltd.
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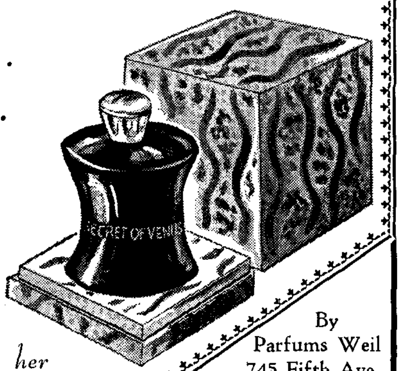

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Give her
Weil's
"Secret of Venus"

The scent that lasts and lingers . . . for her bath . . . as her perfume . . . as her hair rinse.

By
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745 Fifth Ave.
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1 Oz.—5.00 plus tax

customer, at from $1.25 to $2.50. S. Semler & Son, at 514 Madison Avenue (53rd), carry more or less the same merchandise as the Sewing Kit, and the Weber Trimming Company, at 822 Madison Avenue (69th), besides selling dressmaking supplies and notions, and covering buttons and making belts, will also do buttonholes (machine ones, of course), the price depending on the size of the hole. —S. H.

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DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

JUSTICES' CHAMBERS
SUPREME COURT OF THE
STATE OF NEW YORK
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

JANUARY 15, 1951

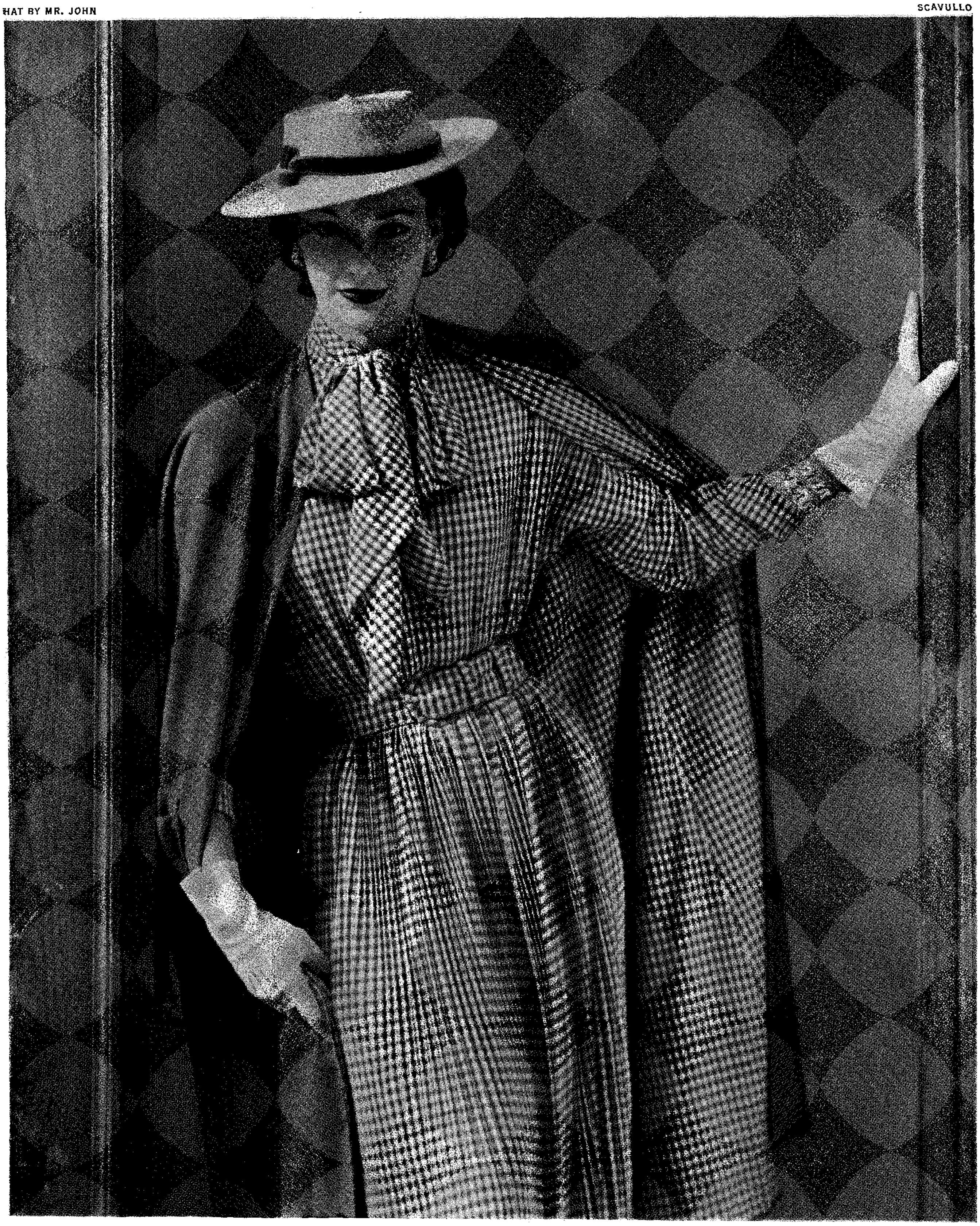
The Editors, *The New Yorker,*
DEAR SIRS:

SOMETIMES, after a hard day on the bench, I find myself in need of diversion, and then turn to your publication, where the humor and good-natured articles restore me to normal. In reading your issue of December 9th, I had just the opposite kind of experience, for in it there appeared an article by John Lardner, under the departmental heading "That Was Pugilism," that contained the following: " 'They knew I was ill,' said Brower. 'They took advantage of my absence.' " This was in reference to a meeting of the Boxing Commission at which James A. Farley was elected chairman to succeed me. This statement has been attributed to me before, and I have denied it publicly and in the press, and I wish to say once again that Mr. Farley's election to the chairmanship of the Commission was by previous arrangement, and that although I was absent from this meeting, I regret that I was not then present to vote for Mr. Farley. Mr. Farley, being human, may have many faults, but deceit or double-dealing is not among them.

There appears in Mr. Lardner's article another statement I wish earnestly to deny, and I hope by so doing to have better success than I had with my earlier denial: "Brower, later District Attorney of Kings County, was connected with the United States Trucking Corporation." I never have been, directly or indirectly, in any manner connected with the United States Trucking Corporation. I trust that you will let this fact be known.

Wishing you well, I remain,
Yours very truly,
GEORGE BROWER

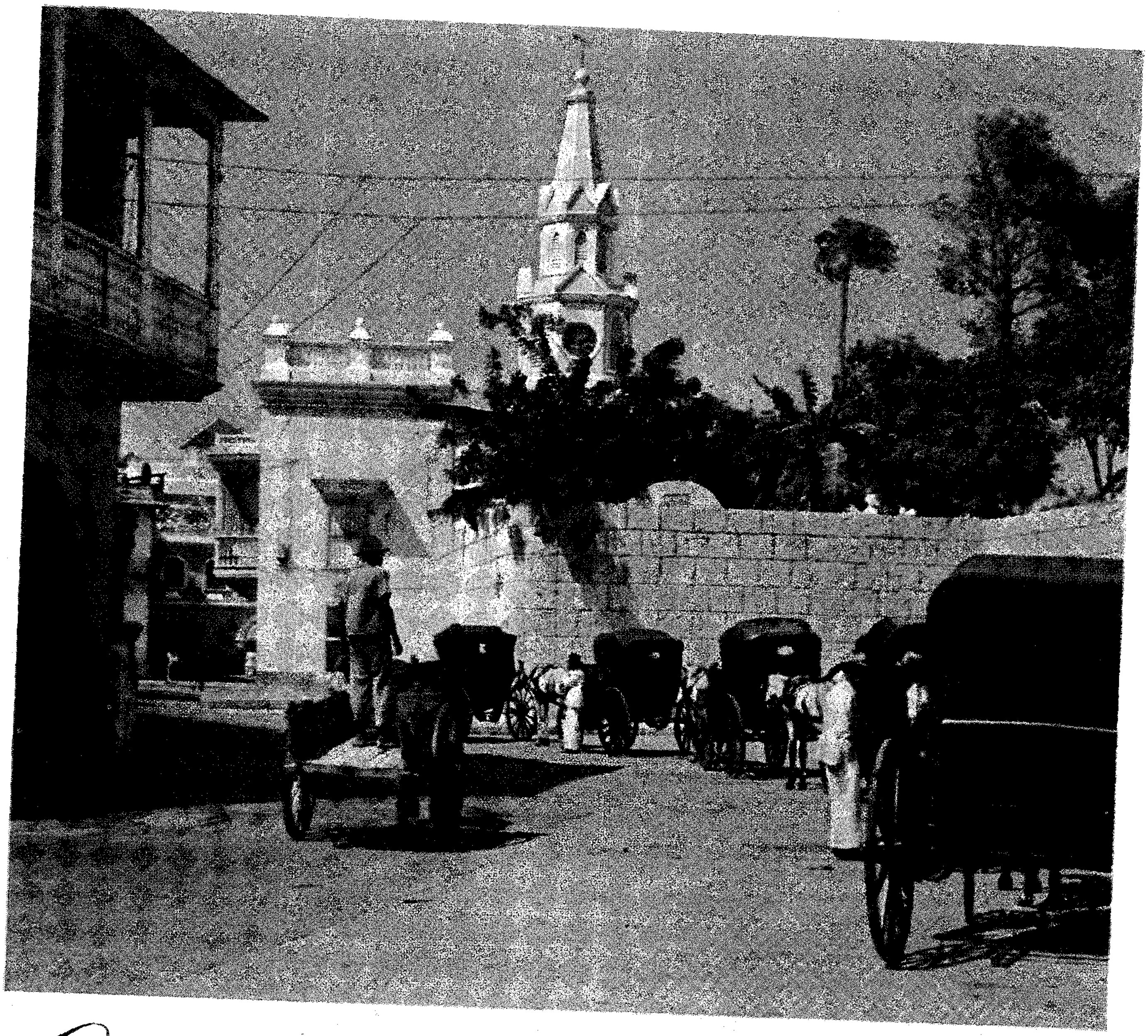
HAT BY MR. JOHN SCAVULLO



Vera Maxwell sends you south in a dress of Valhalla jersey with its own coat lined in matching fabric. Valhalla tricot jersey is knitted with Enka Rayon yarn—the yarn chosen by the creators of fashion's fine fabrics. Jay Thorpe, New York; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Titche-Goettinger, Dallas.

ENKA RAYON

American Enka Corporation, 206 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.



ROBERT BAGBY

Cartagena, Colombia

Cruise TO THE CARIBBEAN AND SOUTH AMERICA

Grace "Santas" are especially designed for tropical cruising
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light airy dining rooms on promenade decks
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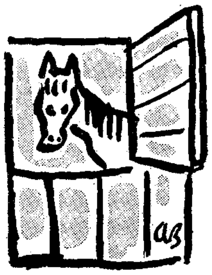
THE RACE TRACK

Big Jackpot



YOU might put down on your list of things to look forward to the Maturity Stakes at Santa Anita this weekend. This race—for four-year-olds, at a mile and a quarter—is expected to be the richest ever run anywhere, unless it was one of the chariot races in Rome. (I didn't check on those, but let it go.) You see, first off, the Los Angeles Turf Club put up a stake of $100,000, and when the entries closed, in January, 1948, there were five hundred and forty-four nominations, at $25 each. What with additional subscriptions to keep horses eligible, the usual supplementary nominations (earlier ones at $2,500 each, and later ones at $10,000), and starting fees ($500 to enter and another $1,500 to go to the post), the pot is going to be nearly $200,000. If anyone cares, I think Hill Prince will win. He has been this department's horse for some time, and besides, according to the best advice from California, he has been training well. He'll undoubtedly be odds-on, but I can't help that.

THERE really isn't much to be said about the San Felipe Stakes, won by Phil D. last Saturday, except that it was another Santa Anita surprise. Of course, bright-eyed second-guessers quickly pointed out that Phil D. had beaten Gold Capitol, the favorite, once before, and has been hot lately. As for Gold Capitol's performance (he was last all the way), a charitable veil should be drawn over it; a horse is entitled to a dull race once in a while. By the way, Gold Note, who was second in the San Felipe, is a stablemate of Your Host, who fell in the San Pasqual Handicap several weeks ago. I'm sure you'll be glad to know that Your Host's fracture is knitting satisfactorily.

ABOUT the only event at Hialeah last week worth talking about was the Jasmine Stakes, won by Juliets Nurse. As I get it, the Jasmine, which is a warmup for the Black Helen Handicap later on in the meeting, and which brought out fourteen runners, was a lively affair. But despite the fact that Juliets Nurse gave Brooktown and Blue Moon twelve pounds each, and a beating, I hesitate to make any predictions about her. I'm more hopeful for another three-year-old down there—Old Rowley, who caught the eye of horse watchers the other afternoon in his first start, a minor race, which he won. He was one of the high-priced yearlings at the Keeneland sales in 1949 (he went for $37,000) but, for one reason or another, didn't run last season. Apparently, he's all the better for it.

JUST in passing, I'd like to report that Keeneland, one of my favorite tracks, has a noteworthy addition to its collection of paintings of famous horses—the portrait of Lexington at the age of seven by Thomas J. Scott. This sporting primitive, as an outside man who's posted on such things calls it, was painted in 1857. It was bought the other day by the Keeneland Association from E. J. Rousuck, of the local Scott & Fowles Galleries (the two Scotts aren't related), and you can see it in the clubhouse of the racecourse if you go there in the spring. Scott seems to have been a fairly busy fellow with thoroughbreds; when he wasn't painting them, he was breeding and racing them, and writing about them, under the pseudonym of Prog, for the leading sporting papers of those days. His "Word Picture of Lexington" is reprinted in the Jockey Club's book "Racing in America, 1665-1865." Lexington, as you probably know, is regarded as the greatest sire in American racing. For sixteen years, fourteen of them in succession, his get won more races than any other stallion's, and you can find his name in the pedigrees of an astonishing number of last season's leading stakes winners. No doubt I'm saying the wrong thing, but I prefer Scott's portrait to any of the several the famous Edward Troye did of Lexington—if I may name both painters in the same breath. Also, I never realized till I saw the Scott painting what a handsome animal Lexington must have been, or that he had four white feet.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The Young Democratic-Farmer-Laborites are getting the start on their DFL elders tonight, with a panel discussion at Dyckman hotel on how to help liberal legislators.

"Only two more years until 1952" is their announced theme.

Their session tonight they call "a down-to-earth panel on the practical question of how acid can be given legislators."—*Minneapolis Star.*

No starry-eyed dreamers there.

Jane Engel

Pure Silk

17.95

Henry Rosenfeld's well-trained simplicity breaks into print... and makes headlines at this price. Tiny price, tiny foulard print on green, black or red backgrounds. 10-20.

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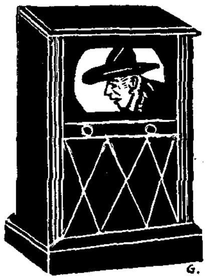
TELEVISION

Miss Lilli

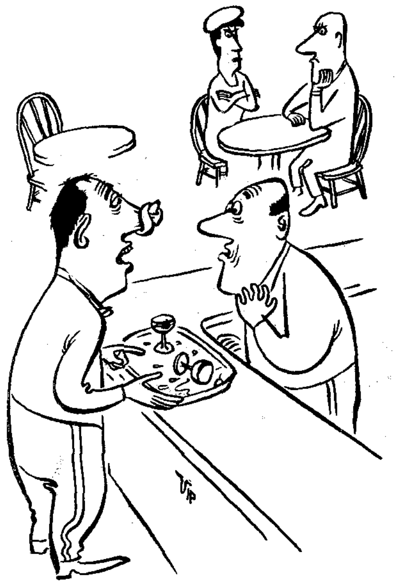
MISS LILLI PALMER'S brief appearances on Thursday evenings from six-forty-five to seven, over C.B.S., are worthy of attention, I think, for Miss Palmer has struck a new, even a revolutionary, note in chitchat programs. Most such programs center about an extroverted female who sits on a couch or chair, interviews guests, and talks, talks, talks about herself, the products she has been hired to peddle, and the natural wonders of the area bounded on the south by Fifty-second Street and on the north by Fifty-third. No words that could not be fully comprehended by a reasonably alert mental defective ever pass her lips. Now along comes Miss Palmer, with an entirely different set of standards. To be sure, she sits on chairs and couches, interviews guests, and interjects sly plugs for her sponsor, but the main body of her remarks and her choice of topics are designed to appeal to people who, she evidently presumes, can read and write.



A couple of weeks ago, Miss Palmer, strikingly dressed in a Tyrolian vest and non-Tyrolian skirt, sat in front of a portrait of Heinrich Heine. The portrait showed Heine in a brooding pose, wearing a sort of Barrymore collar and a stringy bohemian tie. His long, tapering fingers were lightly folded on his lap. On any other chitchat program, such a portrait, unless it happened to be a picture of the sponsor or the sponsor's father, would serve as the butt of many a tasteless joke, but it was soon apparent that Miss Palmer was a student of Heine—and an appreciative one, at that. She talked about "Die Lorelei," and said that when she was a young girl in Germany, she had been a *Wandervogel* and had taken a number of trips on excursion steamers down the Rhine past the Lorelei Rock. As the steamers approached the rock, all the people on board, in a wave of *Gemütlichkeit*, would hold hands. "We saw no maiden on the rock, as the poem relates," Miss Palmer said sadly. "Only a tree stump." Under lesser auspices, this frail account might have been nothing at all, but I found Miss Palmer's telling of it charming.

During another broadcast, Miss Palmer was seated in front of a picture of Maria Theresa of Austria, the mother of Marie Antoinette, and she spent several minutes describing the life of the court in the eighteenth century and the cultural climate of the time. I happen to be a fellow who considers anecdotes about the good old days in Vienna more tiresome than reminiscences of the blizzard of '88, but Miss Palmer, thanks to the ease and simplicity of her delivery and to the pleasure I derive from merely looking at her, took me in, especially when she told about Marie Antoinette's attending a court function with a dirty neck. For her Austrian evening, she had on hand Archduke Franz Josef of Austria and his wife, Princess Marta, a pair who, I gathered, have been royally unemployed for some time but are getting along quite well in New York, with a decorating business operated by the Princess. The Princess displayed a pin that, she said, had belonged to Marie Antoinette, and the Archduke told a vague tale of having once been trapped in a monastery crypt, but they didn't really hold my interest until they described their apartment here, which contains almost all the hard goods that used to surround them in Vienna. It seems that the Archduke sold his furniture once upon a time to W. R. Hearst, came to New York, heard that it was on sale, and bought it back, as he put it, "by Gimbel's."

"THE COURT OF CURRENT ISSUES," a Du Mont presentation every Tuesday evening from eight to eight-thirty, attempts, within the framework of a mock trial, to discuss seriously some of the more vexing problems of a troubled world. Many of the judicial trappings of a real court are displayed. On hand is a bailiff, who, although he doesn't go so far as to cry "Oyez!," declares the court in session and introduces the attorneys and witnesses; there is a black-robed judge, sitting on a high bench; there is a jury; and there is a witness stand. The only thing lacking is time to examine adequately the problem under consideration, and this lack is somewhat unfortunate. The other night, the court concerned itself with the question "Does the President have the right to send troops abroad without approval of Congress?"—surely a vital current issue. Mr. Walter Millis, of the *Herald Tribune*, appeared as the witness for the affirmative and, it seemed to me, established his case brilliantly, citing innumerable precedents and quoting some



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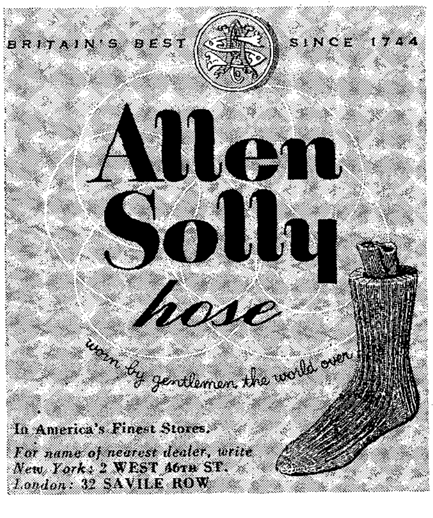

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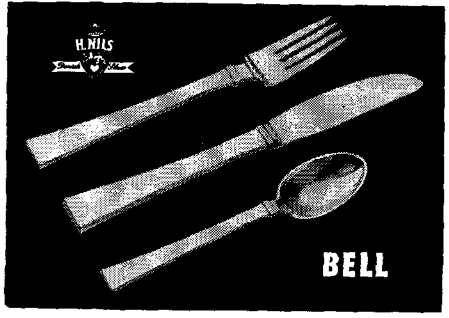

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pertinent remarks by William Howard Taft. Mr. Millis had just launched into a discussion of the tantalizing theory that although Congress has the right to declare war, it doesn't have the power *not* to declare war when the judge banged his gavel and Mr. Millis's time was up. He was replaced on the witness stand by Representative Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., who spoke for the negative. The burden of his argument was that President Truman had exceeded his authority by sending troops to Korea without the approval of the Senate, and that he had violated the act of Congress approving our membership in the United Nations. This, too, was a tantalizing theory, which I would have liked to hear set forth in detail, but Mr. Coudert's time was as limited as Mr. Millis's. Moreover, Mr. Coudert wasted quite a bit of the time at his disposal by constantly interrupting the questions put to him by Mr. Leo Cherne, the attorney for the affirmative. To be fully effective, a program of this nature should run for at least an hour. As it is, "The Court of Current Issues" forces the protagonists to resort to the sketchiest of arguments and to raise a good many more questions than they have time to settle. The attorney for the negative the other night was Robert Morris and the judge was Frank E. Karelsen, Jr. Mr. Karelsen was described by the announcer as "a civic leader," but he certainly looked and acted like a judge, and he obviously belongs on the bench.

THE Lucky Strike Theatre's attempt, a couple of weeks ago, to compress "Victoria Regina" into an hour-long version can only be put down as a disaster. Miss Helen Hayes, who, some months back, had turned in a striking performance in a brief scene from the play on an A.N.T.A. television program, was completely ill at ease, if not bewildered, by the charade in which she found herself. The adaptation concentrated on the early, and fairly dull, years of the Queen, and never got around to her memorable final phase. And the persistent commercials (including the maddening jingle "Be Happy, Go Lucky; Be Happy, Go Lucky Strike; Be Happy, Go Lucky; Go Lucky Strike Today!") made a mockery of the entire enterprise. —PHILIP HAMBURGER

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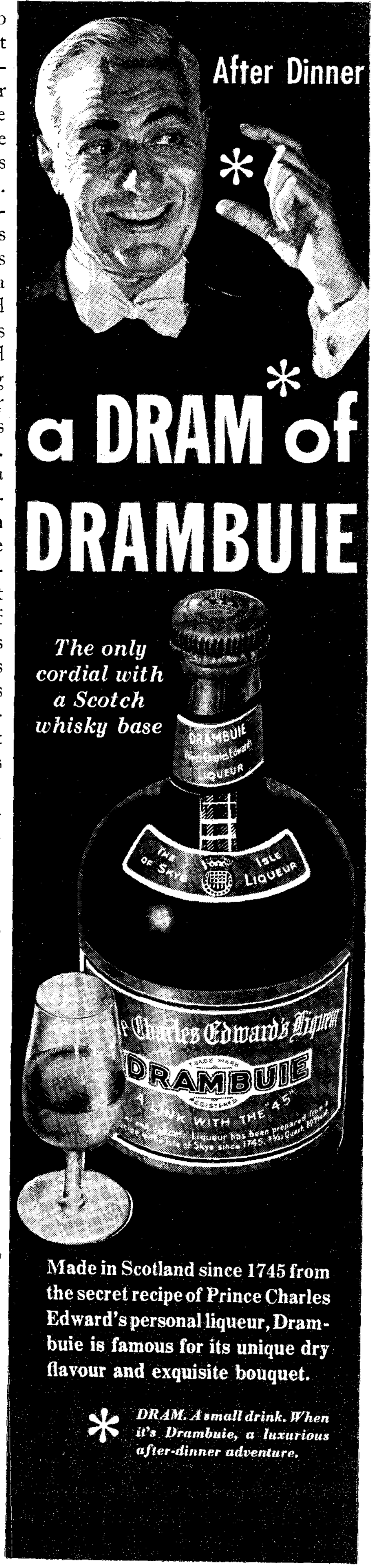
Although intimately connected with the State Department for many years, Mr. Sayre's integrity has never been questioned.—*Lawson Y.M.C.A. News, Chicago.*

A likely story.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THE SKY LINE

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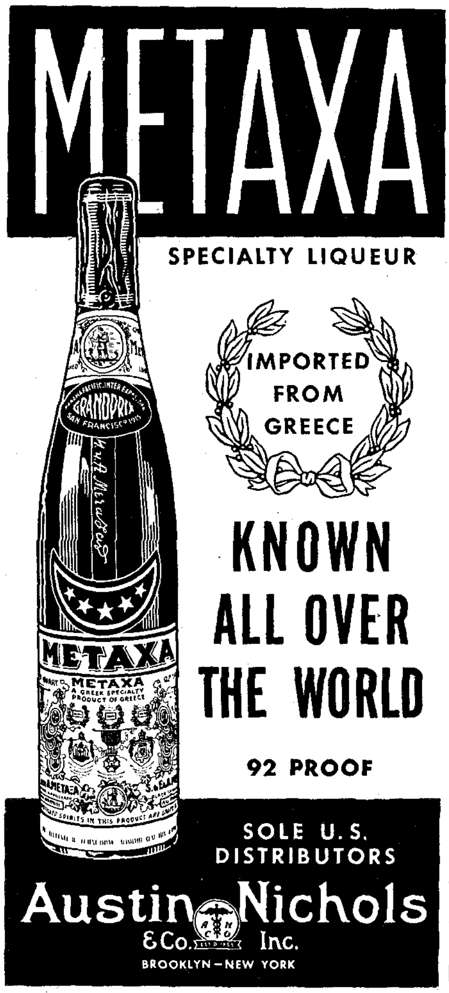
SOMETHING should be said about the newest crop of skyscrapers in the midtown district, but unfortunately the first thing that comes to mind has nothing to do with their architectural design. For the trouble is that these buildings continue the old New York habit of bringing too many people together in one place at one time—in a part of the city where every new office worker or customer adds just so much more to the overburden the city's streets and transportation systems are handling and pushes the metropolis just so much closer to the point at which it will be impossible to do the very business this overcrowding is supposed to promote. Even now, when those concerned with national defense are trying to figure out how war industries and war workers can be moved swiftly out of our great metropolitan target areas, we still find hardheaded bankers and businessmen investing their capital, with the approval of our city government, in oversized buildings conceived in an obsolete pattern in a dangerously obsolete city. This is similar to what was done in England in the thirties, when the light industries migrated into the overcrowded Greater London area. Apparently the lessons of neither that congestion nor our own have percolated into our financial and municipal circles. So long as there is danger of war, these buildings increase the already mortal hazards of our metropolitan overpopulation.

The existence of these new buildings reveals that the City Planning Commission is as incapable of learning by experience as are the investors in them. As set up by the charter of 1938, the commission is a powerful body. It has not only the power to make plans for new streets, to widen streets, and so forth but the right to control zoning and regulate the heights of buildings and the amount of space between them. It is true that the several commissions that preceded the present one were limited in authority and severely hampered administratively, especially during the reigns of Hylan and Walker. But it is also true that they, too, could have done much to prevent the wholesale erection of buildings designed solely to derive the maximum rental from every square foot of land. More than that, they could have faced up to the necessity of rebuilding New York on a sound plan. Unhappily, the present commission, like its predecessors, has not been guided primarily by a realization of the limitations of our transportation facilities, by a solicitude for our health and safety, or even by a concern for the economic welfare of the city, which is, naturally, based on its capacity to do business effectively. Instead, it has operated on the genial theory that New Yorkers enjoy the pangs of urban elephantiasis, asphyxiation, thrombosis, and paralysis. Yet if this assumption were correct, how could one explain the fact—disclosed by the 1950 census—that Manhattan did not achieve in the last decade the very modest increase of population that had been expected? Only in the suburban areas, as yet free from most of New York's handicaps, has a rapid growth in population taken place.

All this is but a preface to the expression of my conviction that there are not likely to be any interesting new architectural developments in office buildings in this city while present habits and pressures obtain. Before there can be any such developments, the commission will have to take its duties much more seriously. So far, the city has not even required landlords to provide space for off-street deliveries and for internal parking of automobiles. Instead, since early in the Second World War, it has allowed the transportation situation to worsen by tacitly encouraging car owners to use the streets of the city as a garage. This has, in effect, reduced the street traffic area by approximately one-half. The recent reduction in fines for illegal parking has only confirmed this policy. The cost of using the streets as a garage is no more than an occasional cut-rate traffic-violation ticket. Today, the streets are used not merely for parking cars but for washing them and repairing them. I have actually seen a man painting a truck on the streets. Before long, some enterprising citizen will be putting a chain of Coffeepots and Quick Lunches on wheels in the permanent, rent-free curbside parking area so cheerfully provided by the city.

THUS the new skyscrapers I spoke of have to be treated critically as detached aesthetic objects—forms costly but ephemeral, created by sleepwalkers to be occupied during what they call their waking hours. One must regard



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them as no more than *l'art pour l'art* and relax all practical and functional standards of judgment in discussing them. Some of these buildings continue the sober aesthetic tradition of the nineteen-thirties, exemplified in the very last products of the boom period: the Daily News Building, the Insurance Company of North America Building, the taller structures in the Rockefeller Center group. One might call this the plunging-ticker-tape style, for the façades consist of long, vertical ribbons of stone facing alternating with vertical ribbons of window and spandrel. The first Manhattan skyscrapers to use the other standard method of design, based upon windows arranged in horizontal rows, was the McGraw-Hill Building. One might call this the layer-cake style. You pays your money and discover that you have little choice.

The best new example of ticker-tape modern is the Mutual Life Building, designed by Shreve, Lamb & Harmon, which occupies the irregularly shaped block front along the east side of Broadway between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth Streets. Here the elements of the pattern are vertical limestone panels alternating with oblong, double-hung windows of about the same width and separated at each floor by slightly bowed-out spandrels of dark-brown aluminum. The window panels are further unified by vertical stainless-steel ribs that frame them all the way up.

It is not easy to find a vantage point from which to get a satisfactory view of this building. Looking at it from Columbus Circle, one sees a simple mass rising some thirty stories, with irregular setbacks dictated by the municipal building regulations. Near the top, the windows give way to horizontal banks of grilled openings in a wall behind which elevator and air-conditioning machinery is housed. This wall also serves to screen the base of the tall mast that surmounts the building. Above the grilles on the side streets the name of the insurance company appears, in enormous stainless-steel letters. By day, these huge letters are clumsy and overemphatic. At night, when they are illuminated, the dark, all-enveloping background makes their heaviness less objectionable. The mast, which supports a huge star, rises from a four-sided black pedestal that projects above the screening wall. After dark, the illuminated star and mast look like an inverted exclamation mark. Variations in the lighting are used to forecast the local weather. To round out the community service that this building offers the public, there are tall numerals on

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Remembering the bastard *art-nouveau* spires that finish off the top of the Chrysler Tower and the Empire State Building, one is at first grateful for the chastity and restraint of the Mutual Life Building's topmost decoration—its crowning mast and star—but then one realizes that this crown doesn't crown and the decoration doesn't decorate, and that a little more freedom of design, a touch of imagination, even though it entailed extra expense, would have been welcome. After all, there is something to be said for the elfin inanities of Times Square; that dizzying whirl of lights is partly a response to a vast hunger for fantasy that architects no longer seem able to satisfy in stone and steel. Without descending quite as far as the sillinesses of the theatrical-district reaches, the architects of the Mutual Life Building could, I think, while telling more soberly the time and the weather and the name of their client, have devised a pattern more pleasing to the eye than the inverted exclamation mark and the loud letters and the funny black pedestal. It is now more than thirty years since the late Claude Bragdon, that Sullivanesque architect, designer of stage sets, and experimenter with lighting effects, created the great festival of color and light in Central Park, but no architect has yet heeded his plea for gay illumination. How easy it would have been to erect, atop this skyscraper, one of those electric signboards whose aspect and message could be varied from season to season, or, for that matter, from day to day. At that point, the Mutual Life Building is unnecessarily lifeless.

AT 100 Park Avenue, on the site of the old Murray Hill Hotel, there is another new skyscraper, the handiwork of the architectural firm of Kahn & Jacobs. Its design is halfway between the ticker-tape and the layer-cake styles. This structure by no means tries to tell its whole story in glass, as the United Nations Secretariat Building does, but it nevertheless has a sort of white, ethereal elegance that gives it an even greater air of lightness. Unlike a number of other newcomers in the midtown district, 100 Park Avenue avoids the continuous horizontal window. Instead, the windows are grouped in vertical panels four, five, or six wide. The Park Avenue façade rises thirteen floors before the first setback. The second setback is three floors higher, and above that the main mass of the building zooms up another twenty stories. The ground floor of the building is sheathed in marble above the granite base, the rest of the masonry is white brick, and there are gray aluminum spandrels between the tiers of windows.

It is not easy to produce a rational explanation of the aesthetic satisfaction this building gives, or of its superiority, as pure form, to most of the buildings whose design is a series of long, unbroken strips. Plainly, it is not just because the architects have followed Sullivan's dictum that a skyscraper should be a "proud and soaring" building. In that respect, the Mutual Life is more impressive. The most plausible explanation, perhaps, is that while the over-all design of 100 Park Avenue is rigorous, making no attempt at decorative emphasis, there are nevertheless many little departures from uniformity—subtle contrasts of brick, metal, and glass, the sharp, staccato effect of white interior lights against the duller white of the bricks, and even the minor variations in the adjustments of the white metal Venetian window blinds. These touches are a form of, so to speak, self-ornamentation, to which architects in general should give greater heed, since, by current convention, they are about all that is left to the architect to relieve the emptiness of modern design—empty as a Mondrian painting, and, if I dare to say so, quite as dull. There are a few more details of 100 Park Avenue I would like to commend. The entrance has the virtue of providing a large amount of sheltered off-street space before one enters the lobby proper, and the further virtue of using bold, conspicuous numerals above the center door. The polished travertine walls and the scalloped indirect-lighting troughs are coldly admirable. Indeed, almost the sole aesthetic flaw in the entrance is the overmassiveness of the bronzework in which it is framed. But by now the general flawlessness of such architecture must itself give one pause; it begins to look like the housing for mechanically perfect electronic computing machines. What are mere human beings doing on such premises?

SOME months ago, I discussed the use of the strip window in office buildings. The strip window, in its highest development, is a horizontal band of windows broken only by vertical metal columns strong enough to support the outer walls, yet thin enough to permit the maximum amount of daylight to reach the interior of a building. In the conventional office building, the bands of windows are broken by heavy columns, which not only carry the weight of the outer walls but brace the building against wind pressure. In the strip-window building, the heavy columns and the bracing are well back from the outer walls. Thus the most valuable space in the building—the area that gets daylight—can be divided up according to the needs of the tenants; the placing of interior walls is no longer dictated by the spacing of heavy outer-wall columns. The strip window was first used by Kahn & Jacobs, in the Universal Pictures Building, at 445 Park Avenue, and it worked extremely well.

In commenting on this structure, I wondered why the device was not employed more often. Now the new skyscraper occupying the block front on Broadway from Thirty-eighth to Thirty-ninth, also designed by Kahn & Jacobs, reveals one reason that it has not been more widely adopted. This building happens to be oversized, irregularly shaped, and designed to give the owners every possible cubic foot of space permitted by law. The fenestration used in 445 Park has been repeated, but since the new building is a taller one, the window columns are necessarily broader, in order to carry the greater weight of the walls, than they are in the lower and more delicately conceived Park Avenue building, and aesthetically the result is a failure. Aside from the fenestration, the only remarkable thing about the new Broadway building is that the metalwork that frames the bands of windows has been painted a light vermilion, while the brick of the walls is a serpentine green. This is almost the first touch of real color in a big structure since the McGraw-Hill Building was put up, nineteen years ago. At a distance, the new building is rather charming, though the green is too light to be visible as far as the central mass can be seen. But then, at a sufficient distance *all* of New York's buildings are charming. Seen from the Long Island approach to the Triborough Bridge, in silhouette against a reasonably vivid sunset, New York presents perhaps the most exciting urban landscape in the world. To maintain such glory and delight near at hand is the mission of architecture, and it is in this respect that buildings and cities too often fall far short of the mark.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

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[*From Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition*]

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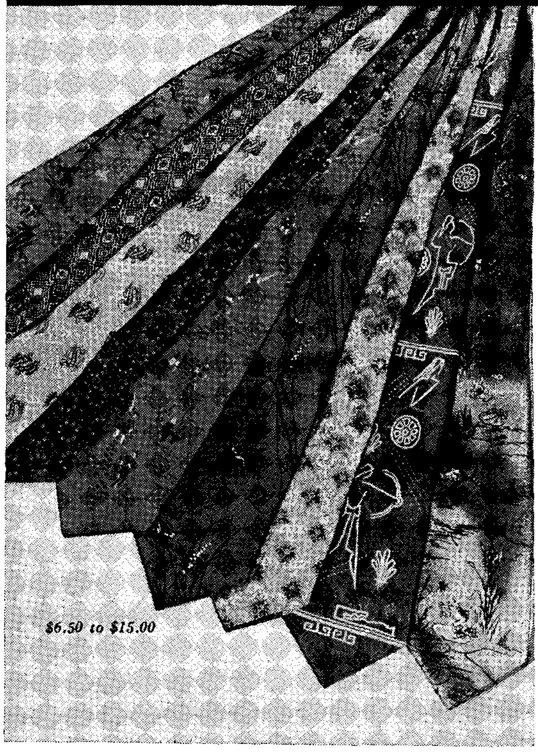

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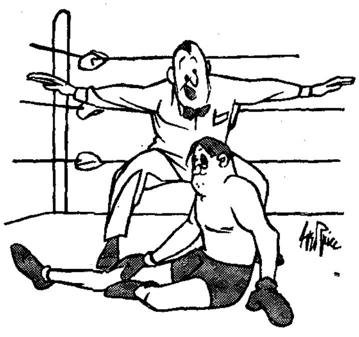

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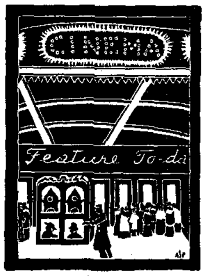

IN "Mad Wednesday," Harold Lloyd attempts to regenerate a comic figure who flourished in silent pictures a quarter of a century ago. Once again, he plays the incredible innocent who peers wistfully at the world through tortoise-shell glasses and smiles foolishly every time fate deals him a rotten hand. When Mr. Lloyd was a youth, he was able to make this character a rather engaging type, but in "Mad Wednesday" the perennial dupe isn't very entertaining company. This, I think, is due largely to the fact that Mr. Lloyd in his middle years is quite a stern-looking fellow, with a voice so full of rich authority that it's hard to associate it with anyone less austere than, say, an Imperial Potentate of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. In addition to this handicap, the comedian has very little in the way of material to assist him. As written and directed by Preston Sturges, "Mad Wednesday" is a hopeless mélange of wheezy routines, which range from Mr. Lloyd's old business of teetering on the ledge of a skyscraper to the conversation of a talking horse. Beginning with some footage from "The Freshman," which was made in 1923, the film goes on to describe how the freshman, whose name is Harold Diddlebock and who believes in all the platitudes about hard work and success, spends twenty years crouched over a ledger and is then fired by a boss who doesn't like to see his assistants settling down into a rut. Equipped with two thousand dollars, his life's savings, our hero goes on the first spree of his career, makes a killing on a horse, and wakes up the possessor of a prosperous circus. The devices that keep this one laboring along, such as having Mr. Lloyd lead a lion through crowded streets, aren't particularly original. Among the other actors who struggle with the story are Jimmy Conlin, Raymond Walburn, Edgar Kennedy, and Franklin Pangborn.

HUMPHREY BOGART swings over to the side of law and order in "The Enforcer," to take on the most nefarious gang of killers that ever misused an ice-pick. These boys have a lot in common with the Brooklyn crowd known as Murder, Inc., but somehow their sanguinary antics begin to pall after they've stabbed or shot a couple of dozen victims. Perhaps this is because their violence is so uninspired and their methods so crude. It seemed to me that no one as knowledgeable in criminal matters as Mr. Bogart should have been baffled for more than five minutes by their activities, but he drags out his investigation (he's supposed to be an assistant district attorney) for almost an hour and a half, in which time the screen is littered with corpses and the camera has whirled through so many flashbacks that the spectator has lost the thread of the whole silly affair.

"THE STEEL HELMET" deals with the war in Korea, where, as depicted here, the infantry has assembled in brotherhood a group of men representing every standard American type except the anti-vivisectionist. You'll find it no better and no worse than the usual Hollywood treatment of such matters. Gene Evans, Richard Hutton, and Steve Brodie head the cast. . . . In "So Long at the Fair," a British film, Jean Simmons is cast as an English girl who checks into a Paris hotel with her brother, only to have him disappear, leaving no trace of his passing. You may remember variations on this theme, which always includes the hotel employees who insist that the vanished customer never came to the place at all. Thin stuff.
—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

The American goose still hangs high, but danger signals are flying, the statisticians say, for the seeds of trouble are planted.—*Portland (Maine) Press Herald.*

Feed the seeds to the goose and run the signals down.

•

Arriving home from their honeymoon trip at McCall were Mr. and Mrs. George Gilbert, accompanied by her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Begh as chaperons.—*Payette (Idaho) Independent-Enterprise.*

Yeah, but who chaperoned those Beghs?

•

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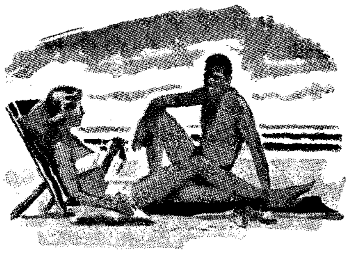

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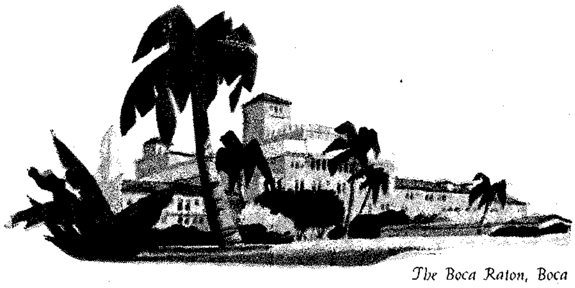
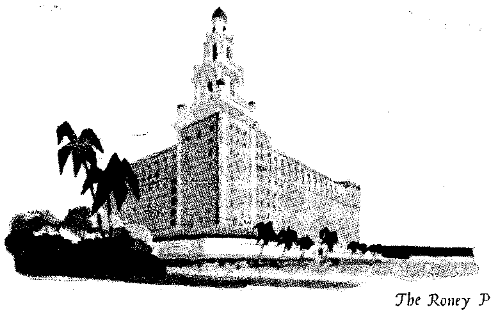


The Boca Raton, Boca Raton, Fla.



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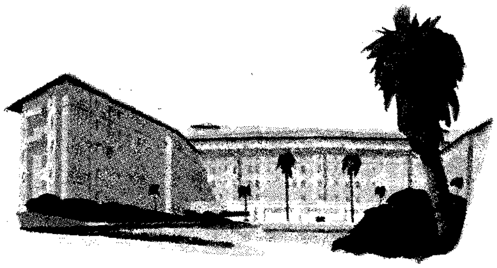

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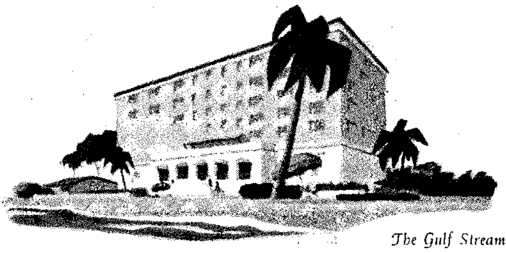
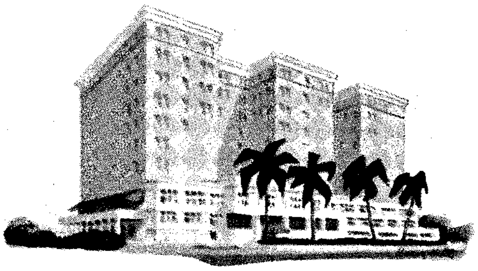


The Gulf Stream, Miami Beach, Fla.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

To Suit Any Taste

THE second in the current series of Brahms programs being given by the Philharmonic-Symphony under Bruno Walter's direction was presented one night last week at Carnegie Hall and provided another thoroughly satisfying evening. Again, as in the previous week's program, the masterly ease of Walter's conducting, the rich substance of the music itself, and the presence of a gifted soloist, in this instance Clifford Curzon, produced a concert of high quality. The works played were the Variations on a Theme by Haydn, the Third Symphony, and the First Piano Concerto. Brahms' music, with its strength and tenderness, is always moving, and when it is conducted by one who understands it as completely as Walter obviously does, hearing it can be a lovely and warming experience. There was no tension and no gloss about the orchestra's contribution, and the expression was so natural that the listener never found his attention unduly drawn to either Walter or the orchestra. The only brilliance was furnished by Curzon, whose piano work, while strong and nicely proportioned, had the sharp edge of the sensational about it; it wasn't flamboyant, but it was perhaps a bit too finely tooled and not as substantial as it might have been.

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD returned to the Met last week after an eventful ten years away from the house. She sang Isolde, the same role she sang in her farewell performance back in 1941, and she did it excellently—thrillingly, at times. She had a little trouble with the sudden, high-pitched outbursts of the music, but it was immediately evident that no such lofty voice as hers, as clear and as powerful as a mountain stream in spring, has been heard at the Met since she left it. Her success was unqualified. The wild applause of a packed house pulled Wagner's opera up short right at the start, as though it were "Il Trovatore" or some other work that could wait. This happened when the curtains parted at the end of the prelude and the dramatic soprano was first seen, seated onstage. The demonstration was repeated at the end of each of the three acts, and, just as at Flagstad's postwar concerts here, there was something more in the applause than mere acclaim of her prowess as a singer. It was a fervent vote of confidence; the majority of her fans rose to their feet to underline their sentiments.

A NIGHT earlier, Duke Ellington's band was heard in a concert at the Met. The most illustrious of all modern dance bands, it has for twenty-five years set the standards in its field. I don't know whether a hall the size of the Met is exactly the place for listening to an eighteen-piece band, even one as versatile as Ellington's, perform a string of instrumentals. Such an orchestra, I feel, sounds better in less spacious and less formal surroundings. I can attest, however, that the musicianship, individually and collectively, was flawless. It was delightful to hear artists like Johnny Hodges, the veteran alto saxophonist, Harry Carney, who plays the baritone sax, and Lawrence Brown, the trombonist, take solos. In addition to such favorites as "The Mooche," "Ring Dem Bells," and "Take the 'A' Train," the band offered concert premières of three new suites by the leader: "Harlem," "Controversial," and "Monolog-Duet-Threesome." Each was handsomely arranged and each had some good things in it, but I'm still fonder of Ellington's popular songs than I am of his extended compositions. The latter have, for me, an attenuated, undeveloped quality, as if a lot of ideas for songs had been strung together. I get lost. The concert wound up, though, with a medley of some of his most telling pieces, including "Mood Indigo," "Solitude," and "Sophisticated Lady," with the Duke's piano-playing at the center of things, and I left in a cheerful frame of mind.

JASCHA HEIFETZ put in his annual appearance at Carnegie Hall one evening last week, and I don't know why it was—the weather, or what—but I remained unmoved throughout the program. I suspect that the violinist wasn't in precisely the right mood himself, for there was an over-refined, slightly weary quality to his playing, even of such a showy piece as the Glazunov Concerto in A Minor. He played exquisitely, and yet, I thought, uncommunicatively. His transcription of the Allegro from Mozart's D-Major Divertimento, and Handel's Sonata in E Major, Beethoven's Sonata No. 10, and a group of lighter selections made up

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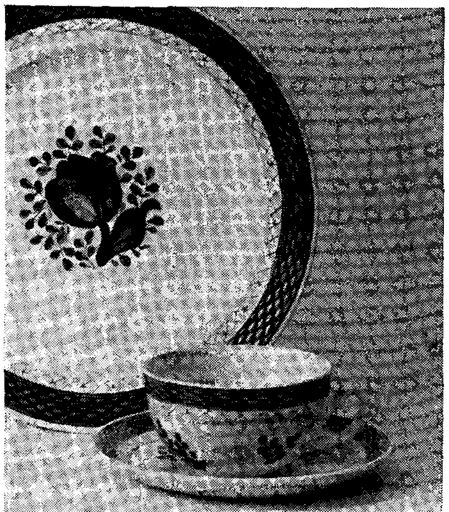

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the rest of the program. Emanuel Bay was the accompanist.

On Friday, a massive dark-haired woman named Gina Bachauer banged hell out of a piano in Town Hall. She did it rather effectively, too. It was easy to see from the start that this concert grand was just a kind of complicated toy that she had put in its place a long while ago. Wearing a voluminous black gown, the hem of which frequently came between her right foot and the loud pedal, Miss Bachauer, an uncompromising look on her face, sat down and showed everybody just how the music at hand should be mastered. She first delivered Vivaldi's Concerto in D Minor (a wonderful concoction, by the way), and then Mozart's Sonata in G Major and Beethoven's Sonata in A Major, No. 28. After the intermission, she played a couple of Chopin pieces—the Nocturne in C Sharp Minor and the Polonaise in A Flat Major—and, finally, a piano transcription of three parts (the "Danse Infernale," the "Berceuse," and the "Finale") of Stravinsky's "Firebird" suite, the only work of the evening in which I felt she was entirely at home. She was triumphant in this, particularly in the thunderous mechanics of the first and last sections. The mighty Chopin Polonaise, on the other hand, received a blurred, careless performance, and when it came to the other offerings, I thought her vigor more impressive than her playing. —Douglas Watt

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Jose Evening News*]

Philadelphia (AP). Patrolman Harvey Davis went into action faster than usual when he received a telephone call from his wife, Ruth, that a series of explosions was rocking the Davis home.

Davis and several other policemen rushed to the Davis dwelling where they were met by a wide-eyed Mrs. Davis.

"It's down in the cellar," she said yesterday. "Sounds like a shooting gallery."

•

There are exceptions to those last two rules, about never revising a rejected story and not polishing too much. These exceptions have to do with luck, which is infallible. Take your last reject and rewrite it and polish it and final final it. Then tear up the first page and the last page and send it to *The New Yorker*. It might sell.—*Writer's Digest.*

Hell, tear up the whole thing and send it.

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BOOKS

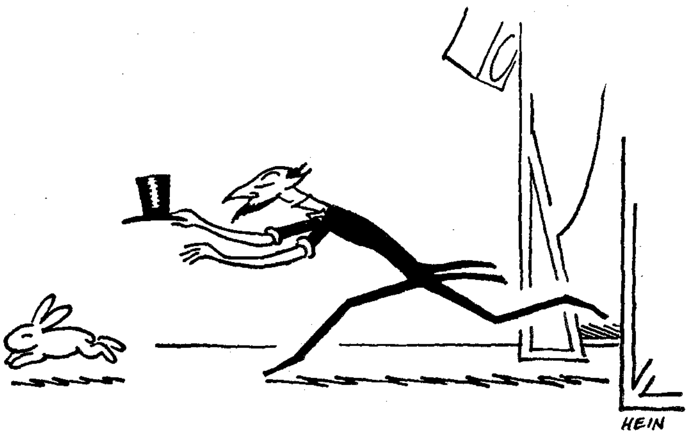
Fitzgerald Plain

THE posthumous fortunes of Scott Fitzgerald took their decisive turn for the better when, in 1941, Edmund Wilson edited the unfinished novel, "The Last Tycoon," and then, in 1945, brought out "The Crack-Up," a collection of Fitzgerald's letters and autobiographical essays. With these two volumes in hand, no one could fail to understand what Stephen Vincent Benét meant when he said, "This is not a legend, this is a reputation." Fitzgerald's literary powers had always been there to be seen, and even in the darkest days had not lacked admirers, some of whom carried their regard to the point of fanaticism and cult, yet in general the legend so obscured the reputation that when "Tender Is the Night," Fitzgerald's last completed novel and one of the best American novels of the decade, appeared in 1934, it was received by the reviewers with almost universal hostility or indifference. And when Fitzgerald died, in 1940, the owlish piety of editorial comment could memorialize him only as the flaming youth, the Idle Apprentice who had flung away his chance in life, the symbol, perhaps the instigator, of the heedless twenties. But with his death the obstructive force of the legend somewhat abated, and "The Last Tycoon," fragment though it was, could make it plain that Fitzgerald was a novelist of superb and developing powers, while the autobiographical matter of "The Crack-Up" put it beyond question that he was an intelligence of the greatest seriousness.

Yet, when we have taken into account all that insures his reputation, we still have to see that Fitzgerald is necessarily and properly a legendary figure. We must be on guard against substituting his life for his work, but it would be merely a willful literary priggishness not to see that the life and the work are continuous with each other. Fitzgerald was his own best subject, and he belongs to the company of greater men than he, from Goethe and Byron to Yeats and Gide, whose work exists in the aura of their personal lives, which by genius they made much more than personal. He himself claimed his own legend, and took a grim comfort in it. "I am not a great man," he said in a letter, "but sometimes I think the personal and objective quality of my talent and the sacrifice of it, in pieces, to preserve its essential value has some sort of epic grandeur." The right elements of his legend were, as he knew, not only his charm, his recklessness, and his love of pleasure and prestige but also his unique talent, his violated conscience, and, above all, his actual achievement. It is the understanding of the legendary quality of the man in this true sense that is the measure of the success of Arthur Mizener's life of Fitzgerald, "The Far Side of Paradise" (Houghton Mifflin).

MR. MIZENER's biography appears at a moment when Budd Schulberg's "The Disenchanted" is in the full tide of its popularity. A comparison of the two books is no doubt technically unfair to Mr. Schulberg, who has pleaded the privileges of the novelist with an epigraph quoted from Henry James, but it is inevitable, because what Mr. Schulberg tells us about the hero of his novel can scarcely fail to become part of the public image of Fitzgerald. "The Disenchanted" is not a bad novel of its kind, and, so far as it can be said to have reference to Fitzgerald, it is affectionate and generous, but taking it only as a story, and leaving aside all question of literal accuracy and spiritual truth, it suffers by comparison with Mr. Mizener's book. Mr. Mizener's advantage comes from his having written as a scholar; by the sobriety of his prose and his reliance upon documents and attestation, he commits himself to fact, and scarcely anything that Mr. Schulberg has invented as analogues of the facts of Fitzgerald's life can equal for interest what Mr. Mizener gives us of the facts themselves—such things as, for example, his picture of Fitzgerald's boyhood and adolescence, his sketch of Fitzgerald's parents (the gentlemanly, unsuccessful father, the dominating, ill-dressed, eccentric mother), and his account of the marriage of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald. Mr. Schulberg's Jere Halliday could never have written Zelda's heartbreaking letter of farewell quoted by Mr. Mizener on page 236, nor could Manley Halliday ever have said, as Fitzgerald did in the worst days of the marriage, "Our united front is less a romance than a categorical imperative." Mr. Mizener writes not only as a scholar but also as a critic, and he is therefore able to deal adequately with the most important fact of all, the nature and quality of Fitzgerald's genius. Because he knows how much there was to be destroyed, his account of Fitzgerald's long self-destruction is deeply tragic, where "The Disenchanted" is only sad and depressing, for Mr. Schulberg can attribute to his doomed novelist nothing more than a happy prose style and a knack of observing the manners of the upper middle class. Fitzgerald had these gifts preëminently, but he did not write "The Great Gatsby" and "Tender Is the Night" by means of style and observation alone; he wrote them, as Mr. Mizener knows, out of an unflagging moral energy, of which one aspect was his fatal submission to the sanctions of social prestige.

This submission is an essential part of the Fitzgerald legend and we have to come to terms with it. It is likely to have the appearance of snobbery, and in some large part it *is* snobbery; Fitzgerald, it is true, could never represent the rich and powerful without the bitterest reprobation, yet at the same time he needed to be at one with them. Taking it as snobbery, we can find reasons to forgive or extenuate it. We can say of it that by means of it Fitzgerald, more than anyone else of his time, realized the rigorousness of the systems of prestige that lie beneath the American social fluidity. Then, too, as snobbery, it had a kind of innocence, something of the solemnity of childhood, when systems



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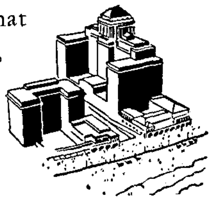

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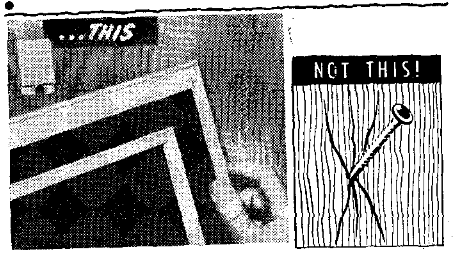

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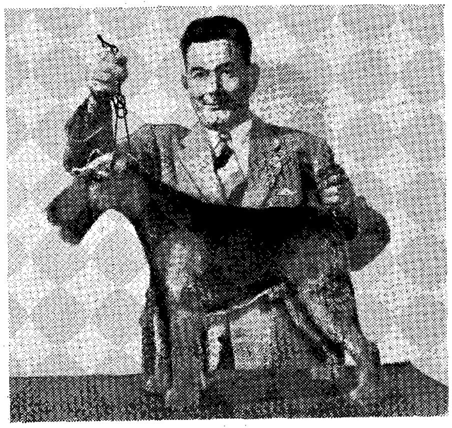
of prestige have a magical importance, and this, for Fitzgerald, must have been much intensified by the social ambiguity of his parents. Yet in an important sense Fitzgerald's social submissiveness is not snobbery at all, for its reference is not to a real society but to an idea of society, ultimately to an ideal of himself. "I would be capable," he said in a letter to John O'Hara, "of going to Podunk on a visit and being absolutely booed and overawed by its social system, not from timidity but because of some inner necessity of starting my life and my self-justification over again at scratch in whatever environment I may be thrown." He exaggerated the idea of society and his dependence upon it in order, we may say, to provide a field for the activity of his conscience, for the trial of his self.

It is this moral use of the idea of society that suggests Fitzgerald's kinship with Henry James and Proust. But the way in which Fitzgerald conceives of the self that is to be tried on the field of society links him with an older tradition, that of the great romantics. When he died, his body was laid out in a second-class Los Angeles funeral establishment, in the William Wordsworth Room. There is irony here that comes from the difference between the two lives, from the fact that Fitzgerald could manage so little of the Wordsworthian plain living, but there is appropriateness, too. What Fitzgerald said about his capacity for ecstatic happiness might have been said by Wordsworth; both men gave a peculiar value to their boyhood and youth as definitive of their whole lives, and perhaps Fitzgerald's theory of emotional bankruptcy, his belief that he had a fixed fund of feeling that he would exhaust, derives from a similar theory Wordsworth held. Most of Fitzgerald's literary references were to the romantic writers, and Wordsworth was a clear figure in his mind. So was Keats, from whose poem about youth growing pale and spectre-thin and dying he takes the title "Tender Is the Night;" his dominant literary mood is that of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" and "Lamia." Indeed, between Fitzgerald and the Keats of the great letters there is an affinity of temperament that is almost startling—there is the same greediness for pleasure, and the intelligences that work on the greediness are remarkably alike, and they yield a similar moral quality; the Fitzgerald who said that his marriage had become less a romance than a categorical imperative is not very far from the Keats who wrote the amaz-



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ing letter about the world being "the vale of Soul-making."

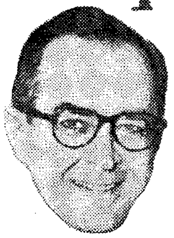
Fitzgerald engages our attention so deeply because he realizes something actual and immediate in our contemporary life, but this kinship of his with the romantics suggests that he interests us for another reason as well, because he begins to seem an anachronistic figure—he is legendary in the sense of being a figure of the past. He thought of himself in this way; his notion of America involved the idea of deterioration, of old virtues coming to an end. He set great store by the "belief in good manners and right instincts" he had learned from his father, but he spoke of his father as the debilitated representative of an old idealism, "of the generation of the colonies and the revolution," snubbed and put down by "the new young peasant stock coming up every ten years." It was not only the old virtues that he saw doomed but also the energy of will and imagination. Gatsby, for all that he represents the raw energies of the twenties, is as anachronistic as his author, for Fitzgerald makes him the symbol of a desire that modern life must deny, the wish to come face to face with "something commensurate to his capacity for wonder." Without the help of that phrase, "the capacity for wonder," no college textbook could hope to deal with the romantic poets. What they wondered at was, above all, the self, and as our epoch more and more denies the value and even the possibility of the self, Fitzgerald seems to have ended what they began, to be as far off as they, and to shine with their light.

—LIONEL TRILLING

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CAUGHT and CONCLUDING, by Henry Green (Viking). Two more novels by the dazzling and pseudonymous Mr. Green. In "Caught," the setting is London at the time of the blitz; in "Concluding," it is a state-run girls' school sometime in the future, a few years and tortures shy of 1984. Mr. Green is unbeatable at depicting broken old men and budding girls, and these novels have both, but for all their wonders of sugar-plum prose they seem at once trickier and less heartfelt than the three Green works previously published here. They leave the reader ruefully reflecting that the author may be too talented for his own good—one more outburst of naughty brilliance and Nanny will be forced to bundle him



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★

BENNETT CERF MAY have missed this one. A wife had gone to the office of a psychiatrist on behalf of her husband. When the doctor arrived for the consultation, she began by saying, "I'd like to see you about my husband." "What seems to be his principal difficulty?" asked the psychiatrist. "Well," the wife began very cautiously, "he blows smoke rings through his nose and it frightens me, frightens me terribly." The psychiatrist, in his customary measured tone replied, "I don't know that it's so terribly unusual for someone to blow smoke rings through his nose." "But," sobbed the wife, "my husband doesn't smoke." . . . Emily Post must be getting on in years. She made her debut in New York society back in 1892 . . . Latest in highway signs: "Help Protect Our Little Deductions." . . . Revised definition: Harp—piano in the nude.

★

IF INDIGESTION HITS you now and then, check the speed with which you're eating. Food insufficiently chewed may be the cause of your distress . . . Can't think of anything more exasperating in our daily lives than coat hangers. One is a boon, but pick up two or more and you have a tangled, maddening mess . . . Designed for GI's is a cigaret case out now that holds two dozen smokes and is covered with leather. The material underneath the leather, though, is—armor plate . . . Shasta Dam, a 12-million-ton structure, has a metal plaque set in right on the top which says: "U.S. Government Property. Do Not Remove."

★

YOU KNOW, SOME OF AMERICA'S best edited newspapers are published in cities so far from the Atlantic seaboard that government and business leaders naturally aren't as familiar with them as they are, for example, with New York and Washington papers. Two of these well edited newspapers, we believe, are the Minneapolis Star and the Minneapolis Tribune. The Sunday Tribune now has more than 610,000 circulation, the daily Star and Tribune (morning and evening combined) more than 480,000. Here are some interesting circulation comparisons:

	Daily	**Sunday**
New York Times	**505,451**	**1,109,491**
New York Herald Tribune	**345,423**	**633,364**
Washington Star	**225,237**	**252,463**
Washington Post	**187,555**	**192,261**
Minneapolis Star and Tribune	**481,793**	**611,183**

All figures are averages for 6-months period ending Sept. 30, 1950.

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off to the night nursery. Such second thoughts are fatal to Mr. Green's art, for his world is an oyster that must be swallowed whole or not at all.

A BREATH OF AIR, by Rumer Godden (Viking). One might reasonably expect to be tempted by the prospect of finding a self-supporting, uncharted Eden in the Pacific Ocean, but Miss Godden's dream island, Terraqueous, presents a spectacle of such unmarked, unthreatened innocence as to provoke her readers more to impatience than to envy. Her story follows the plot of "The Tempest," with a whimsical Mr. van Loomis masquerading as Prospero, his daughter Charis as Miranda, one Mario as Caliban, and so on. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for February.

ANGEL OF GAIETY, by Joseph Hitrec (Harper). The heat of India, the white man's confusion, and the difficulties of being only half Indian are the subjects of this novel, which is laid in Bombay. The heat is as important and as often mentioned as any of the characters, the white men are English and in business, and the half Indian, a young widow named Stella, serves as heroine and also as conveyer of the author's message, which seems to be that things are going to pieces.

GENERAL

MY SIX CONVICTS, by Donald Powell Wilson (Rinehart). Dr. Wilson, it appears, served for three years as a research psychologist at the penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, in Kansas. The main part of this book is the story of his employment of six inmates of the jail to help him in his study of drug addiction and the special problems of men behind bars. The case histories of these assistants have a melodramatic and improbable flavor that seems to place them more or less in the realm of fiction, particularly in the instance of a safeblower who was essentially a suburbanite at heart. The author, however, is really impressive when he just gets down to the facts. For your information, in 1940 beatings were still being administered in the prisons of twenty-six states; in 1931 seventy-six per cent of the convicts in prison were there for offenses that hadn't even been on the statute books fifteen years earlier; perjury is punishable by four years in Connecticut, twenty years in New York, life in Maine, and death in Missouri; West Virginia considers bigamy sixteen times as deplorable as incest, but Wyoming and Colorado take the opposite view, feeling that incest is ten times worse than bigamy; and, finally, though debtors' prisons were theoretically abolished a hundred years ago, more than half the men now in jail for their inability to pay fines could have gone free if they had had twenty dollars. Dr. Wilson also notes that nearly four million of the more than five million arrests reported in the United States in 1942 were for traffic violations; that although J. Edgar Hoover (of whom, it appears, he has a rather low opinion) has stated that a million serious crimes are committed annually in this country, only seventy-eight thousand offenders wind up in jail; and that England is successful in convicting seven out of every ten suspects brought to court by Scotland Yard. A few other points covered in "My Six Convicts" are that drug addiction, in the best medical opinion, hardly ever leads to sexual crime; that murderers, generally speaking, make model prisoners; and that there is hardly a man or woman alive in America who hasn't violated enough laws to serve eighteen hundred and twenty-five years in jail. The author's style is fairly routine, but, on the whole, this is an unusual and disturbing book, and probably one of the most intelligent choices the Book-of-the-Month Club has ever made.

TITO AND GOLIATH, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong (Macmillan). A careful examination of the Tito-Stalin quarrel by the editor of *Foreign Affairs*. Mr. Armstrong has known Yugoslavia ever since he did a tour of diplomatic duty in Belgrade more than thirty years ago, and he has had several recent talks with Tito, in which the dictator was remarkably outspoken about his reasons for taking leave of the Communist mother church and about his aims and intentions. This is probably the solidest and best-informed work yet published on the subject. The author believes Tito represents one of Stalin's gravest blunders, not only because Russia in losing Tito lost the support of an army second only to hers on the Continent but because the Tito defection has pointed the way to other Communist leaders outside the U.S.S.R. Without ignoring the nature of Tito's rule—Tito is a Marxist dictator who considers himself a purer Communist than Stalin—the author proposes ways in which we could use this cleavage in the Cominform to our advantage in Europe and Asia. His suggestions, which do not include embracing the Marshal as a friend, deserve serious and responsible consideration.

THE RIDDLE OF MACARTHUR, by John Gunther (Harper). The author poses the riddle, all right ("paradox" might have been a better word), but he doesn't solve it. Even so, this is a useful book, if only for the way it unravels the tangle of fact, illusion, and untruth coiled about the General. Mr. Gunther went to Japan last summer, just before the Korean outbreak; he talked to General MacArthur, spent many hours with the General's fervently admiring staff, met Japanese Prime Minister Yoshida at private parties, and, with his wife, was received by the Emperor and Empress—opportunities afforded very few other foreign visitors, let alone correspondents. Mr. Gunther, who regards the General as a sort of proconsul with lofty ideas of his own destiny, presents the MacArthur personality in all its contradictions: a man of flamboyant egotism, given to pomposities of speech and absurdities of prose; a man whose military brilliance is equalled by his political opacity, especially in regard to the United States; and yet a man who has succeeded in the prodigious task of administering a nation of eighty-three million Orientals and making them like it. Mr. Gunther examines the occupation of Japan and writes a brief and clearheaded account of the Korean situation as of December, 1950. All in all, considering the haste in which the book had to be written, a good job.

TRELAWNY, by R. Glynn Grylls (Macmillan). A biography—a favorable one, for a change—of Edward John Trelawny, who was a friend of both Shelley and Byron and whose long life was even more in the Byronic tradition than its inventor's was. Trelawny wasn't a poet, but he had a passion for good poetry; he was handsome, an expert sailor of small boats, a gentleman privateer and soldier of fortune, a devil with the ladies but no rake, a world traveller, and a man with a marked talent for being on the right spot at the right moment. It was Trelawny who snatched Shelley's heart from the pyre at Via Reggio, and it was Trelawny who, alone with Byron's corpse at Missolonghi, removed the shroud and looked at the deformed feet the poet had guarded

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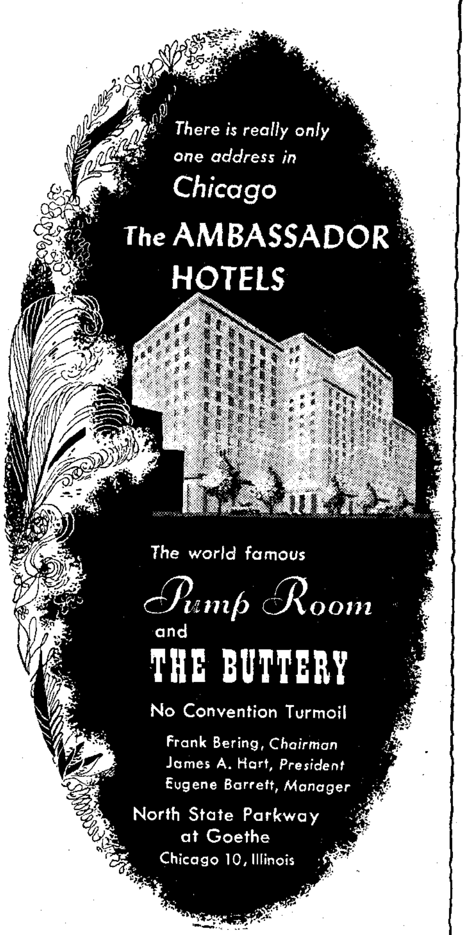
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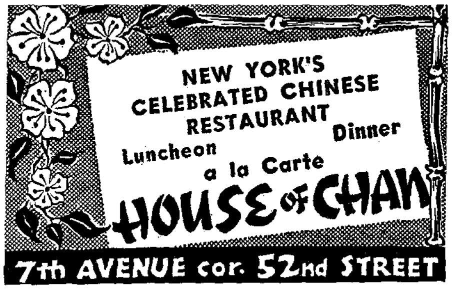
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from human eyes all his life. The author's claim that the lambasting Trelawny took from many of his friends—and has continued to take from literary historians—is undeserved would seem to have some justice. No doubt he was trying at times, but the friends who really counted were devoted to him. Illustrations.

TALL SHIPS TO CATHAY, by Helen Augur (Doubleday). An amiable history of the Low family of Salem and Brooklyn Heights, which is at the same time a history of the United States in the China trade. The Lows were among the handful of Yankee clans that led this country to mercantile maritime preëminence; the family helped open the tea trade (Seth Low's daughter, Harriet, was the first American woman to step on Chinese soil), and in the period when a run of eighty-nine days from New York to San Francisco had the country marvelling, some of their clippers were the biggest and fastest to round the Horn. Their story, which has been carefully preserved in family records, has everything—romance, opium, the enigmatic East, beautiful women, and intrepid seafaring men—and Miss Augur has made the most of it. Illustrations.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

PASSPORT TO PERIL, by Robert Parker (Rinehart). Another of those stories that open so attractively with a mystery woman on the Orient Express. This one is in terror of her life, and with reason; all the M.V.D. agents stationed in Hungary and one fanatical Nazi left over from the last war believe she's carrying the secret papers for which her employer has already been killed. She is allied with a newspaper correspondent, and they'd never have left Budapest alive if a State Department employee, who wears blue jeans and a coonskin cap, hadn't turned up and kept on turning up. Strictly formula, but fast and exciting.

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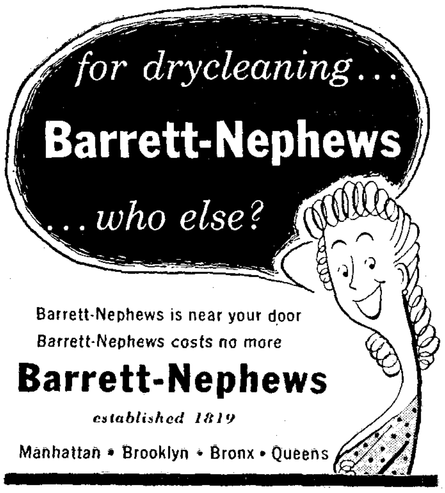
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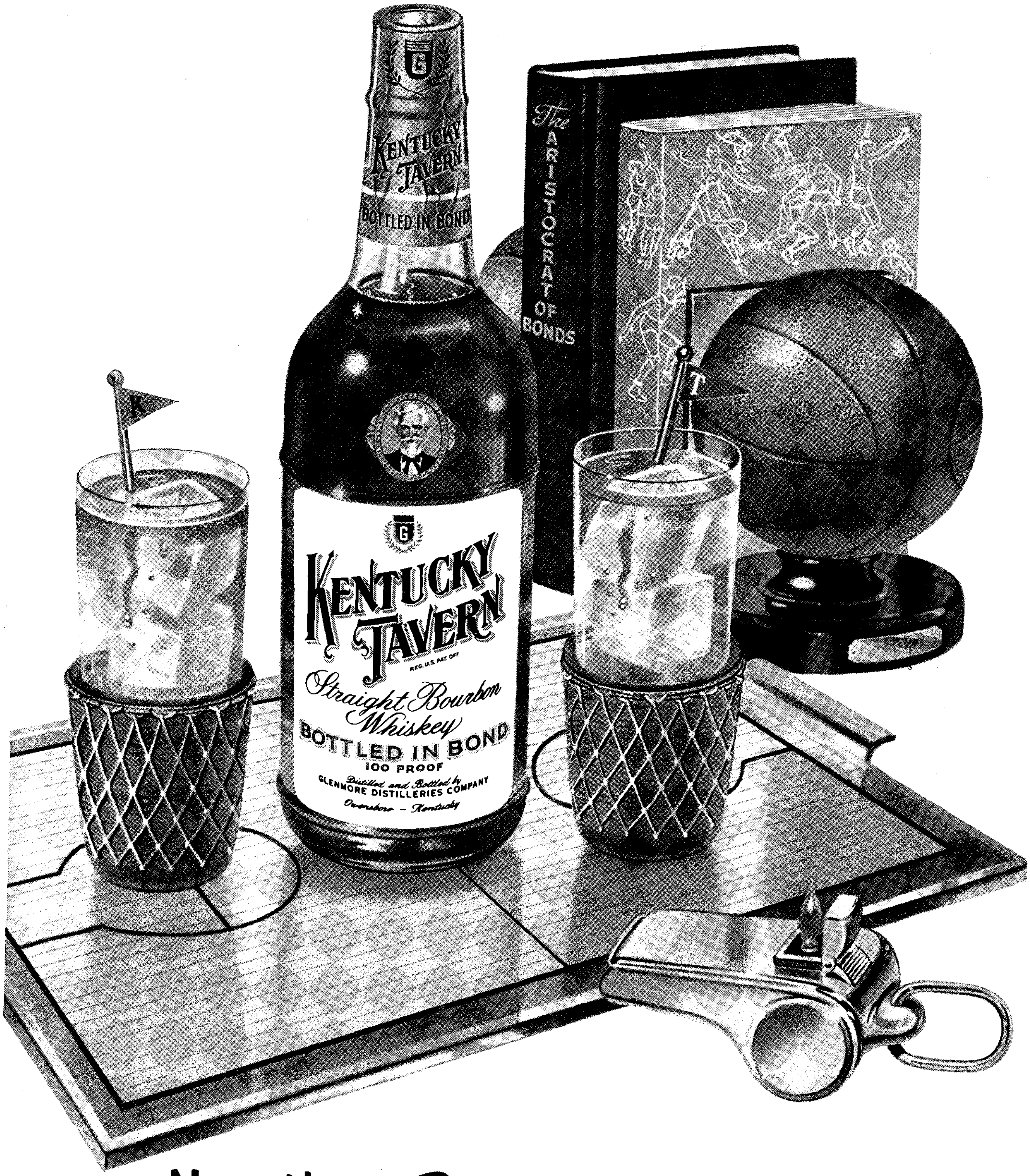
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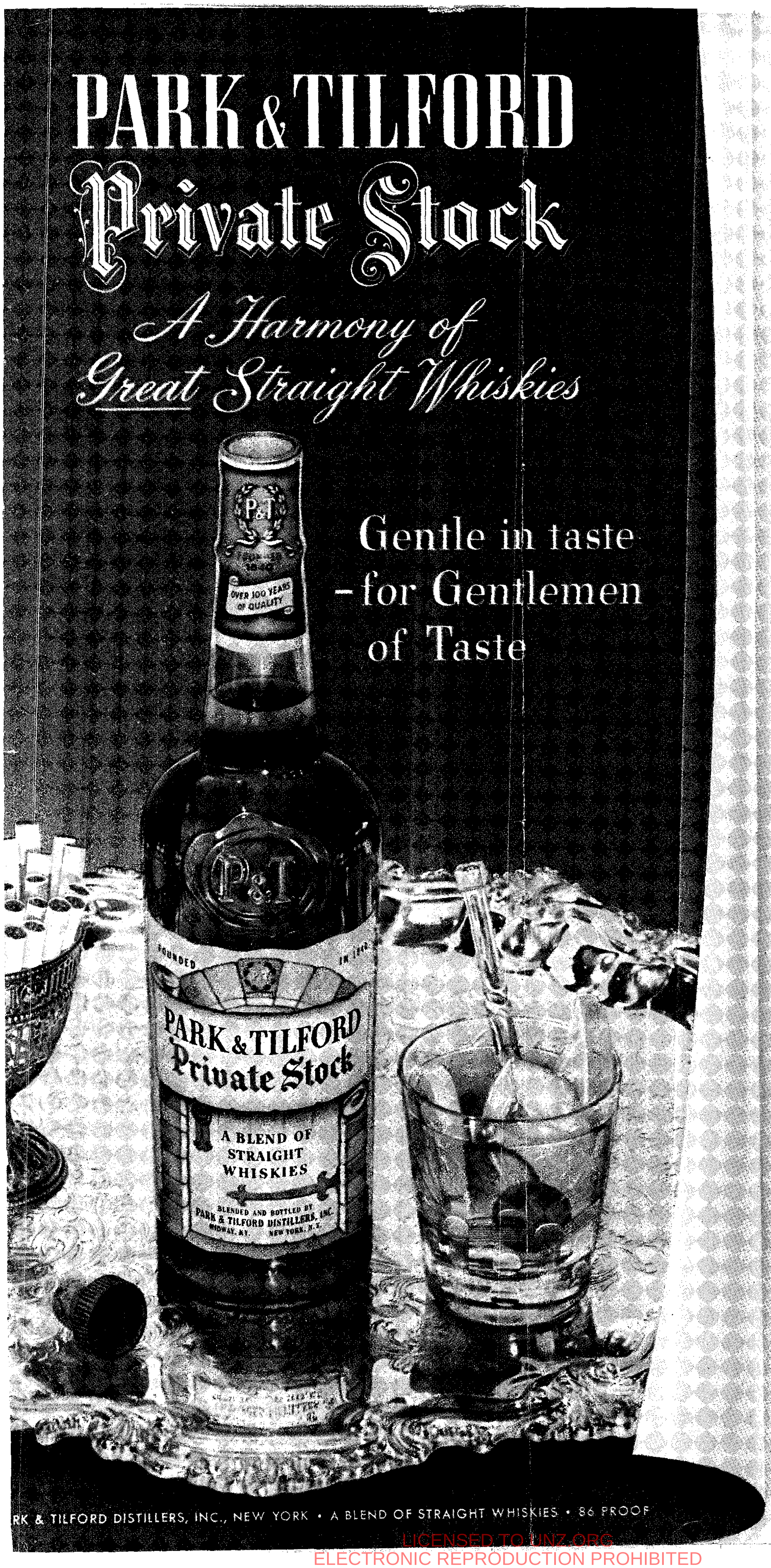
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